# The Primitive Methodist Church Hymnal

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# The Primitive Methodist Church Hymnal

Containing also Selections
from Scripture
for Responsive Reading

Primitive Methodist church. General conference

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# PREFACE

The General Conference of the Primitive Methodist Church, held at Scranton, Pa., October, 1901, after due consideration decided that a new Hymnal had become necessary to supply the demands of the present day.

The undersigned were appointed a Committee to secure the best up-to-date book, of such moderate dimensions as to bring it within the reach of all.

After much research and deliberation, and largely through the courtesy of the Methodist Protestant Board of Publication, the present volume is produced, in the hope that it will meet with the approval and patronage of our Churches.

The collection, though not as large as some others, will be found choice and comprehensive, embracing as it does the best of the ancient hymns, the grandest productions of the eighteenth century writers, as Wesley, Watts Newton, Cowper, and Doddridge, together with a selection of the most popular modern compositions.

May it prove a blessing to many, and a means of enlarging the Redeemer's kingdom.

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*May, 1902.*

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PREPARED BY REV. W. S. PHILLIPS


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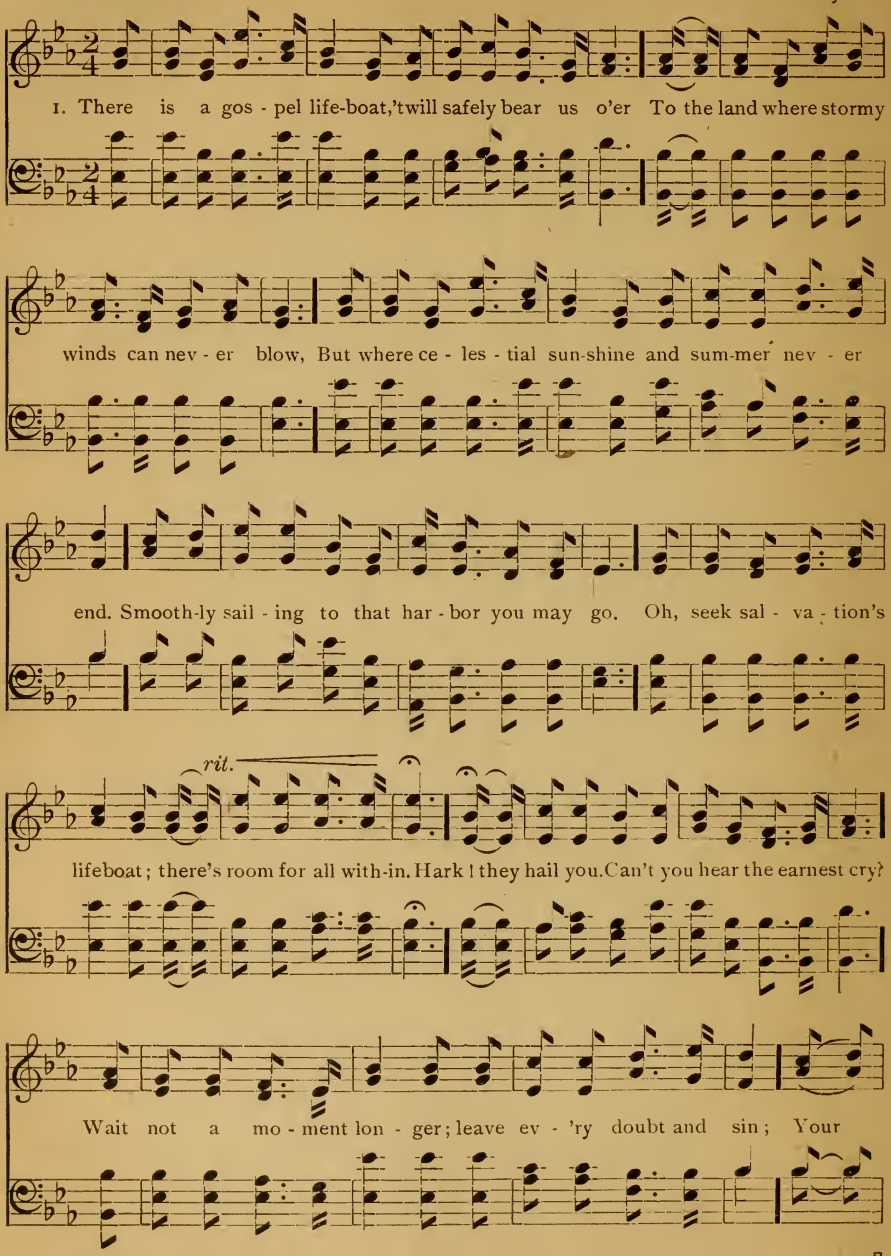
# Supplementary Hymns

## SAILOR SONG P. M.

Rev. Wm. H. Acornley


1. There is a gos - pel life-boat, 'twill safely bear us o'er To the land where stormy
winds can nev - er blow, But where ce - les - tial sun-shine and sum-mer nev - er
end. Smooth-ly sail - ing to that har - bor you may go. Oh, seek sal - va - tion's
rit.
lifeboat; there's room for all with-in. Hark! they hail you. Can't you hear the earnest cry?
Wait not a mo - ment lon - ger; leave ev - 'ry doubt and sin; Your

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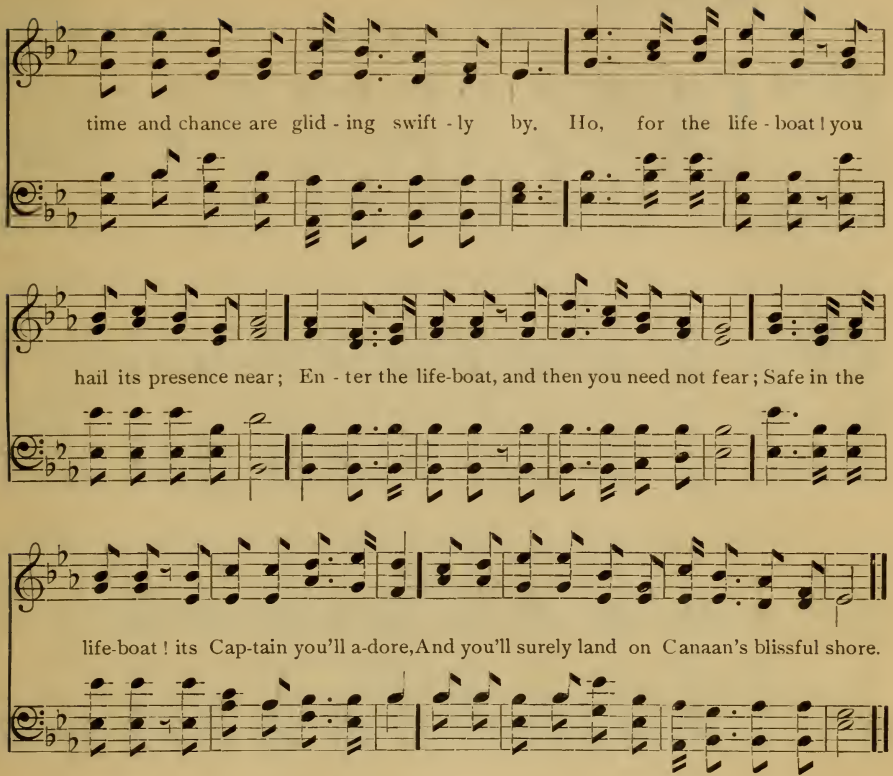
P

CHORUS. *Lively.*


time and chance are glid - ing swift - ly by. Ho, for the life - boat ! you
hail its presence near; En - ter the life-boat, and then you need not fear; Safe in the
life-boat ! its Cap-tain you'll a-dore, And you'll surely land on Canaan's blissful shore.

2 Though trials hard may press you, and storms rage loud and long,
And through breakers wild you're drifting straight ashore,
Run up the danger signal, seek help while it is near,
Ere you sink, a ruined soul, to rise no more.
Then step into the lifeboat, and join the happy crew;
Whosoever will may take their place within.
The Saviour now is calling, Oh, hasten to obey;
Leave at once the sinking wreck of self and sin. CHORUS.

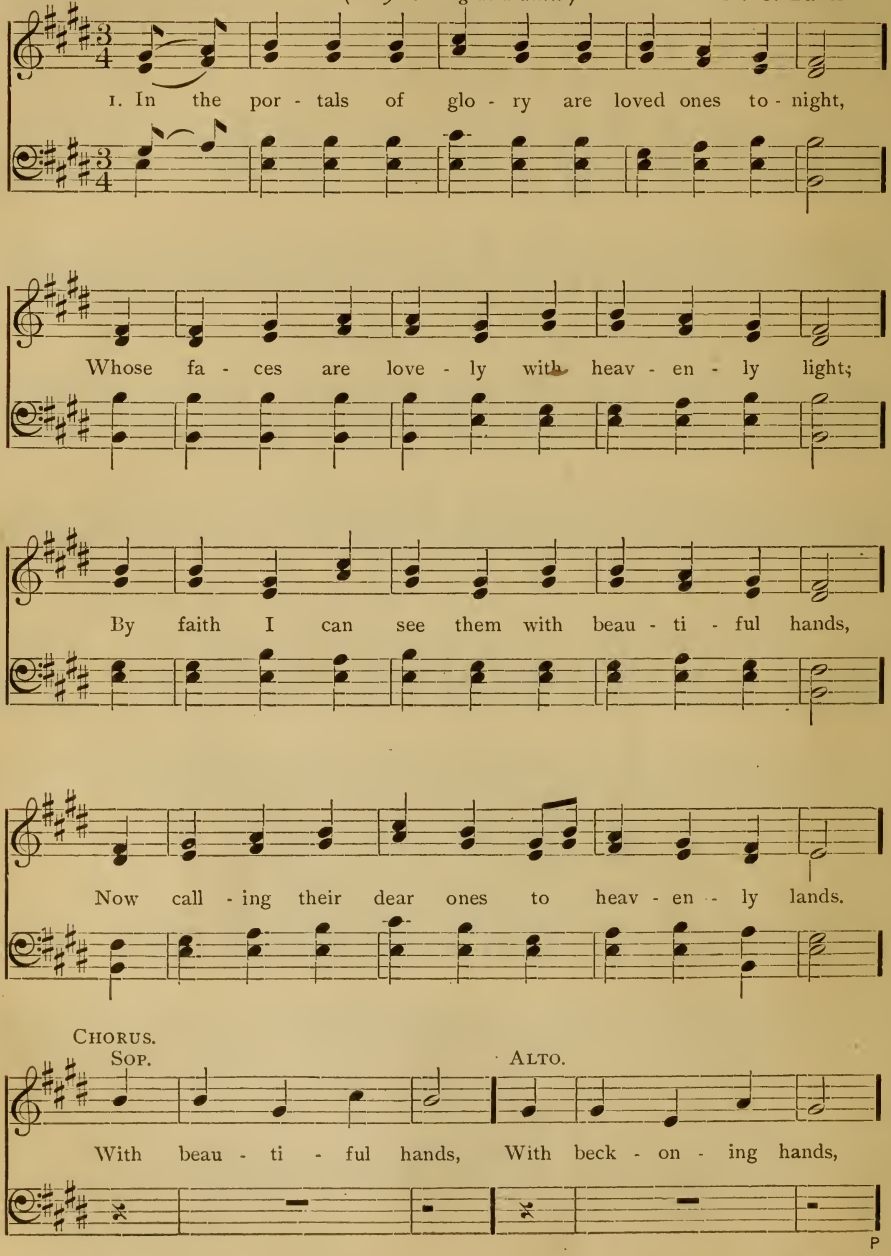
3 Though stormy winds are blowing, and waves run mountains high,
What care we if we've Jesus at the wheel.
Though lightnings flash and thunders roar and clouds are overhead,
'Twill be calm, for he will whisper, "Peace, be still."
Then waves subside and winds will hush, and all be bright and clear,
We'll have music, laughter, gladness, joy and song;
For with him, the heavenly pilot, no danger need we fear;
For the heavenly host will shout the welcome home. CHORUS.

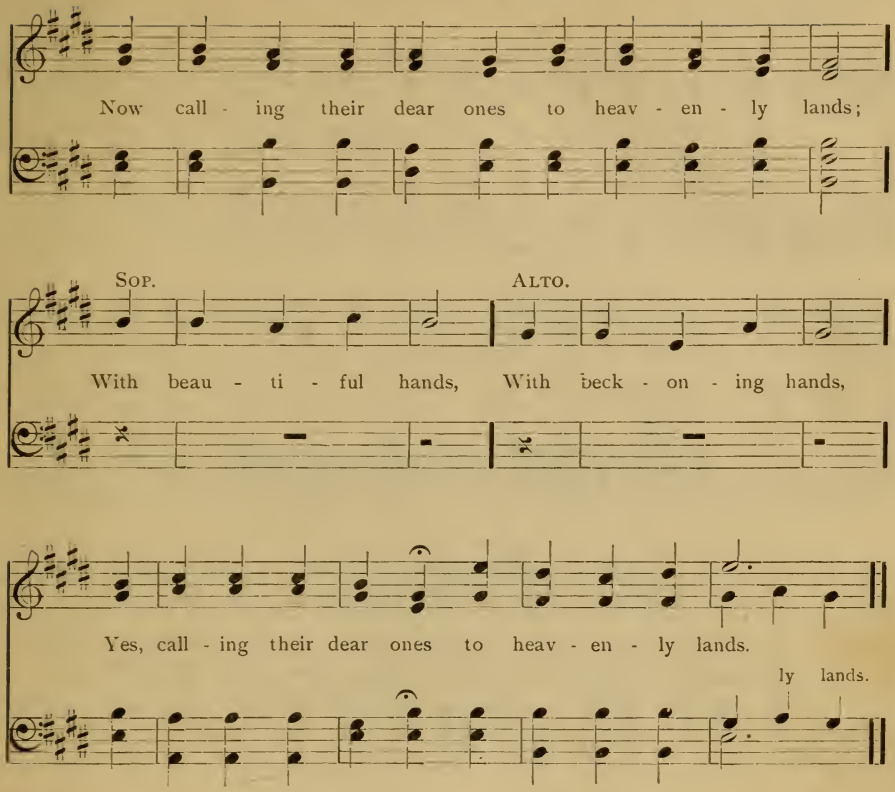
P

Mrs. Wm. Blandy

## IN THE PORTALS OF GLORY

(*May be sung as a duett*) M. C. Baker


1. In the por - tals of glo - ry are loved ones to - night,
Whose fa - ces are love - ly with heav - en - ly light;
By faith I can see them with beau - ti - ful hands,
Now call - ing their dear ones to heav - en - ly lands.
Chorus.
Sop.
With beau - ti - ful hands,
Alto.
With beck - on - ing hands,

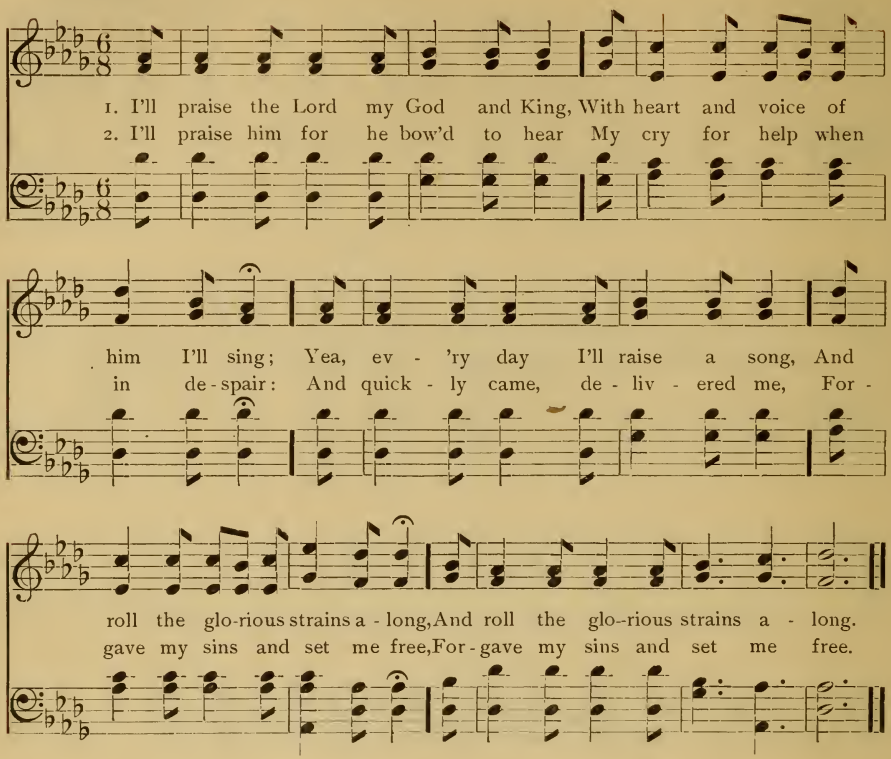

Now call - ing their dear ones to heav - en - ly lands;
Sop.
Alto.
With beau - ti - ful hands, With beck - on - ing hands,
Yes, call - ing their dear ones to heav - en - ly lands.
ly lands.

2 There stands a dear mother of tenderest love,
Who sacrificed life her devotion to prove,
Likewise a dear Father to memory dear,
Now calling up higher the waiting ones here.

3 There's a rosy cheeked darling up yonder I see,
With baby voice calling, O mother, to thee;
And many dear children who early went home,
Now calling and beckoning their parents to come.

4 There's many a husband and many a wife,
That left their dear partners alone in this life,
And sisters, and brothers, with beautiful hands,
Now calling their dear ones to heavenly lands.

M. C. Baker

ALBION L. M. M. C. Baker

1. I'll praise the Lord my God and King, With heart and voice of
2. I'll praise him for he bow'd to hear My cry for help when
him I'll sing; Yea, ev - 'ry day I'll raise a song, And
in de-spair: And quick - ly came, de - liv - ered me, For -
roll the glo-rious strains a - long, And roll the glo--rious strains a - long.
gave my sins and set me free, For-gave my sins and set me free.

3 I'll praise him for salvation's might,
That turned my darkness into light;
And for his saving, keeping power,
That saves and keeps me hour by hour.

4 I'll praise him for the gift divine,
The Spirit witnessing with mine;
Which tells me I am born of God,
And in the way my Saviour trod.

5 I'll praise him for the hope that cheers [tears;
While passing through this vale of
And for the grace that keeps from sin,
And makes the fire burn bright within.

6 I'll praise him when 'tis dark and drear,
If Satan frowns I will not fear;
But trust the Lord my God and King,
Who tunes my heart his praise to sing.

7 I'll praise him for the perfect love.
All doubts and fears it doth remove;
And fills the heart with perfect peace,
While waiting for the soul's release.

8 I'll praise him while on earth I dwell, [tell,
I'll praise him more than tongue can
I'll praise him with the hosts above,
I'll praise him in the courts of love.

M. C. Baker

P

# Responsive Readings

SELECTED

## From the Psalms and other Scripture

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# Responsive Readings

## Selection 1

PSALMS I., XV.

1 BLESSED *is* the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight *is* in the law of the LORD; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 The ungodly *are* not so: but *are* like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 For the LORD knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

7 LORD, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

8 He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

9 *He that* backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbour, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbour.

10 In whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoureth them that fear the LORD. *He that* sweareth to *his own* hurt, and changeth not.

11 *He that* putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these *things* shall never be moved.

## Selection 2

PSALMS II., XLV., 6, 7.

1 WHY do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?

2 The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the LORD, and against his Anointed, *saying*,

3 Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us.

4 He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the LORD shall have them in derision.

5 Then shall he speak unto them in his wrath, and vex them in his sore displeasure.

6 Yet have I set my King upon my holy hill of Zion.

7 I will declare the decree: the LORD hath said unto me, Thou *art* my Son; this day have I begotten thee.

8 Ask of me, and I shall give *thee* the heathen *for* thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth *for* thy possession.

9 Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.

10 Be wise now therefore, O ye kings: be instructed, ye judges of the earth.

11 Serve the LORD with fear, and rejoice with trembling.

12 Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish *from* the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed *are* all they that put their trust in him.

13 Thy throne, O God, *is* for ever and ever: the sceptre of thy kingdom *is* a right sceptre.

14 Thou lovest righteousness, and hatest wickedness: therefore God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows.

## Selection 3

PSALMS IV., .V., 3–7, 12.

1 HEAR me when I call, O God of my righteousness: thou hast enlarged me *when I was* in distress; have mercy upon me, and hear my prayer.

2 O ye sons of men, how long *will ye turn* my glory into shame? *how long* will ye love vanity, *and* seek after leasing?

3 But know that the LORD hath set apart him that is godly for himself: the LORD will hear when I call unto him.

4 Stand in awe, and sin not: commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still.

5 Offer the sacrifices of righteousness, and put your trust in the LORD.

6 *There be* many that say, Who will shew us *any* good? LORD, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us.

7 Thou hast put gladness in my heart, more than in the time *that* their corn and their wine increased.

8 I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for thou, LORD, only makest me dwell in safety.

9 My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O LORD; in the morning will I direct *my prayer* unto thee, and will look up.

10 For thou *art* not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness: neither shall evil dwell with thee.

11 The foolish shall not stand in thy sight: thou hatest all workers of iniquity.

12 Thou shalt destroy them that speak leasing: the LORD will abhor the bloody and deceitful man.

13 But as for me, I will come *into* thy house in the multitude of thy mercy: *and* in thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple.

14 For thou, LORD, wilt bless the righteous; with favour wilt thou compass him as *with* a shield.

## Selection 4

PSALMS VIII., CXI., 2–8.

1 O LORD our Lord, how excellent *is* thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

2 Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

3 When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

4 What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest nim?

5 For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour.

6 Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all *things* under his feet:

7 All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field,

8 The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, *and whatsoever* passeth through the paths of the seas.

9 O LORD our Lord, how excellent *is* thy name in all the earth!

10 The works of the LORD *are* great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.

11 His work *is* honourable and glorious: and his righteousness endureth for ever.

12 He hath made his wonderful works to be remembered: the LORD *is* gracious and full of compassion.

13 He hath given meat unto them that fear him: he will ever be mindful of his covenant.

14 He hath shewed his people the power of his works, that he may give them the heritage of the heathen.

15 The works of his hands *are* verity and judgment; all his commandments *are* sure.

16 They stand fast for ever and ever, *and are* done in truth and uprightness.

## Selection 5

PSALM IX, 1–14.

1 I WILL praise *thee*, O LORD, with my whole heart; I will shew forth all thy marvellous works.

2 I will be glad and rejoice in thee: I will sing praise to thy name, O thou Most High.

3 When mine enemies are turned back, they shall fall and perish at thy presence.

4 For thou hast maintained my right and my cause; thou satest in the throne judging right.

5 Thou hast rebuked the heathen, thou hast destroyed the wicked, thou hast put out their name for ever and ever.

6 O thou enemy, destructions are come to a perpetual end: and thou hast destroyed cities; their memorial is perished with them.

7 But the LORD shall endure for ever: he hath prepared his throne for judgment.

8 And he shall judge the world in righteousness, he shall minister judgment to the people in uprightness.

9 The LORD also will be a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in times of trouble.

10 And they that know thy name will put their trust in thee: for thou, LORD, hast not forsaken them that seek thee.

11 Sing praises to the LORD, which dwelleth in Zion: declare among the people his doings.

12 When he maketh inquisition for blood, he remembereth them: he forgetteth not the cry of the humble.

13 Have mercy upon me, O LORD; consider my trouble *which I suffer* of them that hate me, thou that liftest me up from the gates of death:

14 That I may shew forth all thy praise in the gates of the daughter of Zion: I will rejoice in thy salvation.

## Selection 6

PSALMS XI., XIII., XIV., 7.

1 IN the LORD put I my trust: how say ye to my soul, Flee *as* a bird to your mountain?

2 For, lo, the wicked bend *their* bow, they make ready their arrow upon the string, that they may privily shoot at the upright in heart.

3 If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?

4 The LORD *is* in his holy temple, the LORD'S throne *is* in heaven: his eyes behold, his eyelids try, the children of men.

5 The LORD trieth the righteous: but the wicked and him that loveth violence his soul hateth.

6 Upon the wicked he shall rain snares, fire and brimstone, and a horrible tempest: *this shall be* the portion of their cup.

7 For the righteous LORD loveth righteousness; his countenance doth behold the upright.

8 How long wilt thou forget me, O LORD? for ever? how long wilt thou hide thy face from me?

9 How long shall I take counsel in my soul, *having* sorrow in my heart daily? how long shall mine enemy be exalted over me?

10 Consider *and* hear me, O LORD my God: lighten mine eyes, lest I sleep the *sleep of* death;

11 Lest mine enemy say, I have prevailed against him; *and* those that trouble me rejoice when I am moved.

12 But I have trusted in thy mercy; my heart shall rejoice in thy salvation.

13 I will sing unto the LORD, because he hath dealt bountifully with me.

14 Oh that the salvation of Israel *were come* out of Zion! when the LORD bringeth back the captivity of his people, Jacob shall rejoice, *and* Israel shall be glad.

## Selection 7

PSALMS XVI., XVII., 8, 9, 15.

1 PRESERVE me, O God: for in thee do I put my trust.

2 *O my soul*, thou hast said unto the LORD, Thou *art* my LORD: my goodness *extendeth* not to thee;

3 *But* to the saints that *are* in the earth, and *to* the excellent, in whom *is* all my delight.

4 Their sorrows shall be multiplied *that* hasten *after* another *god:* their drink offerings of blood will I not offer, nor take up their names into my lips.

5 The LORD *is* the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup: thou maintainest my lot.

6 The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant *places;* yea, I have a goodly heritage.

7 I will bless the LORD, who hath given me counsel: my reins also instruct me in the night seasons.

8 I have set the LORD always before me: because *he is* at my right hand, I shall not be moved.

9 Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth: my flesh also shall rest in hope.

10 For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell; neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption.

11 Thou wilt shew me the path of life: in thy presence *is* fullness of joy; at thy right hand *there are* pleasures for evermore.

12 Keep me as the apple of the eye; hide me under the shadow of thy wings,

13 From the wicked that oppress me, *from* my deadly enemies, *who* compass me about.

14 As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness.

## Selection 8

PSALM XIX.

1 THE heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork.

2 Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

3 *There is* no speech nor language, *where* their voice is not heard.

4 Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,

5 Which *is* as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, *and* rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

6 His going forth *is* from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

7 The law of the LORD *is* perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the LORD *is* sure, making wise the simple.

8 The statutes of the LORD *are* right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the LORD *is* pure, enlightening the eyes.

9 The fear of the LORD *is* clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the LORD *are* true *and* righteous altogether.

10 More to be desired *are they* than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

11 Moreover by them is thy servant warned: *and* in keeping of them *there is* great reward.

12 Who can understand *his* errors? cleanse thou me from secret *faults.*

13 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous *sins;* let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

14 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O LORD, my strength, and my redeemer.

## Selection 9

PSALM XXI.

1 THE king shall joy in thy strength, O LORD; and in thy salvation how greatly shall he rejoice!

2 Thou hast given him his heart's desire, and hast not withholden the request of his lips.

3 For thou preventest him with the blessings of goodness: thou settest a crown of pure gold on his head.

4 He asked life of thee, *and* thou gavest *it* him, *even* length of days for ever and ever.

5 His glory *is* great in thy salvation: honour and majesty hast thou laid upon him.

6 For thou hast made him most blessed for ever: thou hast made him exceeding glad with thy countenance.

7 For the king trusteth in the LORD, and through the mercy of the Most High he shall not be moved.

8 Thine hand shall find out all thine enemies: thy right hand shall find out those that hate thee.

9 Thou shalt make them as a fiery oven in the time of thine anger: the LORD shall swallow them up in his wrath, and the fire shall devour them.

10 Their fruit shalt thou destroy from the earth, and their seed from among the children of men.

11 For they intended evil against thee: they imagined a mischievous device, *which* they are not able *to perform*.

12 Therefore shalt thou make them turn their back, *when* thou shalt make ready *thine arrows* upon thy strings against the face of them.

13 Be thou exalted, LORD, in thine own strength: *so* will we sing and praise thy power.

## Selection 10

PSALM XXV., 1–15, 20.

1 UNTO thee, O LORD, do I lift up my soul.

2 O my God, I trust in thee: let me not be ashamed, let not mine enemies triumph over me.

3 Yea, let none that wait on thee be ashamed: let them be ashamed which transgress without cause.

4 Shew me thy ways, O LORD; teach me thy paths.

5 Lead me in thy truth, and teach me: for thou *art* the God of my salvation; on thee do I wait all the day.

6 Remember, O LORD, thy tender mercies and thy lovingkindnesses; for they *have been* ever of old.

7 Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions: according to thy mercy remember thou me for thy goodness' sake, O LORD.

8 Good and upright *is* the LORD: therefore will he teach sinners in the way.

9 The meek will he guide in judgment: and the meek will he teach his way.

10 All the paths of the LORD *are* mercy and truth unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies.

11 For thy name's sake, O LORD, pardon mine iniquity; for it *is* great.

12 What man *is* he that feareth the LORD? him shall he teach in the way *that* he shall choose.

13 His soul shall dwell at ease; and his seed shall inherit the earth.

14 The secret of the LORD *is* with them that fear him; and he will shew them his covenant.

15 Mine eyes *are* ever toward the LORD; for he shall pluck my feet out of the net.

16 O keep my soul, and deliver me: let me not be ashamed; for I put my trust in thee.

## Selection 11

PSALM XXVII., 1–11, 14.

1 THE LORD *is* my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the LORD *is* the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

2 When the wicked, *even* mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

3 Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this *will* I *be* confident.

4 One *thing* have I desired of the LORD, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the LORD all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the LORD, and to inquire in his temple.

5 For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion: in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock.

6 And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me: therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the LORD.

7 Hear, O LORD, *when* I cry with my voice: have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

8 *When thou saidst*, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee, Thy face, LORD, will I seek.

9 Hide not thy face *far* from me; put not thy servant away in anger: thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.

10 When my father and my mother forsake me, then the LORD will take me up.

11 Teach me thy way, O LORD, and lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies.

12 Wait on the LORD: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the LORD.

## Selection 12

PSALMS XXIX., C.

1 GIVE unto the LORD, O ye mighty, give unto the LORD glory and strength.

2 Give unto the LORD the glory due unto his name; worship the LORD in the beauty of holiness.

3 The voice of the LORD *is* upon the waters: the God of glory thundereth: the LORD *is* upon many waters.

4 The voice of the LORD *is* powerful; the voice of the LORD *is* full of majesty.

5 The voice of the LORD breaketh the cedars; yea, the LORD breaketh the cedars of Lebanon.

6 He maketh them also to skip like a calf; Lebanon and Sirion like a young unicorn.

7 The voice of the LORD divideth the flames of fire.

8 The voice of the LORD shaketh the wilderness; the LORD shaketh the wilderness of Kadesh.

9 The voice of the LORD maketh the hinds to calve, and discovereth the forests: and in his temple doth every one speak of *his* glory.

10 The LORD sitteth upon the flood; yea, the LORD sitteth King for ever.

11 The LORD will give strength unto his people; the LORD will bless his people with peace.

12 Make a joyful noise unto the LORD, all ye lands.

13 Serve the LORD with gladness: come before his presence with singing.

14 Know ye that the LORD he *is* God: *it is* he *that* hath made us, and not we ourselves; *we are* his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

15 Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, *and* into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, *and* bless his name.

16 For the LORD *is* good; his mercy *is* everlasting; and his truth *endureth* to all generations.

## Selection 13

PSALMS XXX., XXXI., 19, 20.

1 I will extol thee, O LORD; for thou hast lifted me up, and hast not made my foes to rejoice over me.

2 O LORD my God, I cried unto thee, and thou hast healed me.

3 O LORD, thou hast brought up my soul from the grave: thou hast kept me alive, that I should not go down to the pit.

4 Sing unto the LORD, O ye saints of his, and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.

5 For his anger *endureth but* a moment; in his favour *is* life: weeping may endure for a night, but joy *cometh* in the morning.

6 And in my prosperity I said, I shall never be moved.

7 LORD, by thy favour thou hast made my mountain to stand strong: thou didst hide thy face, *and* I was troubled.

8 I cried to thee, O LORD; and unto the LORD I made supplication.

9 What profit *is there* in my blood, when I go down to the pit? Shall the dust praise thee? shall it declare thy truth?

10 Hear, O LORD, and have mercy upon me: LORD, be thou my helper.

11 Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing: thou hast put off my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness;

12 To the end that *my* glory may sing praise to thee, and not be silent. O LORD my God, I will give thanks unto thee for ever.

13 *Oh* how great *is* thy goodness, which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee; *which* thou hast wrought for them that trust in thee before the sons of men!

14 Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence from the pride of man: thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues.

## Selection 14

PSALMS XXXII., XXXI., 23, 24.

1 Blessed *is he whose* transgression *is* forgiven, *whose* sin *is* covered.

2 Blessed *is* the man unto whom the LORD imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit *there is* no guile.

3 When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long.

4 For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me: my moisture is turned into the drought of summer.

5 I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the LORD; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.

6 For this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found: surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him.

7 Thou *art* my hiding place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance.

8 I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye.

9 Be ye not as the horse, *or* as the mule, *which* have no understanding: whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle, lest they come near unto thee.

10 Many sorrows *shall be* to the wicked: but he that trusteth in the LORD, mercy shall compass him about.

11 Be glad in the LORD, and rejoice, ye righteous: and shout for joy, all *ye that are* upright in heart.

12 O love the LORD, all ye his saints: *for* the LORD preserveth the faithful, and plentifully rewardeth the proud doer.

13 Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the LORD.

## Selection 15

PSALM XXXIII., 1–12, 18–22.

1 Rejoice in the LORD, O ye righteous: *for* praise is comely for the upright.

2 Praise the LORD with harp: sing unto him with the psaltery *and* an instrument of ten strings.

3 Sing unto him a new song; play skilfully with a loud noise.

4 For the word of the LORD *is* right; and all his works *are done* in truth.

5 He loveth righteousness and judgment: the earth is full of the goodness of the LORD.

6 By the word of the LORD were the heavens made; and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth.

7 He gathereth the waters of the sea together as a heap: he layeth up the depth in storehouses.

8 Let all the earth fear the LORD: let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him.

9 For he spake, and it was *done;* he commanded, and it stood fast.

10 The LORD bringeth the counsel of the heathen to nought: he maketh the devices of the people of none effect.

11 The counsel of the LORD standeth for ever, the thoughts of his heart to all generations.

12 Blessed *is* the nation whose God *is* the LORD; *and* the people *whom* he hath chosen for his own inheritance.

13 Behold, the eye of the LORD *is* upon them that fear him, upon them that hope in his mercy;

14 To deliver their soul from death, and to keep them alive in famine.

15 Our soul waiteth for the LORD: he *is* our help and our shield.

16 For our heart shall rejoice in him, because we have trusted in his holy name.

17 Let thy mercy, O LORD, be upon us, according as we hope in thee.

## Selection 16

PSALM XXXIV., 1–18.

1 I WILL bless the LORD at all times: his praise *shall* continually *be* in my mouth.

2 My soul shall make her boast in the LORD: the humble shall hear *thereof*, and be glad.

3 O magnify the LORD with me, and let us exalt his name together.

4 I sought the LORD, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.

5 They looked unto him, and were lightened: and their faces were not ashamed.

6 This poor man cried, and the LORD heard *him*, and saved him out of all his troubles.

7 The angel of the LORD encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

8 O taste and see that the LORD *is* good: blessed *is* the man *that* trusteth in him.

9 O fear the LORD, ye his saints: for *there is* no want to them that fear him.

10 The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger: but they that seek the LORD shall not want any good *thing*.

11 Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the LORD.

12 What man *is he that* desireth life, *and* loveth *many* days, that he may see good?

13 Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.

14 Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it.

15 The eyes of the LORD *are* upon the righteous, and his ears *are open* unto their cry.

16 The face of the LORD *is* against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.

17 *The righteous* cry, and the LORD heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles.

18 The LORD *is* nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.

## Selection 17

PSALM XXXVII., 1–9, 23–28.

1 FRET not thyself because of evil doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity.

2 For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb.

3 Trust in the LORD, and do good; *so* shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

4 Delight thyself also in the LORD; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.

5 Commit thy way unto the LORD; trust also in him; and he shall bring *it* to pass.

6 And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday.

7 Rest in the LORD, and wait patiently for him: fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.

8 Cease from anger, and forsake wrath: fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.

9 For evil doers shall be cut off: but those that wait upon the LORD, they shall inherit the earth.

10 The steps of a *good* man are ordered by the LORD: and he delighteth in his way.

11 Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down: for the LORD upholdeth *him with* his hand.

12 I have been young, and *now* am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.

13 *He is* ever merciful, and lendeth; and his seed *is* blessed.

14 Depart from evil, and do good; and dwell for evermore.

15 For the LORD loveth judgment, and forsaketh not his saints; they are preserved for ever: but the seed of the wicked shall be cut off.

## Selection 18

PSALM XLII., XL., 27.

1 AS the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.

2 My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?

3 My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where *is* thy God?

4 When I remember these *things*, I pour out my soul in me: for I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holyday.

5 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and *why* art thou disquieted in me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him *for* the help of his countenance.

6 O my God, my soul is cast down within me: therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar.

7 Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts: all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.

8 *Yet* the LORD will command his lovingkindness in the daytime, and in the night his song *shall be* with me, *and* my prayer unto the God of my life.

9 I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me? why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

10 *As* with a sword in my bones, mine enemies reproach me; while they say daily unto me, Where *is* thy God?

11 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him, *who is* the health of my countenance, and my God.

12 Be pleased, O LORD, to deliver me: O LORD, make haste to help me.

## Selection 19

PSALMS XLVI., XLVII., 3–7.

1 GOD *is* our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

2 Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;

3 *Though* the waters thereof roar *and* be troubled, *though* the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

4 *There is* a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy *place* of the tabernacles of the Most High.

5 God *is* in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, *and that* right early.

6 The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved: he uttered his voice, the earth melted.

7 The LORD of hosts *is* with us; the God of Jacob *is* our refuge.

8 Come, behold the works of the LORD, what desolations he hath made in the earth.

9 He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire.

10 Be still, and know that I *am* God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.

11 The LORD of hosts *is* with us; the God of Jacob *is* our refuge.

12 He shall subdue the people under us, and the nations under our feet.

13 He shall choose our inheritance for us, the excellency of Jacob whom he loved.

14 God is gone up with a shout, the LORD with the sound of a trumpet.

15 Sing praises to God, sing praises: sing praises unto our King, sing praises.

16 For God *is* the King of all the earth: sing ye praises with understanding.

## Selection 20

PSALMS XLVIII., CXXV., 1–2.

1 GREAT *is* the LORD, and greatly to be praised in the city of our God, *in* the mountain of his holiness.

2 Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, *is* mount Zion, *on* the sides of the north, the city of the great King.

3 God is known in her palaces for a refuge.

4 For, lo, the kings were assembled, they passed by together.

5 They saw *it*, *and* so they marvelled; they were troubled, *and* hasted away.

6 Fear took hold upon them there, *and* pain, as of a woman in travail.

7 Thou breakest the ships of Tarshish with an east wind.

8 As we have heard, so have we seen in the city of the LORD of hosts, in the city of our God: God will establish it for ever.

9 We have thought of thy loving kindness, O God, in the midst of thy temple.

10 According to thy name, O God, so *is* thy praise unto the ends of the earth: thy right hand is full of righteousness.

11 Let mount Zion rejoice, let the daughters of Judah be glad, because of thy judgments.

12 Walk about Zion, and go round about her: tell the towers thereof.

13 Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; that ye may tell *it* to the generation following.

14 For this God *is* our God for ever and ever: he will be our guide *even* unto death.

15 They that trust in the LORD *shall be* as mount Zion, *which* cannot be removed, *but* abideth for ever.

16 *As* the mountains *are* round about Jerusalem, so the LORD *is* round about his people from henceforth even for ever.

## Selection 21

### Psalm li.

1 Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

2 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

3 For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin *is* ever before me.

4 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done *this* evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, *and* be clear when thou judgest.

5 Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

6 Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden *part* thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

7 Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

8 Make me to hear joy and gladness; *that* the bones *which* thou hast broken may rejoice.

9 Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

10 Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

11 Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.

12 Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me *with thy* free Spirit.

13 *Then* will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

14 Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation: *and* my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.

15 O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.

16 For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give *it:* thou delightest not in burnt offering.

17 The sacrifices of God *are* a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

18 Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion: build thou the walls of Jerusalem.

19 Then shalt thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness, with burnt offering and whole burnt offering: then shall they offer bullocks upon thine altar.

## Selection 22

### Psalm lxii.

1 Truly my soul waiteth upon God: from him *cometh* my salvation.

2 He only *is* my rock and my salvation; *he is* my defence; I shall not be greatly moved.

3 How long will ye imagine mischief against a man? ye shall be slain all of you: as a bowing wall *shall ye be, and as* a tottering fence.

4 They only consult to cast *him* down from his excellency: they delight in lies: they bless with their mouth, but they curse inwardly.

5 My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation *is* from him.

6 He only *is* my rock and my salvation: *he is* my defence; I shall not be moved.

7 In God *is* my salvation and my glory: the rock of my strength, *and* my refuge, *is* in God.

8 Trust in him at all times; ye people, pour out your heart before him: God *is* a refuge for us.

9 Surely men of low degree *are* vanity, *and* men of high degree *are* a lie: to be laid in the balance, they *are* altogether *lighter* than vanity.

10 Trust not in oppression, and become not vain in robbery: if riches increase, set not your heart *upon them.*

11 God hath spoken once; twice have I heard this; that power *belongeth* unto God.

12 Also unto thee, O Lord, *belongeth* mercy: for thou renderest to every man according to his work.

## Selection 23

PSALMS LXIII., LXI., 3–8.

1 O GOD, thou *art* my God; early will I seek thee: my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is;

2 To see thy power and thy glory, so *as* I have seen thee in the sanctuary.

3 Because thy lovingkindness *is* better than life, my lips shall praise thee.

4 Thus will I bless thee while I live: I will lift up my hands in thy name.

5 My soul shall be satisfied as *with* marrow and fatness; and my mouth shall praise *thee* with joyful lips:

6 When I remember thee upon my bed, *and* meditate on thee in the *night* watches.

7 Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.

8 My soul followeth hard after thee: thy right hand upholdeth me.

9 But those *that* seek my soul, to destroy *it*, shall go into the lower parts of the earth.

10 They shall fall by the sword: they shall be a portion for foxes.

11 But the king shall rejoice in God: every one that sweareth by him shall glory: but the mouth of them that speak lies shall be stopped.

12 For thou hast been a shelter for me, *and* a strong tower from the enemy.

13 I will abide in thy tabernacle for ever: I will trust in the covert of thy wings.

14 For thou, O God, hast heard my vows: thou hast given *me* the heritage of those that fear thy name.

15 Thou wilt prolong the king's life; *and* his years as many generations.

16 He shall abide before God for ever: O prepare mercy and truth, *which* may preserve him.

17 So will I sing praise unto thy name for ever, that I may daily perform my vows.

## Selection 24

PSALM LXV.

1 PRAISE waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion: and unto thee shall the vow be performed.

2 O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.

3 Iniquities prevail against me: *as for* our transgressions, thou shalt purge them away.

4 Blessed *is the man whom* thou choosest, and causest to approach *unto thee*, *that* he may dwell in thy courts: we shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house, *even* of thy holy temple.

5 *By* terrible things in righteousness wilt thou answer us, O God of our salvation; *who art* the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off *upon* the sea:

6 Which by his strength setteth fast the mountains; *being* girded with power:

7 Which stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people.

8 They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are afraid at thy tokens: thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.

9 Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it: thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, *which* is full of water: thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it.

10 Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly: thou settlest the furrows thereof: thou makest it soft with showers: thou blessest the springing thereof.

11 Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness.

12 They drop *upon* the pastures of the wilderness: and the little hills rejoice on every side.

13 The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing.

## Selection 25

PSALM LXVI.

1 MAKE a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands:

2 Sing forth the honour of his name: make his praise glorious.

3 Say unto God, How terrible *art thou in* thy works! through the greatness of thy power shall thine enemies submit themselves unto thee.

4 All the earth shall worship thee, and shall sing unto thee; they shall sing *to* thy name.

5 Come and see the works of God: *he is* terrible *in his* doing toward the children of men.

6 He turned the sea into dry *land:* they went through the flood on foot: there did we rejoice in him.

7 He ruleth by his power for ever; his eyes behold the nations: let not the rebellious exalt themselves.

8 O bless our God, ye people, and make the voice of his praise to be heard:

9 Which holdeth our soul in life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved.

10 For thou, O God, hast proved us: thou hast tried us, as silver is tried.

11 Thou broughtest us into the net; thou laidst affliction upon our loins.

12 Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads; we went through fire and through water: but thou broughtest us out into a wealthy *place.*

13 I will go into thy house with burnt offerings: I will pay thee my vows,

14 Which my lips have uttered, and my mouth hath spoken, when I was in trouble.

15 I will offer unto thee burnt sacrifices of fatlings, with the incense of rams: I will offer bullocks with goats.

16 Come *and* hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul.

17 I cried unto him with my mouth, and he was extolled with my tongue.

18 If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear *me:*

19 *But* verily God hath heard *me;* he hath attended to the voice of my prayer.

20 Blessed *be* God, which hath not turned away my prayer, nor his mercy from me.

## Selection 26

PSALM LXVIII., 1–8, 17–19.

1 LET God arise, let his enemies be scattered: let them also that hate him flee before him.

2 As smoke is driven away, *so* drive *them* away: as wax melteth before the fire, *so* let the wicked perish at the presence of God.

3 But let the righteous be glad; let them rejoice before God: yea, let them exceedingly rejoice.

4 Sing unto God, sing praises to his name: extol him that rideth upon the heavens by his name JAH, and rejoice before him.

5 A father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows, *is* God in his holy habitation.

6 God setteth the solitary in families: he bringeth out those which are bound with chains: but the rebellious dwell in a dry *land.*

7 O God, when thou wentest forth before thy people, when thou didst march through the wilderness;

8 The earth shook, the heavens also dropped at the presence of God: *even* Sinai itself *was moved* at the presence of God, the God of Israel.

9 The chariots of God *are* twenty thousand, *even* thousands of angels: the Lord *is* among them, *as in* Sinai, in the holy *place.*

10 Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led captivity captive: thou hast received gifts for men; yea, *for* the rebellious also, that the LORD God might dwell *among them.*

11 Blessed *be* the Lord, *who* daily loadeth us *with benefits, even* the God of our salvation.

## Selection 27

PSALM LXXII., 6–15, 17.

1 GIVE the king thy judgments, O God, and thy righteousness unto the king's son.

2 He shall judge thy people with righteousness, and thy poor with judgment.

3 The mountains shall bring peace to the people, and the little hills, by righteousness.

4 He shall judge the poor of the people, he shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor.

5 They shall fear thee as long as the sun and moon endure, throughout all generations.

6 He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass: as showers *that* water the earth.

7 In his days shall the righteous flourish; and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth.

8 He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth.

9 They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before him; and his enemies shall lick the dust.

10 The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents: the kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts.

11 Yea, all kings shall fall down before him: all nations shall serve him.

12 For he shall deliver the needy when he crieth; the poor also, and *him* that hath no helper.

13 He shall spare the poor and needy, and shall save the souls of the needy.

14 He shall redeem their soul from deceit and violence: and precious shall their blood be in his sight.

15 And he shall live, and to him shall be given of the gold of Sheba: prayer also shall be made for him continually; *and* daily shall he be praised.

16 His name shall endure for ever: his name shall be continued as long as the sun: and *men* shall be blessed in him: all nations shall call him blessed.

## Selection 28

PSALM LXXIII., 1–17, 25, 26.

1 TRULY God *is* good to Israel, *even* to such as are of a clean heart.

2 But as for me, my feet were almost gone; my steps had well nigh slipped.

3 For I was envious at the foolish, *when* I saw the prosperity of the wicked.

4 For *there are* no bands in their death: but their strength *is* firm.

5 They *are* not in trouble *as other* men; neither are they plagued like *other* men.

6 Therefore pride compasseth them about as a chain; violence covereth them *as* a garment.

7 Their eyes stand out with fatness: they have more than heart could wish.

8 They are corrupt, and speak wickedly *concerning* oppression: they speak loftily.

9 They set their mouth against the heavens, and their tongue walketh through the earth.

10 Therefore his people return hither: and waters of a full *cup* are wrung out to them.

11 And they say, How doth God know? and is there knowledge in the Most High?

12 Behold, these *are* the ungodly, who prosper in the world; they increase *in* riches.

13 Verily I have cleansed my heart *in* vain, and washed my hands in innocency.

14 For all the day long have I been plagued, and chastened every morning.

15 If I say, I will speak thus; behold, I should offend *against* the generation of thy children.

16 When I thought to know this, it *was* too painful for me;

17 Until I went into the sanctuary of God; *then* understood I their end.

18 Whom have I in heaven *but thee?* and *there is* none upon earth *that* I desire besides thee.

19 My flesh and my heart faileth: *but* God *is* the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.

## Selection 29

PSALM LXXXI.

1 SING aloud unto God our strength: make a joyful noise unto the God of Jacob.

2 Take a psalm, and bring hither the timbrel, the pleasant harp with the psaltery.

3 Blow up the trumpet in the new moon, in the time appointed, on our solemn feast day.

4 For this *was* a statute for Israel, *and* a law of the God of Jacob.

5 This he ordained in Joseph *for* a testimony, when he went out through the land of Egypt: *where* I heard a language *that* I understood not.

6 I removed his shoulder from the burden: his hands were delivered from the pots.

7 Thou calledst in trouble, and I delivered thee; I answered thee in the secret place of thunder: I proved thee at the waters of Meribah.

8 Hear, O my people, and I will testify unto thee: O Israel, if thou wilt hearken unto me;

9 There shall no strange god be in thee; neither shalt thou worship any strange god.

10 I *am* the LORD thy God, which brought thee out of the land of Egypt: open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.

11 But my people would not hearken to my voice; and Israel would none of me.

12 So I gave them up unto their own hearts' lust: *and* they walked in their own counsels.

13 O that my people had hearkened unto me, *and* Israel had walked in my ways!

14 I should soon have subdued their enemies, and turned my hand against their adversaries.

15 The haters of the LORD should have submitted themselves unto him: but their time should have endured for ever.

16 He should have fed them also with the finest of the wheat: and with honey out of the rock should I have satisfied thee.

## Selection 30

PSALMS LXXXV., LXXXIX., 14–16.

1 LORD, thou hast been favourable unto thy land: thou hast brought back the captivity of Jacob.

2 Thou hast forgiven the iniquity of thy people; thou hast covered all their sin.

3 Thou hast taken away all thy wrath: thou hast turned *thyself* from the fierceness of thine anger.

4 Turn us, O God of our salvation, and cause thine anger toward us to cease.

5 Wilt thou be angry with us for ever? wilt thou draw out thine anger to all generations?

6 Wilt thou not revive us again: that thy people may rejoice in thee?

7 Shew us thy mercy, O LORD, and grant us thy salvation.

8 I will hear what God the LORD will speak: for he will speak peace unto his people, and to his saints: but let them not turn again to folly.

9 Surely his salvation *is* nigh them that fear him; that glory may dwell in our land.

10 Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed *each other*.

11 Truth shall spring out of the earth; and righteousness shall look down from heaven.

12 Yea, the LORD shall give *that which is* good; and our land shall yield her increase.

13 Righteousness shall go before him; and shall set *us* in the way of his steps.

14 Justice and judgment *are* the habitation of thy throne: mercy and truth shall go before thy face.

15 Blessed *is* the people that know the joyful sound: they shall walk, O LORD, in the light of thy countenance.

16 In thy name shall they rejoice all the day: and in thy righteousness shall they be exalted.

## Selection 31

PSALM LXXXVI.

1 BOW down thine ear, O LORD, hear me: for I *am* poor and needy.

2 Preserve my soul; for I *am* holy: O thou my God, save thy servant that trusteth in thee.

3 Be merciful unto me, O Lord: for I cry unto thee daily.

4 Rejoice the soul of thy servant: for unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.

5 For thou, Lord, *art* good, and ready to forgive; and plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon thee.

6 Give ear, O LORD, unto my prayer; and attend to the voice of my supplications.

7 In the day of my trouble I will call upon thee: for thou wilt answer me.

8 Among the gods *there is* none like unto thee, O Lord; neither *are there any works* like unto thy works.

9 All nations whom thou hast made shall come and worship before thee, O Lord; and shall glorify thy name.

10 For thou *art* great, and doest wondrous things: thou *art* God alone.

11 Teach me thy way, O LORD; I will walk in thy truth: unite my heart to fear thy name.

12 I will praise thee, O Lord my God, with all my heart: and I will glorify thy name for evermore.

13 For great *is* thy mercy toward me: and thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest hell.

14 O God, the proud are risen against me, and the assemblies of violent *men* have sought after my soul; and have not set thee before them.

15 But thou, O Lord, *art* a God full of compassion, and gracious, longsuffering, and plenteous in mercy and truth.

16 O turn unto me, and have mercy upon me; give thy strength unto thy servant, and save the son of thine handmaid.

17 Shew me a token for good; that they which hate me may see *it*, and be ashamed: because thou, LORD, hast holpen me, and comforted me.

## Selection 32

PSALM XCI.

1 HE that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

2 I will say of the LORD, *He is* my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

3 Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, *and* from the noisome pestilence.

4 He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth *shall be thy* shield and buckler.

5 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; *nor* for the arrow *that* flieth by day;

6 *Nor* for the pestilence *that* walketh in darkness; *nor* for the destruction *that* wasteth at noonday.

7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; *but* it shall not come nigh thee.

8 Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

9 Because thou hast made the LORD, *which is* my refuge, *even* the most High, thy habitation;

10 There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

11 For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

12 They shall bear thee up in *their* hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

13 Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

14 Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

15 He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I *will be* with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him.

16 With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation.

## Selection 33

PSALMS XCIII., XCV.

1 THE LORD reigneth, he is clothed with majesty; the LORD is clothed with strength, *wherewith* he hath girded himself: the world also is stablished, that it cannot be moved.

2 Thy throne *is* established of old: thou *art* from everlasting.

3 The floods have lifted up, O LORD, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves.

4 The LORD on high *is* mightier than the noise of many waters, *yea, than* the mighty waves of the sea.

5 Thy testimonies are very sure: holiness becometh thine house, O LORD, for ever.

6 O COME, let us sing unto the LORD: let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

7 Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

8 For the LORD *is* a great God, and a great King above all gods.

9 In his hand *are* the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills *is* his also.

10 The sea *is* his, and he made it: and his hands formed the dry *land.*

11 O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the LORD our maker.

12 For he *is* our God; and we *are* the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand. To-day if ye will hear his voice,

13 Harden not your heart, as in the provocation, *and* as *in* the day of temptation in the wilderness:

14 When your fathers tempted me, proved me, and saw my work.

15 Forty years long was I grieved with *this* generation, and said, It *is* a people that do err in their heart, and they have not known my ways:

16 Unto whom I sware in my wrath that they should not enter into my rest.

## Selection 34

PSALMS XCVI., XCVII., 2, 12.

1 O SING unto the LORD a new song: sing unto the LORD, all the earth.

2 Sing unto the LORD, bless his name; shew forth his salvation from day to day.

3 Declare his glory among the heathen, his wonders among all people.

4 For the LORD *is* great, and greatly to be praised: he *is* to be feared above all gods.

5 For all the gods of the nations *are* idols: but the LORD made the heavens.

6 Honour and majesty *are* before him: strength and beauty *are* in his sanctuary.

7 Give unto the LORD, O ye kindreds of the people, give unto the LORD glory and strength.

8 Give unto the LORD the glory *due unto* his name: bring an offering, and come into his courts.

9 O worship the LORD in the beauty of holiness: fear before him, all the earth.

10 Say among the heathen *that* the LORD reigneth: the world also shall be established that it shall not be moved: he shall judge the people righteously.

11 Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad; let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof.

12 Let the field be joyful, and all that *is* therein: then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice

13 Before the LORD: for he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth: he shall judge the world with righteousness, and the people with his truth.

14 Clouds and darkness *are* round about him: righteousness and judgment *are* the habitation of his throne.

15 Rejoice in the LORD, ye righteous; and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.

## Selection 35

PSALM CIII., 1–21.

1 BLESS the LORD, O my soul: and all that is within me, *bless* his holy name.

2 Bless the LORD, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

4 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies;

5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good *things; so that* thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

6 The LORD executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

7 He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

8 The LORD *is* merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

9 He will not always chide: neither will he keep *his anger* for ever.

10 He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

11 For as the heaven is high above the earth, *so* great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

12 As far as the east is from the west, *so* far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

13 Like as a father pitieth *his* children, *so* the LORD pitieth them that fear him.

14 For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we *are* dust.

15 *As for* man, his days *are* as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

16 For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

17 But the mercy of the LORD *is* from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children;

18 To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

19 The LORD hath prepared his throne in the heavens; and his kingdom ruleth over all.

20 Bless the LORD, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.

21 Bless ye the LORD, all *ye* his hosts; *ye* ministers of his, that do his pleasure.

## Selection 36

PSALM CIV., 24–35.

1 O LORD, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches.

2 *So is* this great and wide sea, wherein *are* things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts.

3 There go the ships: *there is* that leviathan, *whom* thou hast made to play therein.

4 These wait all upon thee; that thou mayest give *them* their meat in due season.

5 *That* thou givest them they gather: thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good.

6 Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled: thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to their dust.

7 Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created: and thou renewest the face of the earth.

8 The glory of the LORD shall endure for ever: the LORD shall rejoice in his works.

9 He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth: he toucheth the hills, and they smoke.

10 I will sing unto the LORD as long as I live: I will sing praise to my God while I have my being.

11 My meditation of him shall be sweet: I will be glad in the LORD.

12 Let the sinners be consumed out of the earth, and let the wicked be no more. Bless thou the LORD, O my soul. Praise ye the LORD.

## Selection 37

PSALM CVII., 1–15, 22.

1 O GIVE thanks unto the LORD, for *he is* good: for his mercy *endureth* for ever.

2 Let the redeemed of the LORD say *so*, whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy;

3 And gathered them out of the lands, from the east, and from the west, from the north, and from the south.

4 They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way; they found no city to dwell in.

5 Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them.

6 Then they cried unto the LORD in their trouble, *and* he delivered them out of their distresses.

7 And he led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation.

8 Oh that *men* would praise the LORD *for* his goodness, and *for* his wonderful works to the children of men!

9 For he satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness.

10 Such as sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, *being* bound in affliction and iron;

11 Because they rebelled against the words of God, and contemned the counsel of the Most High:

12 Therefore he brought down their heart with labour; they fell down, and *there was* none to help.

13 Then they cried unto the LORD in their trouble, *and* he saved them out of their distresses.

14 He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death, and brake their bands in sunder.

15 Oh that *men* would praise the LORD *for* his goodness, and *for* his wonderful works to the children of men!

16 And let them sacrifice the sacrifices of thanksgiving, and declare his works with rejoicing.

## Selection 38

PSALM CXV.

1 NOT unto us, O LORD, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy, *and* for thy truth's sake.

2 Wherefore should the heathen say, Where *is* now their God?

3 But our God *is* in the heavens: he hath done whatsoever he hath pleased.

4 Their idols *are* silver and gold, the work of men's hands.

5 They have mouths, but they speak not: eyes have they, but they see not:

6 They have ears, but they hear not: noses have they, but they smell not:

7 They have hands, but they handle not: feet have they, but they walk not: neither speak they through their throat.

8 They that make them are like unto them; *so is* every one that trusteth in them.

9 O Israel, trust thou in the LORD: he *is* their help and their shield.

10 O house of Aaron, trust in the LORD: he *is* their help and their shield.

11 Ye that fear the LORD, trust in the LORD: he *is* their help and their shield.

12 The LORD hath been mindful of us: he will bless *us;* he will bless the house of Israel; he will bless the house of Aaron.

13 He will bless them that fear the LORD, *both* small and great.

14 The LORD shall increase you more and more, you and your children.

15 Ye *are* blessed of the LORD which made heaven and earth.

16 The heaven, *even* the heavens, *are* the LORD'S: but the earth hath he given to the children of men.

17 The dead praise not the LORD, neither any that go down into silence.

18 But we will bless the LORD from this time forth and for evermore. Praise the LORD.

## Selection 39

PSALM CXVI.

1 I LOVE the LORD, because he hath heard my voice *and* my supplications.

2 Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon *him* as long as I live.

3 The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow.

4 Then called I upon the name of the LORD; O LORD, I beseech thee, deliver my soul.

5 Gracious *is* the LORD, and righteous; yea, our God *is* merciful.

6 The LORD preserveth the simple: I was brought low, and he helped me.

7 Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the LORD hath dealt bountifully with thee.

8 For thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, *and* my feet from falling.

9 I will walk before the LORD in the land of the living.

10 I believed, therefore have I spoken: I was greatly afflicted:

11 I said in my haste, All men *are* liars.

12 What shall I render unto the LORD *for* all his benefits toward me?

13 I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the LORD.

14 I will pay my vows unto the LORD now in the presence of all his people.

15 Precious in the sight of the LORD *is* the death of his saints.

16 O LORD, truly I *am* thy servant; I *am* thy servant, and the son of thine handmaid: thou hast loosed my bonds.

17 I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and will call upon the name of the LORD.

18 I will pay my vows unto the LORD now in the presence of all his people,

19 In the courts of the LORD'S house, in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem. Praise ye the LORD.

## Selection 40

PSALMS CXXI., CXXIV., CXXVI., 3–6.

1 I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

2 My help *cometh* from the LORD, which made heaven and earth.

3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

4 Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

5 The LORD *is* thy keeper: the LORD *is* thy shade upon thy right hand.

6 The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

7 The LORD shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

8 The LORD shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

9 If *it had* not *been* the LORD who was on our side, now may Israel say;

10 If *it had* not *been* the LORD who was on our side, when men rose up against us:

11 Then they had swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us:

12 Then the waters had overwhelmed us, the stream had gone over our soul:

13 Then the proud waters had gone over our soul.

14 Blessed *be* the LORD, who hath not given us *as* a prey to their teeth.

15 Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers: the snare is broken, and we are escaped.

16 Our help *is* in the name of the LORD, who made heaven and earth.

17 The LORD hath done great things for us; *whereof* we are glad.

18 Turn again our captivity, O LORD, as the streams in the south.

19 They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

20 He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves *with him*.

## Selection 41

PSALM CXXXIX., 1–15, 23, 24.

1 O LORD, thou hast searched me, and known *me*.

2 Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising; thou understandest my thought afar off.

3 Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted *with* all my ways.

4 For *there is* not a word in my tongue, *but* lo, O LORD, thou knowest it altogether.

5 Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me.

6 *Such* knowledge *is* too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot *attain* unto it.

7 Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

8 If I ascend up into heaven, thou *art* there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou *art there*.

9 *If* I take the wings of the morning, *and* dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

10 Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

11 If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me.

12 Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light *are* both alike *to thee*.

13 For thou hast possessed my reins: thou hast covered me in my mother's womb.

14 I will praise thee; for I am fearfully *and* wonderfully made: marvellous *are* thy works; and *that* my soul knoweth right well.

15 My substance was not hid from thee, when I was made in secret, *and* curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth.

16 Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts:

17 And see if *there be any* wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

## Selection 42

PSALM CXLIV., 3–15.

1 LORD, what *is* man, that thou takest knowledge of him! *or* the son of man, that thou makest account of him!

2 Man is like to vanity: his days *are* as a shadow that passeth away.

3 Bow thy heavens, O LORD, and come down: touch the mountains, and they shall smoke.

4 Cast forth lightning, and scatter them: shoot out thine arrows, and destroy them.

5 Send thine hand from above; rid me, and deliver me out of great waters, from the hand of strange children;

6 Whose mouth speaketh vanity, and their right hand *is* a right hand of falsehood.

7 I will sing a new song unto thee, O God: upon a psaltery *and* an instrument of ten strings will I sing praises unto thee.

8 *It is he* that giveth salvation unto kings: who delivereth David his servant from the hurtful sword.

9 Rid me, and deliver me from the hand of strange children, whose mouth speaketh vanity, and their right hand *is* a right hand of falsehood:

10 That our sons *may be* as plants grown up in their youth; *that* our daughters *may be* as corner stones, polished *after* the similitude of a palace:

11 *That* our garners *may be* full, affording all manner of store; *that* our sheep may bring forth thousands and ten thousands in our streets:

12 *That* our oxen *may be* strong to labour; *that there be* no breaking in, nor going out; that *there be* no complaining in our streets.

13 Happy *is that* people, that is in such a case: *yea*, happy *is that* people, whose God *is* the LORD.

## Selection 43

PSALM CXLV., 1–17.

1 I WILL extol thee, my God, O King; and I will bless thy name for ever and ever.

2 Every day will I bless thee; and I will praise thy name for ever and ever.

3 Great *is* the LORD, and greatly to be praised; and his greatness *is* unsearchable.

4 One generation shall praise thy works to another, and shall declare thy mighty acts.

5 I will speak of the glorious honor of thy majesty, and of thy wondrous works.

6 And *men* shall speak of the might of thy terrible acts: and I will declare thy greatness.

7 They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy great goodness, and shall sing of thy righteousness.

8 The LORD *is* gracious, and full of compassion; slow to anger, and of great mercy.

9 The LORD *is* good to all: and his tender mercies *are* over all his works.

10 All thy works shall praise thee, O LORD; and thy saints shall bless thee.

11 They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power;

12 To make known to the sons of men his mighty acts, and the glorious majesty of his kingdom.

13 Thy kingdom *is* an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion *endureth* throughout all generations.

14 The LORD upholdeth all that fall, and raiseth up all *those that be* bowed down.

15 The eyes of all wait upon thee; and thou givest them their meat in due season.

16 Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.

17 The LORD *is* righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works.

## Selection 44

PSALMS CXLVIII., CL., 3–6.

1 PRAISE ye the LORD. Praise ye the LORD from the heavens: praise him in the heights.

2 Praise ye him, all his angels: praise ye him, all his hosts.

3 Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise him, all ye stars of light.

4 Praise him, ye heavens of heavens, and ye waters that *be* above the heavens.

5 Let them praise the name of the LORD: for he commanded, and they were created.

6 He hath also stablished them for ever and ever: he hath made a decree which shall not pass.

7 Praise the LORD from the earth, ye dragons, and all deeps:

8 Fire, and hail; snow, and vapor; stormy wind fulfilling his word:

9 Mountains, and all hills; fruitful trees, and all cedars:

10 Beasts, and all cattle; creeping things, and flying fowl:

11 Kings of the earth, and all people; princes, and all judges of the earth:

12 Both young men, and maidens; old men, and children:

13 Let them praise the name of the LORD: for his name alone is excellent; his glory *is* above the earth and heaven.

14 He also exalteth the horn of his people, the praise of all his saints; *even* of the children of Israel, a people near unto him. Praise ye the LORD.

15 Praise him with the sound of the trumpet: praise him with the psaltery and harp.

16 Praise him with the timbrel and dance: praise him with stringed instruments and organs.

17 Praise him upon the loud cymbals: praise him upon the high sounding cymbals.

18 Let every thing that hath breath praise the LORD. Praise ye the LORD.

## Selection 45 — Christmas

THE MAGNIFICAT. LUKE I., 46–55.

1 AND Mary said, My soul doth magnify the Lord,

2 And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

3 For he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden:

4 For behold, from henceforth all generations shall called me blessed.

5 For he that is mighty hath done to me great things, and holy is his name.

6 And his mercy is on them that fear him from generation to generation.

7 He hath showed strength with his arm; he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

8 He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree.

9 He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he hath sent empty away.

10 He hath holpen his servant Israel, in remembrance of his mercy;

11 As he spake to our fathers, to Abraham, and to his seed for ever.

### PART II.

THE BENEDICTUS. LUKE I., 68–79.

1 BLESSED be the Lord God of Israel; for he hath visited and redeemed his people,

2 And hath raised up an horn of salvation for us in the house of his servant David:

3 As he spake by the mouth of his holy prophets, which have been since the world began:

4 That we should be saved from our enemies, and from the hand of all that hate us:

5 To perform the mercy promised to our fathers, and to remember his holy covenant;

6 The oath which he sware to our father Abraham, That he would grant unto us,

7 That we, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve him without fear,

8 In holiness and righteousness before him, all the days of our life.

9 And thou, child, shalt be called the prophet of the Highest.

10. For thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare his ways;

11 To give knowledge of salvation unto his people, by the remission of their sins,

12 Through the tender mercy of our God; whereby the day-spring from on high hath visited us,

13 To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death,

14 To guide our feet into the way of peace.

## Selection 46 — Easter

PSALM XXIV.; ISA. LII.; ISA. XII.

1 LIFT up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

2 Who is this King of glory?

3 The Lord, strong and mighty, the Lord, mighty in battle.

4 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in.

5 Who is this King of glory?

6 The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

7 How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace;

8 That bringeth good tidings of good; that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!

9 Thy watchmen shall lift up the voice, with the voice together shall they sing:

10 For they shall see eye to eye, when the Lord shall bring again Zion.

11 Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem!

12 For the Lord hath comforted his people, he hath redeemed Jerusalem.

13 The Lord hath made bare his holy arm in the eyes of all the nations;

14 And all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God.

15 Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid.

16 For the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation.

17 Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation.

18 And in that day shall ye say, Praise the Lord, call upon his name.

19 Declare his doings among the people, make mention that his name is exalted:

20 Sing unto the Lord, for he hath done excellent things; this is known in all the earth.

21 Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion,

22 For great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee.

## Selection 47 — Thanksgiving

PSALM CV.

1 OH, give thanks unto the Lord; call upon his name: make known his deeds among the people.

2 Sing unto him, sing psalms unto him: talk ye of all his wondrous works.

3 Glory ye in his holy name: let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord.

4 Seek the Lord, and his strength: seek his face evermore.

5 Remember his marvellous works that he hath done; his wonders, and the judgments of his mouth;

6 O ye seed of Abraham his servant, ye children of Jacob his chosen.

7 He is the Lord our God: his judgments are in all the earth.

8 He hath remembered his covenant forever, the word which he commanded to a thousand generations.

9 Which *covenant* he made with Abraham, and his oath unto Isaac;

10 And confirmed the same unto Jacob for a law, *and* to Israel *for* an everlasting covenant:

11 Saying, Unto thee will I give the land of Canaan, the lot of your inheritance:

12 When they were *but* a few men in number; yea, very few, and strangers in it.

13 When they went from one nation to another, from *one* kingdom to another people;

14 He suffered no man to do them wrong: yea, he reproved kings for their sakes;

15 *Saying*, Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm.

16 And he brought forth his people with joy, and his chosen with gladness:

17 And gave them the lands of the heathen: and they inherited the labor of the people;

18 That they might observe his statutes, and keep his laws. Praise ye the Lord.

(*In Concert.*) *A General Thanksgiving.*

ALMIGHTY GOD, Father of all mercies, we, thine unworthy servants, do give thee most humble and hearty thanks for all thy goodness and loving-kindness to us, and to all men. We bless thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life; but above all, for thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ; for the means of grace, and for the hope of glory. And we beseech thee, give us that due sense of all thy mercies, that our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful, and that we may show forth thy praise, not only with our lips, but in our lives, by giving up ourselves to thy service, and by walking before thee in holiness and righteousness all our days; through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom, with thee and the Holy Ghost, be all honor and glory, world without end. Amen.

## Selection 48 — Children's Service

ECCLESIASTES XII.

1 REMEMBER now thy Creator in the days of thy youth,

2 While the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh,

3 When thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;

4 While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened.

5 Nor the clouds return after the rain:

6 In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble,

7 And the strong men shall bow themselves,

8 And the grinders cease because they are few,

9 And those that look out of the windows be darkened,

10 And the doors shall be shut in the streets,

11 When the sound of the grinding is low,

12 And he shall rise up at the voice of the bird,

13 And all the daughters of music shall be brought low;

14 Also *when* they shall be afraid of *that which is* high,

15 And fears *shall be* in the way,

16 And the almond tree shall flourish,

17 And the grasshopper shall be a burden,

18 And desire shall fail:

19 Because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets:

20 Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken,

21 Or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

22 Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was:

23 And the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

24 Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this *is* the whole *duty* of man.

## Selection 49 — Temperance

PROV. XX., XXIII., ISA. V., HEB. II., ROM. XIV.

1 WINE is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

2 Be not among winebibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh:

3 For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty; and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.

4 Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

5 They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine.

6 Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.

7 At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.

8 Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them!

9 And the harp and the viol, the tabret and pipe, and wine, are in their feasts: but they regard not the work of the LORD, neither consider the operation of his hands.

10 Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink:

11 Which justify the wicked for reward, and take away the righteousness of the righteous from him!

12 Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that puttest thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken also.

13 Let us therefore follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another.

14 It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.

## Selection 50 — Charity

I Corinthians xiii.

1 Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become *as* sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

2 And though I have *the gift of* prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

3 And though I bestow all my goods to feed *the poor*, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

4 Charity suffereth long, *and* is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

5 Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

6 Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

7 Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

8 Charity never faileth: but whether *there be* prophecies, they shall fail; whether *there be* tongues, they shall cease; whether *there be* knowledge, it shall vanish away.

9 For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

10 But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

11 When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

12 For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

13 And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

## Selection 51 — Watch-Night

Psalm xc., 1–12, 14, 16, 17.

1 Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.

2 Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou *art* God.

3 Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

4 For a thousand years in thy sight *are but* as yesterday when it is past, and *as* a watch in the night.

5 Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are *as* a sleep: in the morning *they are* like grass *which* groweth up.

6 In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

7 For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath we are troubled.

8 Thou has set our iniquities before thee, our secret *sins* in the light of thy countenance.

9 For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we spend our years as a tale *that is told.*

10 The days of our years *are* threescore years and ten: and if by reason of strength *they be* fourscore years, yet *is* their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

11 Who knoweth the power of thine anger? even according to thy fear, *so is* thy wrath.

12 So teach *us* to number our days, that we may apply *our* hearts unto wisdom.

13 O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

14 Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children.

15 And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us; and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

## Selection 52

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

And God spake all these words, saying,

I. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

II. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness *of any thing* that *is* in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the LORD thy God *am* a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth *generation* of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

III. Thou shalt not take the name of the LORD thy God in vain: for the LORD will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

IV. Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day *is* the Sabbath of the LORD thy God: *in it* thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that *is* within thy gates: for *in* six days the LORD made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them *is*, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the LORD blessed the Sabbath-day, and hallowed it.

V. Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the LORD thy God giveth thee.

VI. Thou shalt not kill.

VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII. Thou shalt not steal.

IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that *is* thy neighbor's.

## Selection 53

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

THE LORD *is* my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

## Selection 54

THE BEATITUDES.

BLESSED *are* the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed *are* they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed *are* the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed *are* they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed *are* the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed *are* the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

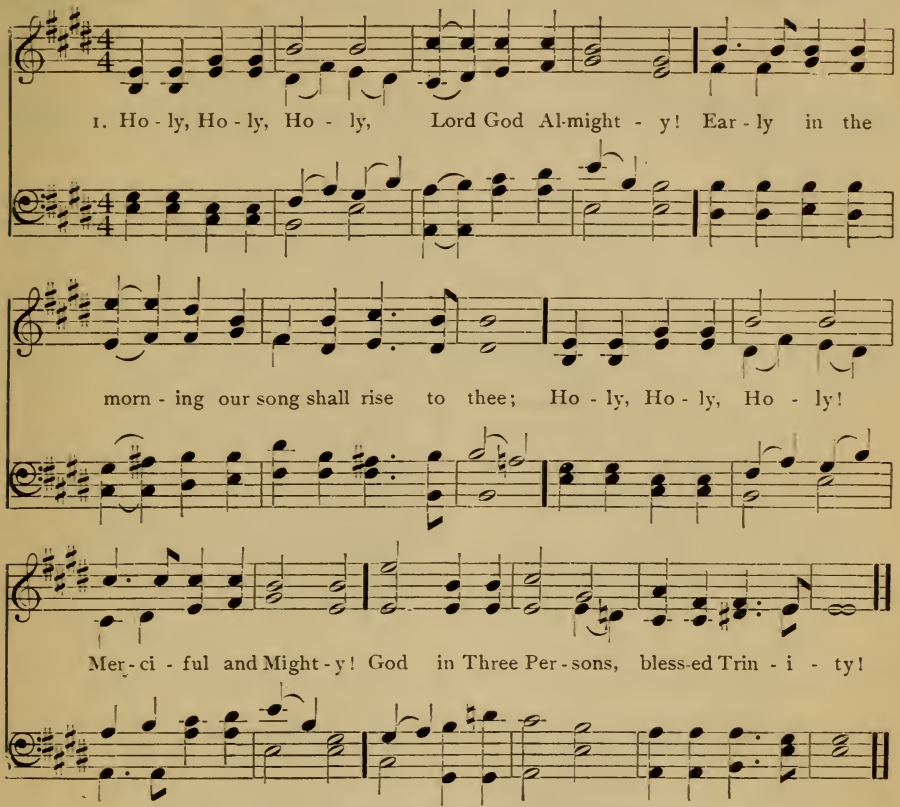
Blessed *are* the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed *are* they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye, when *men* shall revile you, and persecute *you*, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great *is* your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

# The Hymnal

1 NICÆA 11. 12. 12. 10 John B. Dykes

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! Ear - ly in the
morn - ing our song shall rise to thee; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!
Mer - ci - ful and Might - y! God in Three Per - sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! All the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

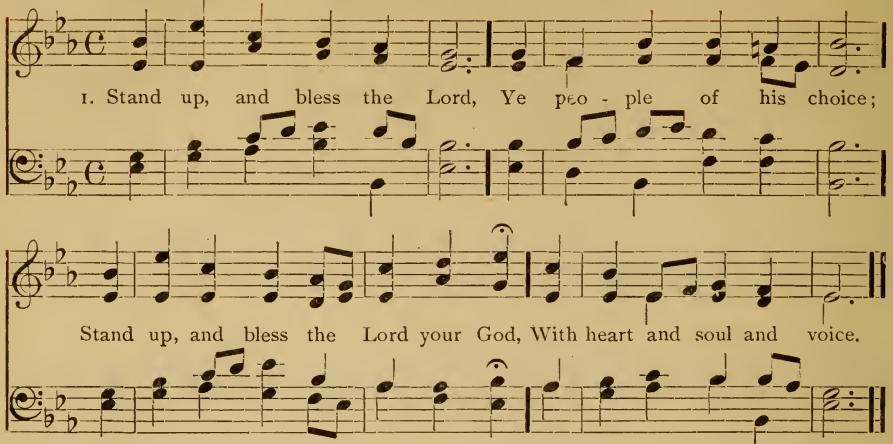
3 Holy, Holy, Holy! Though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,
Only thou art holy; there is none beside thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!



Reginald Heber

## 2 PADDINGTON S. M.

Basil Wood

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify?

3 O for the living flame,
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

5 Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore:
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

James Montgomery

## 3 (PADDINGTON) S. M.

1 Awake, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ the eternal King.

4 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come;"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

William Hammond

## 4 (SILVER STREET) S. M.

1 Come, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

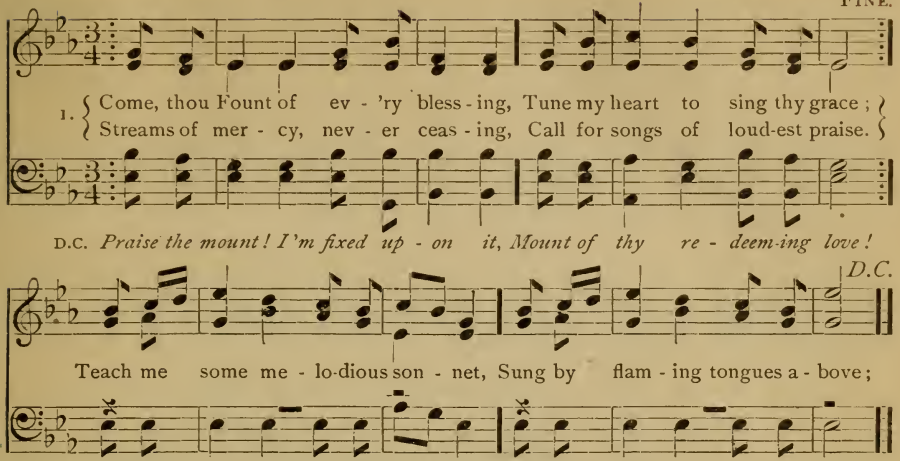
3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his works, and not our own;
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod:
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

Isaac Watts

## 5 NETTLETON 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Asahel Nettleton


FINE.
1. Come, thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.
D.C. Praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it, Mount of thy re - deem-ing love!
D.C.
Teach me some me - lo-dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;

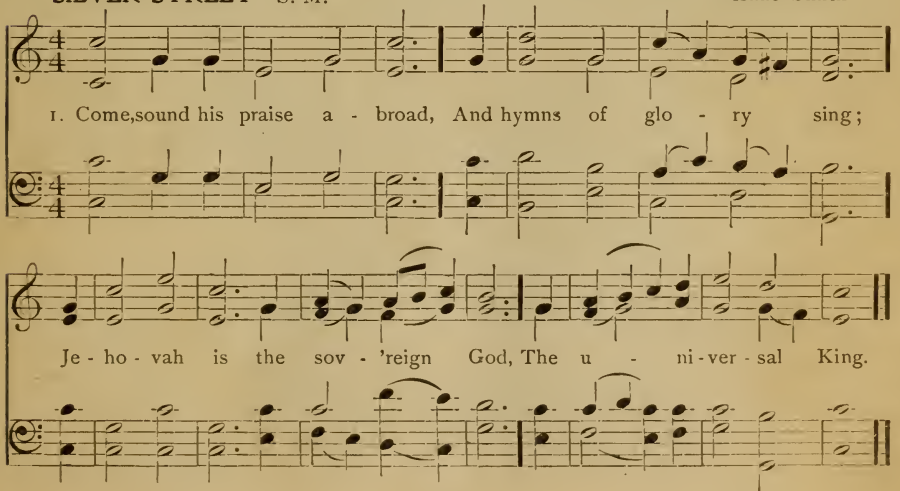
2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart; O take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

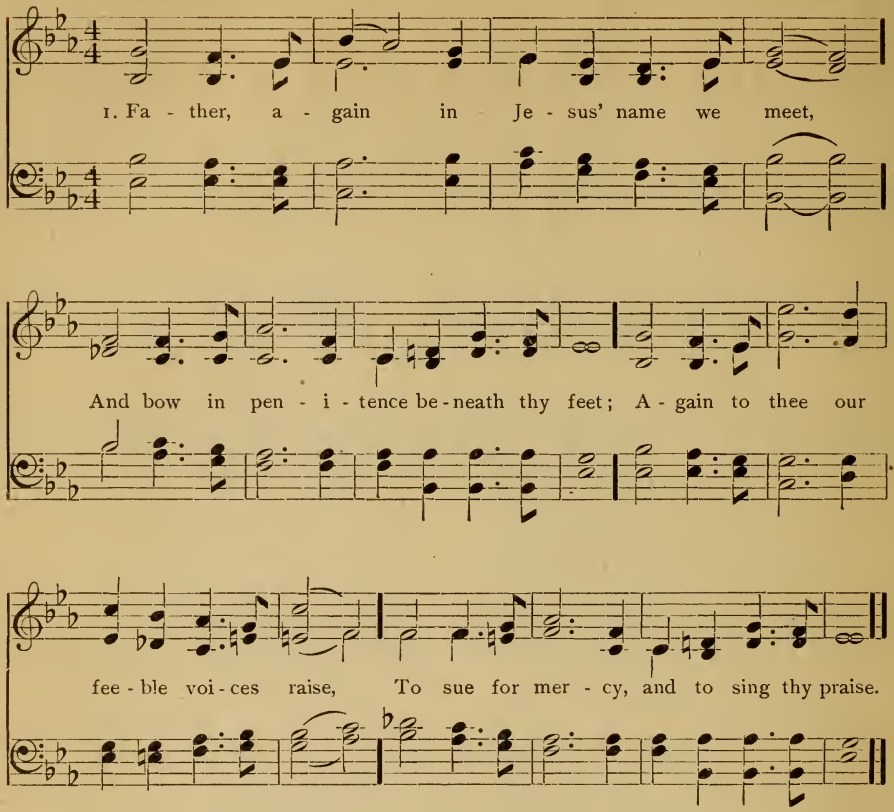
Robert Robinson

## SILVER STREET S. M.

Isaac Smith



6 RAYNOLDS 10. 10. 10. 10 Mendelssohn


1. Fa - ther, a - gain in Je - sus' name we meet,
And bow in pen - i - tence be - neath thy feet; A - gain to thee our
fee - ble voi - ces raise, To sue for mer - cy, and to sing thy praise.

2 O we would bless thee for thy ceaseless care,
And all thy works from day to day declare:
Is not our life with hourly mercies crowned?
Does not thine arm encircle us around?

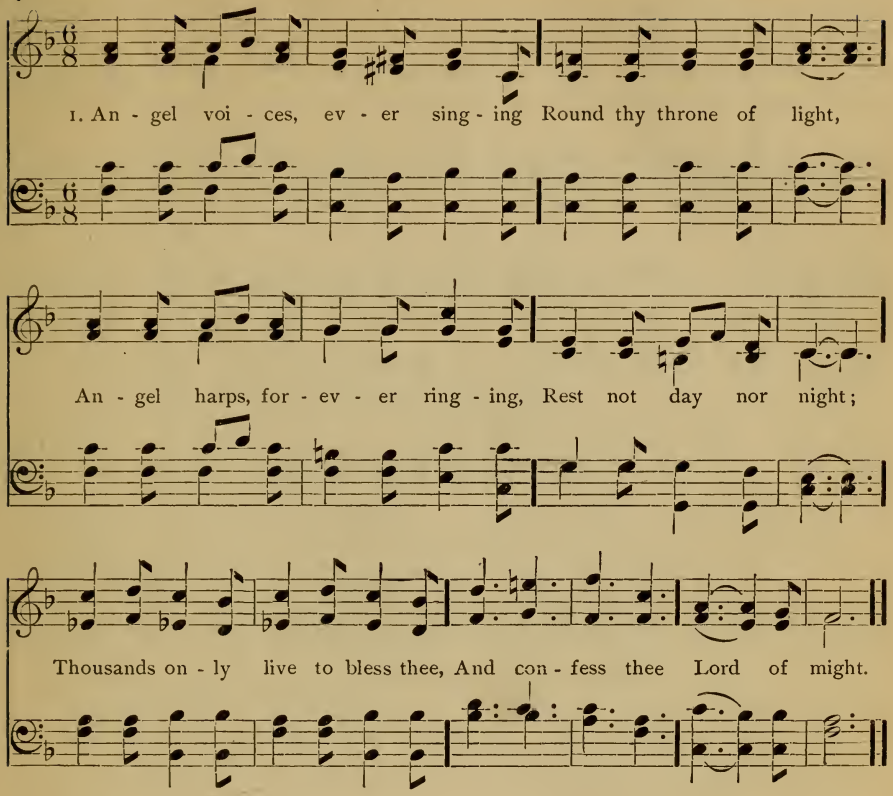
3 Alas, unworthy of thy boundless love,
Too oft with careless feet from thee we rove;
But now, encouraged by thy voice, we come,
Returning sinners to a Father's home.

4 O by that name in whom all fulness dwells,
O by that love which every love excels,
O by that blood so freely shed for sin,
Open blest mercy's gate, and take us in.

Lucy E. G. Whitmore

## 7 ANGEL VOICES 8. 5. 8. 5. 8. 4. 3

Arthur Sullivan


1. An - gel voi - ces, ev - er sing - ing Round thy throne of light,
An - gel harps, for - ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night;
Thousands on - ly live to bless thee, And con - fess thee Lord of might.

2 Thou who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we feel that thou art near us,
And wilt hear us?
Yea, we can.

3 Yea, we know thy love rejoices
O'er each work of thine;
Thou didst ears and hands and voices
For thy praise combine;
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For thy pleasure
Didst design.

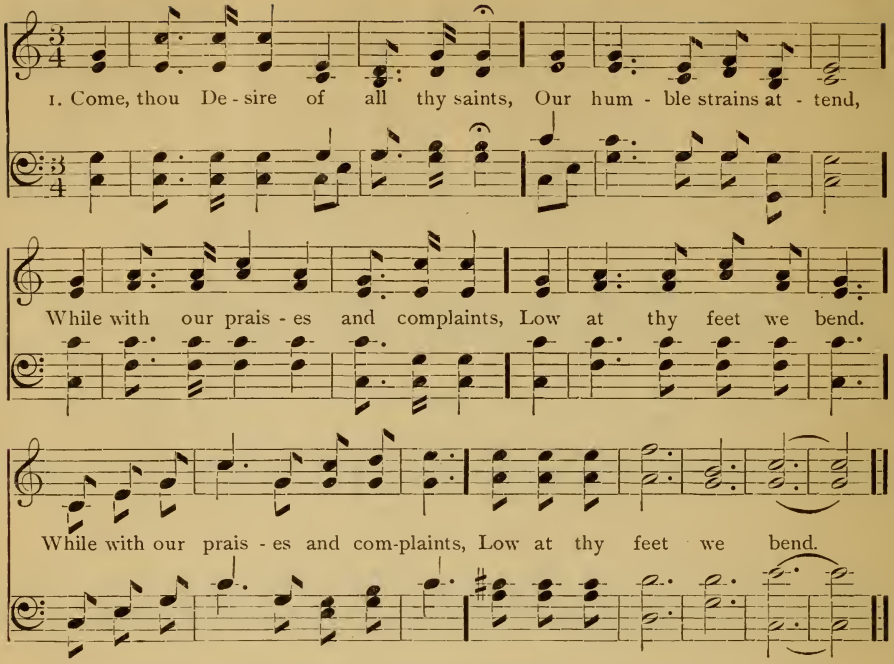
4 Here, great God, to-day we offer
Of thine own to thee;
And for thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
In our choicest
Melody.

5 Honor, glory, might, and merit,
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessèd Trinity:
Of the best that thou hast given
Earth and heaven
Render thee.

Francis Pott

## 8 ZERAH C. M.

Lowell Mason


1. Come, thou De - sire of all thy saints, Our hum - ble strains at - tend,
While with our prais - es and complaints, Low at thy feet we bend.
While with our prais - es and com-plaints, Low at thy feet we bend.

2 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise; [love,
How should our souls, on wings of
Mount upward to the skies.

3 Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.

4 Now, Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.

5 Then shall our hearts enraptured say,
Come, great Redeemer, come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls thy children home.

Anne Steele

## 9 (SWANWICK) C. M.

1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.

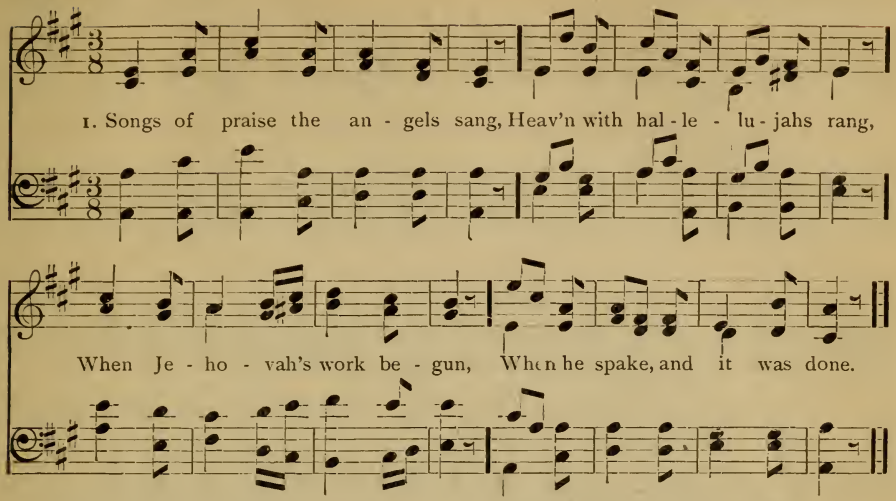
3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

Isaac Watts

## 10 HORTON 7. 7. 7. 7

Arr. from Xavier Schnyder




2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away,—
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth,—
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

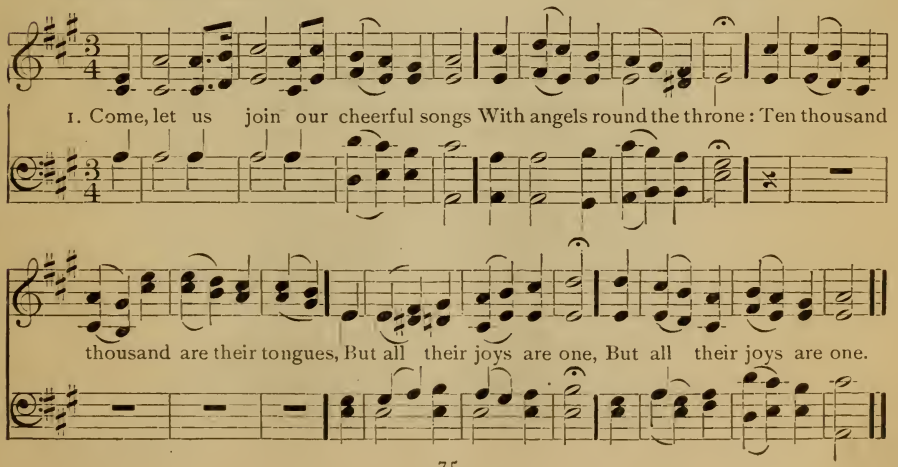
4 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

5 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death,
Then, amid eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

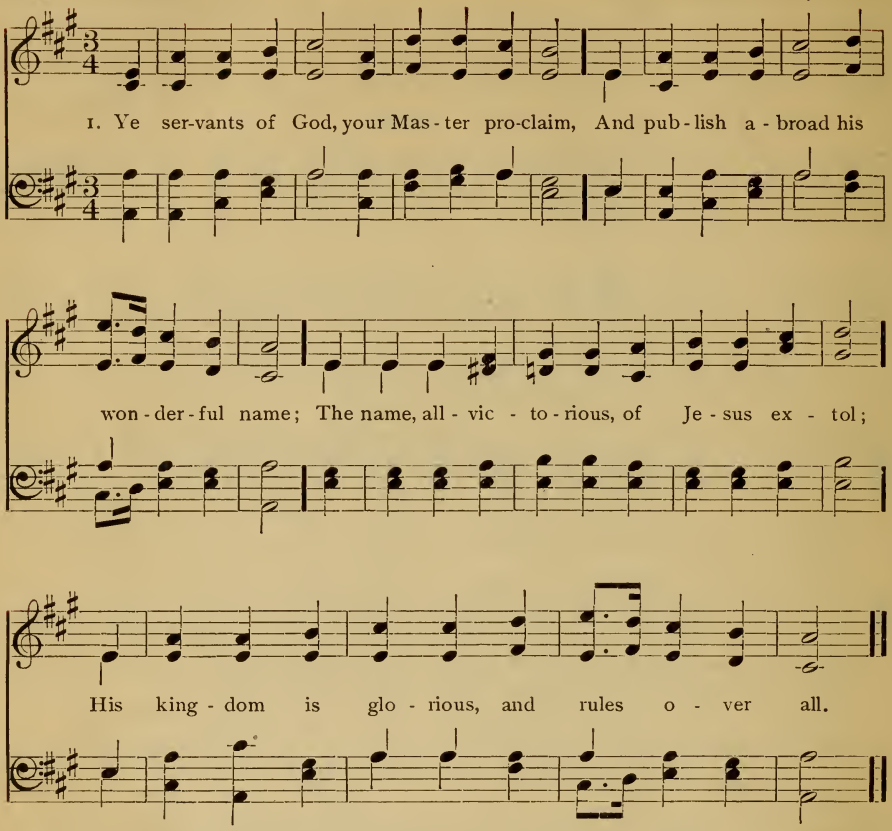
James Montgomery

## SWANWICK C. M.

James Lucas


1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs With angels round the throne: Ten thousand
thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one, But all their joys are one.

**11** LYONS 10. 10. 11. 11 Arr. from Michael Haydn


1. Ye ser-vants of God, your Mas-ter pro-claim, And pub-lish a-broad his
won-der-ful name; The name, all-vic-to-rious, of Je-sus ex-tol;
His king-dom is glo-rious, and rules o-ver all.

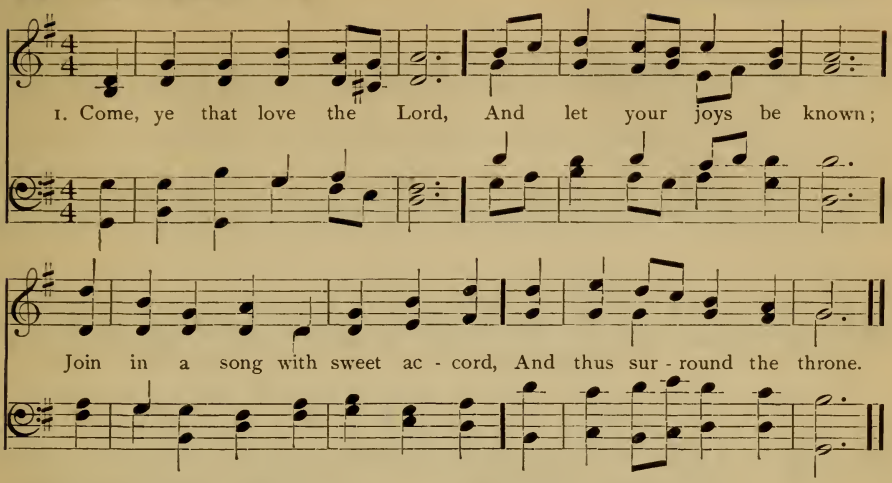
2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still he is nigh — his presence we have:
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.

3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne!
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son:
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give him his right,
All glory and power, and wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

Charles Wesley

## 12 ST. THOMAS S. M.

Aaron Williams

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry; [ground
We're marching through Emmanuel's
To fairer worlds on high.

Isaac Watts

## 13 (LYONS) 10. 10. 11. 11

1 Oh, worship the King all glorious above,
Oh, gratefully sing his power and his love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor and girded with praise.

2 Oh, tell of his might, oh, sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

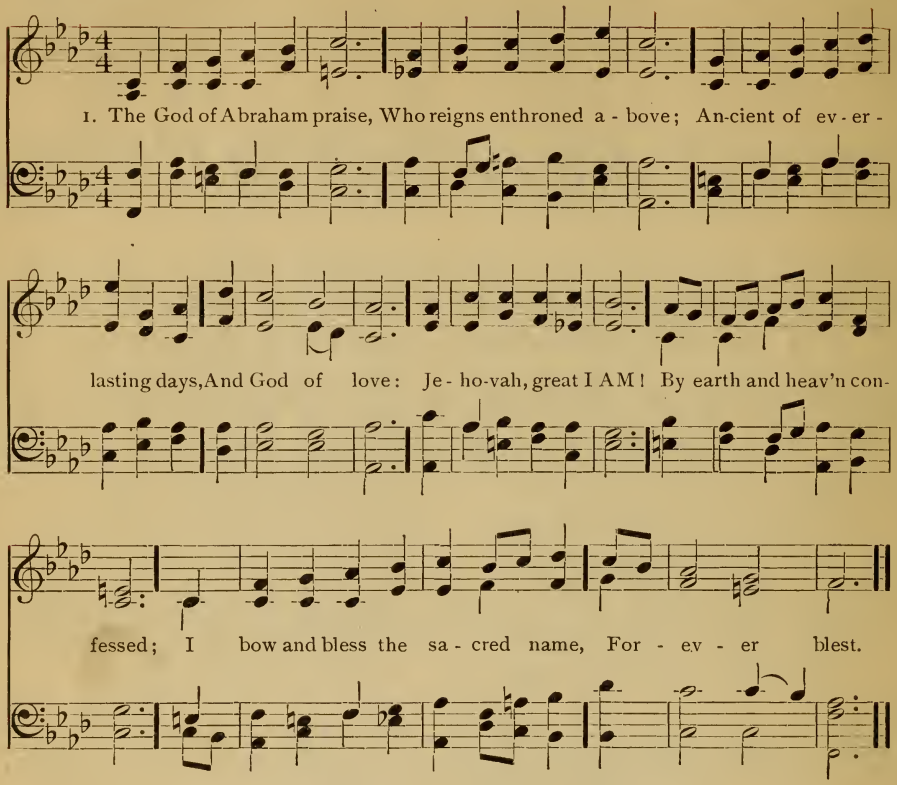
3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plains,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rains.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail:
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

Robert Grant

## 14 LEONI 6. 6. 8. 4. D.

Jewish Melody


1. The God of Abraham praise, Who reigns enthroned a - bove; An-cient of ev - er -
lasting days, And God of love: Je - ho-vah, great I AM! By earth and heav'n con-
fessed; I bow and bless the sa - cred name, For - ev - er blest.

2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And him my only portion make,
My Shield and Tower.

3 He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend;
I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

4 The God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing;
And, "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry,
"Almighty King!
Who was, and is, the same,
And evermore shall be;
Jehovah, Father, great I AM!
We worship thee."

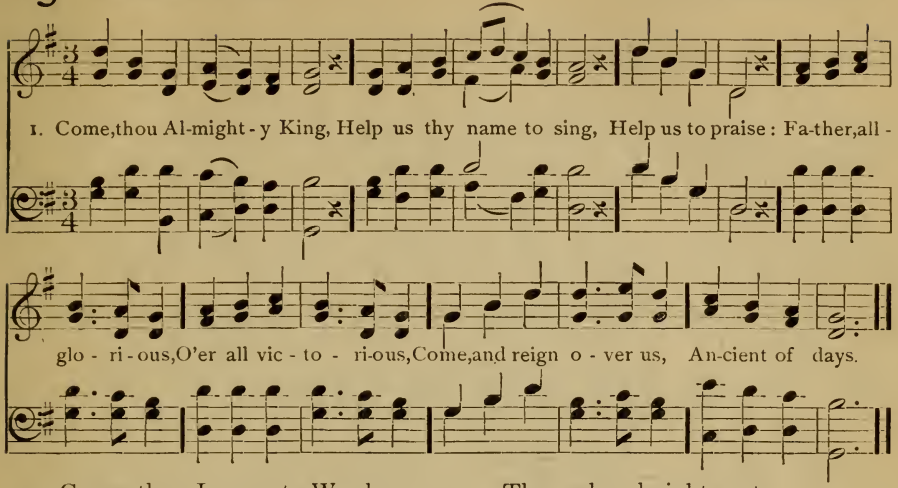
5 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"
They ever cry:
Hail, Abraham's God and mine!
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.



Thomas Olivers

## 15 ITALIAN HYMN 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4

Felice de Giardini


1. Come, thou Al-might-y King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Fa-ther, all-
glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, An-cient of days.

2 Come, thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend:
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

3 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

4 To the great One in Three
Eternal praises be
Hence evermore.
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

## 16 (ITALIAN HYMN) 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4

1 Glory to God on high!
Let praises fill the sky;
Praise ye his name:
Angels his name adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
And saints cry evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 All they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name:
We who have felt his blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Spread his dear name abroad;
Worthy the Lamb!

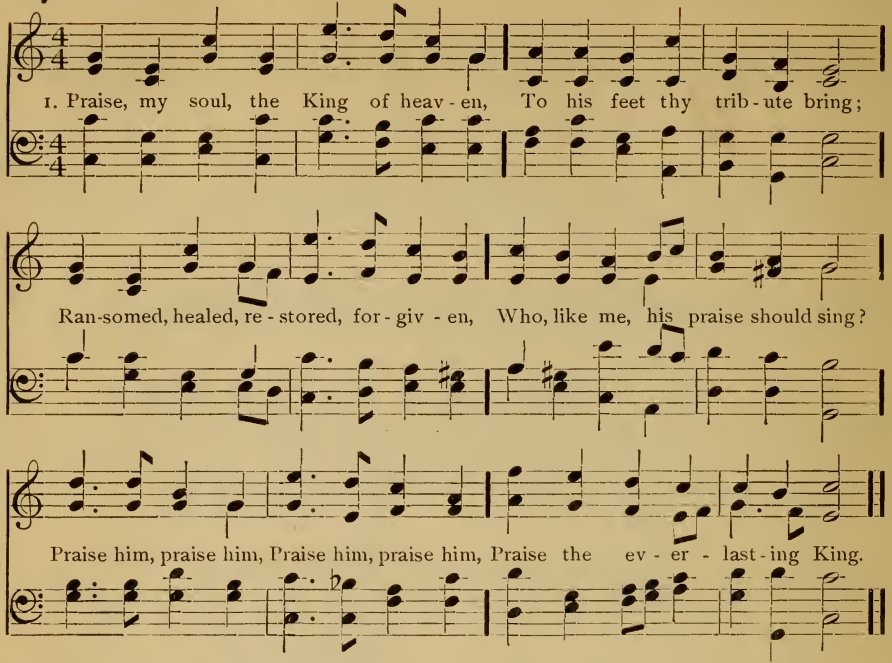
3 Join all the human race
Our Lord and God to bless,
Praise ye his name:
In him we will rejoice,
Making a cheerful noise,
And say with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

4 Though we must change our place,
Our souls shall never cease
Praising his name:
To him we'll tribute bring,
Laud him, our gracious King,
And, without ceasing, sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

James Allen

## 17 REGENT SQUARE 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7

Henry Smart


1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en, To his feet thy trib - ute bring;
Ran-somed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en, Who, like me, his praise should sing?
Praise him, praise him, Praise him, praise him, Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.

2 Praise him for his grace and favor
To our fathers in distress;
Praise him, still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
Praise him, praise him,
Glorious in his faithfulness.

3 Angels, help us to adore him;
Ye behold him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before him
Dwellers all in time and space,
Praise him, praise him,
Praise with us the God of grace.

Henry F. Lyte

## 18 (REGENT SQUARE) 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7

1 O thou God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise thee;
Where shall I thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests his pardoning favor;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall his glorious image bear.

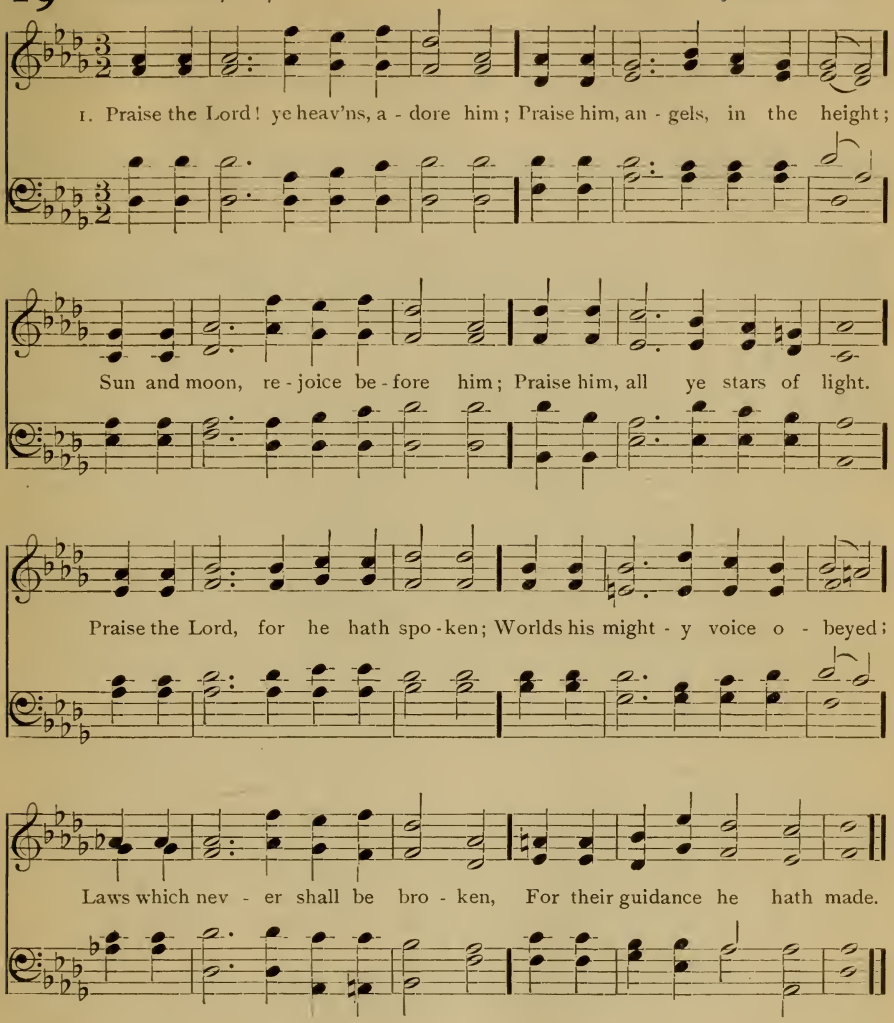
3 While the angel choirs are crying,
"Glory to the great I AM,"
I with them will still be vying—
Glory! glory to the Lamb!
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

4 Angels now are hovering round us,
Unperceived amid the throng:
Wondering at the love that crowned us,
Glad to join the holy song:
Hallelujah,
Love and praise to Christ belong!

Thomas Olivers

## 19 FABEN 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

J. H. Wilcox

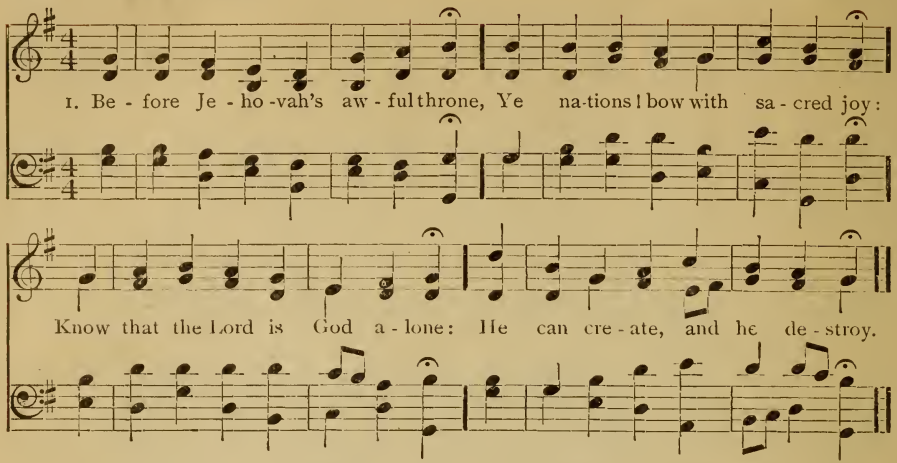

1. Praise the Lord! ye heav'ns, a - dore him; Praise him, an - gels, in the height;
Sun and moon, re - joice be - fore him; Praise him, all ye stars of light.
Praise the Lord, for he hath spo - ken; Worlds his might - y voice o - beyed;
Laws which nev - er shall be bro - ken, For their guidance he hath made.

2 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify his name.

3 Worship, honor, glory, blessing,
Lord, we offer unto thee;
Young and old thy praise expressing,
In glad homage bend the knee.
All the saints in heaven adore thee,
We would bow before thy throne;
As thine angels serve before thee,
So on earth thy will be done.

## 20 OLD HUNDRED L. M.

Guillaume Franc




2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,—
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker! to thy name?

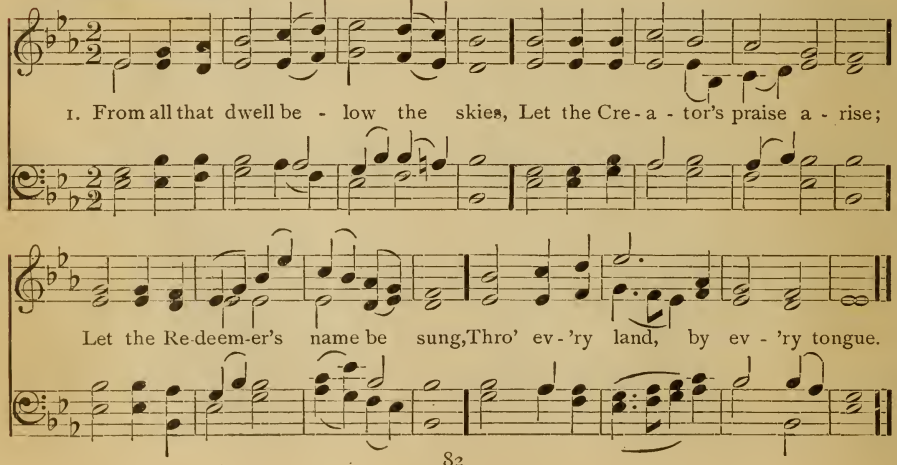
4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity, thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Isaac Watts

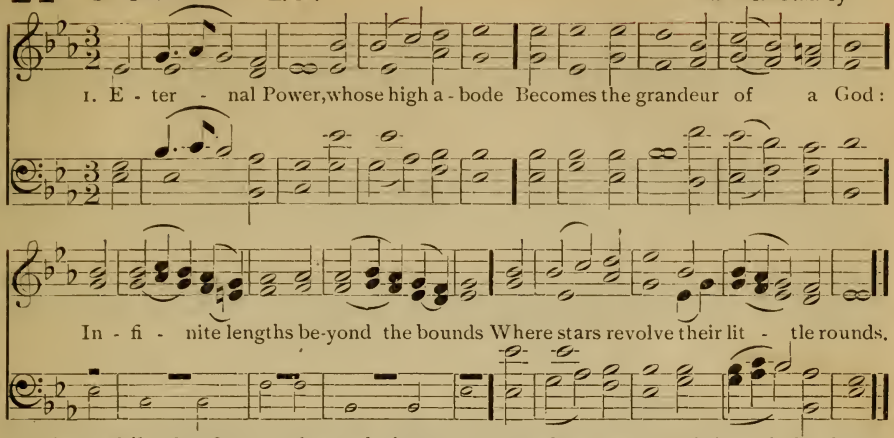
## DUKE STREET L. M.

John Hatton


1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise;
Let the Re-deem-er's name be sung, Thro' ev - 'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue.

## 21 STONEFIELD L. M.

Samuel Stanley


1. E - ter - nal Power, whose high a - bode Becomes the grandeur of a God:
In - fi - nite lengths be-yond the bounds Where stars revolve their lit - tle rounds.

2 Thee while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshiping, and spread the ground.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too!
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The great, the holy, and the high!

4 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
And worms have learned to lisp thy name;
But O! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind!

5 God is in heaven, and men below:
Be short, our tunes; our words, be few!
A solemn rev'rence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

Isaac Watts

## 22 (DUKE STREET) L. M.

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

4 In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong:
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

Isaac Watts

## 23 (STONEFIELD) L. M.

1 Now to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul; awake, my tongue:
Hosanna to th' Eternal Name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See, where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace:
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

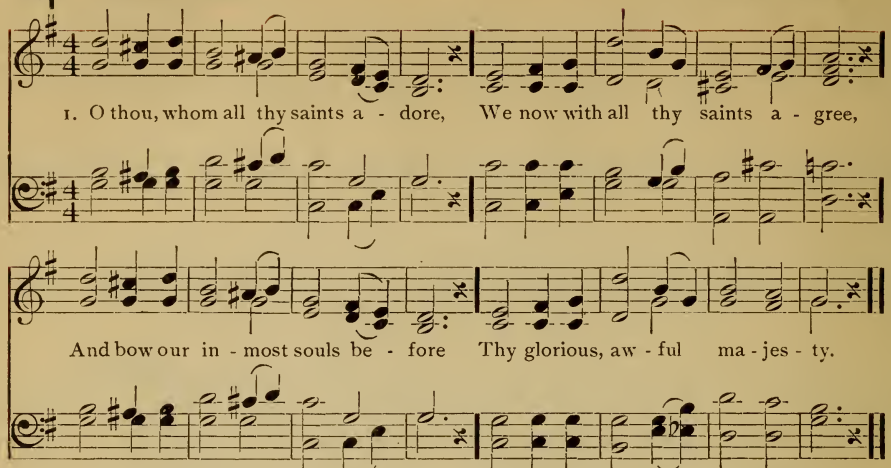
3 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme:
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name!
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!

4 O may I reach the happy place
Where he unveils his lovely face!
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

Isaac Watts and J. Wesley

## 24 ADORATION L. M.

J. W. Stewart


1. O thou, whom all thy saints a - dore, We now with all thy saints a - gree,
And bow our in - most souls be - fore Thy glorious, aw - ful ma - jes - ty.

2 We come, great God, to seek thy face,
And for thy loving-kindness wait;
And O how dreadful is this place!
'Tis God's own house, 'tis heaven's gate!

3 Tremble our hearts to find thee nigh,
To thee our trembling hearts aspire;
And lo! we see descend from high
The pillar and the flame of fire.

4 Still let it on th' assembly stay,
And all the house with glory fill;
To Canaan's bounds point out the way,
And lead us to thy holy hill.

5 There let us all with Jesus stand,
And join the general Church above;
And take our seats at thy right hand,
And sing thine everlasting love.

Charles Wesley

## 25 (ADORATION) L. M.

1 Lo! God is here! let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place;
Let all within us feel his power,
And, silent, bow before his face.

2 Lo! God is here! whom day and night
United choirs of angels sing:
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring.

3 Being of beings, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

Tersteegen. Tr. by J. Wesley, arr.

## 26 (PARK STREET) L. M.

1 Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run:
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part;
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

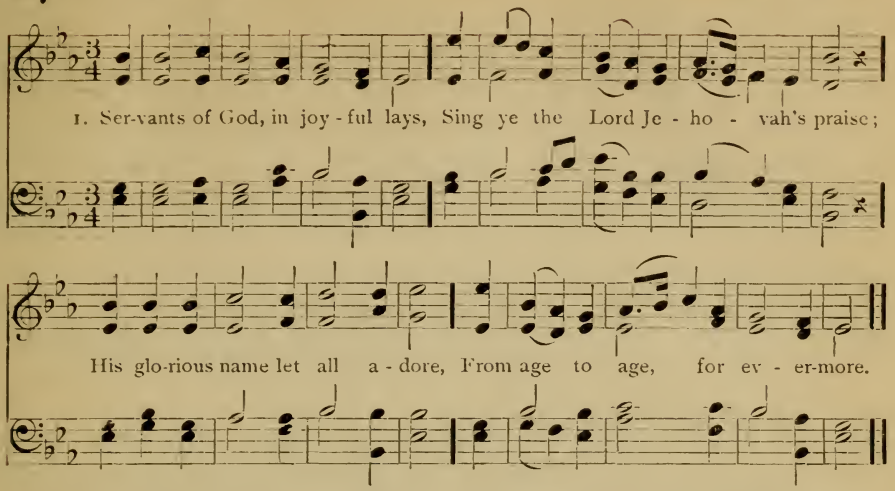
3 All praise to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

4 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

Thomas Ken

## 27 LUTON L. M.

George Burder


1. Ser-vants of God, in joy-ful lays, Sing ye the Lord Je-ho-vah's praise;
His glo-rious name let all a-dore, From age to age, for ev-er-more.

2 Blest be that name, supremely blest,
From the sun's rising to its rest;
Above the heavens his power is known,
Through all the earth his goodness shown.

3 Who is like God? so great, so high,
He bows himself to view the sky;
And yet, with condescending grace,
Looks down upon the human race.

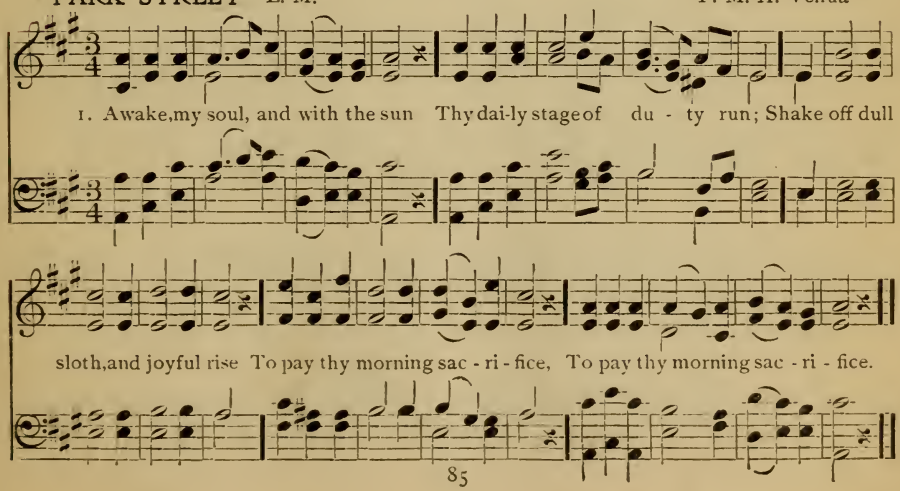
4 He hears the uncomplaining moan
Of those who sit and weep alone;
He lifts the mourner from the dust;
In him the poor may safely trust.

5 O then, aloud, in joyful lays,
Sing to the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His saving name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

James Montgomery

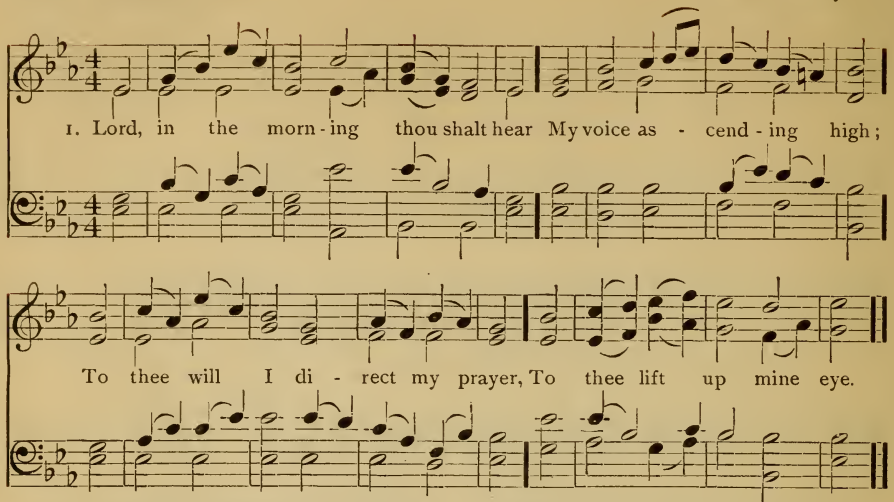
## PARK STREET L. M.

F. M. A. Venua


1. Awake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai-ly stage of du-ty run; Shake off dull
sloth, and joyful rise To pay thy morning sac-ri-fice, To pay thy morning sac-ri-fice.

## 28 WARWICK C. M.

Samuel Stanley




2 Up to the hills, where Christ has gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

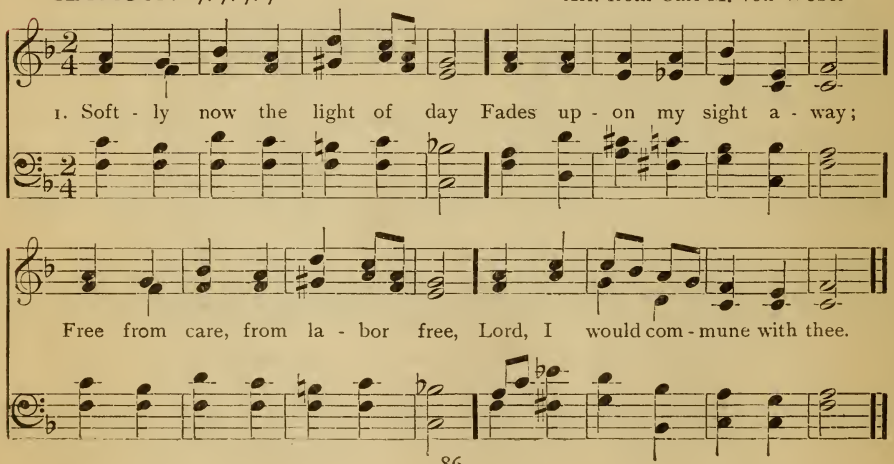
4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

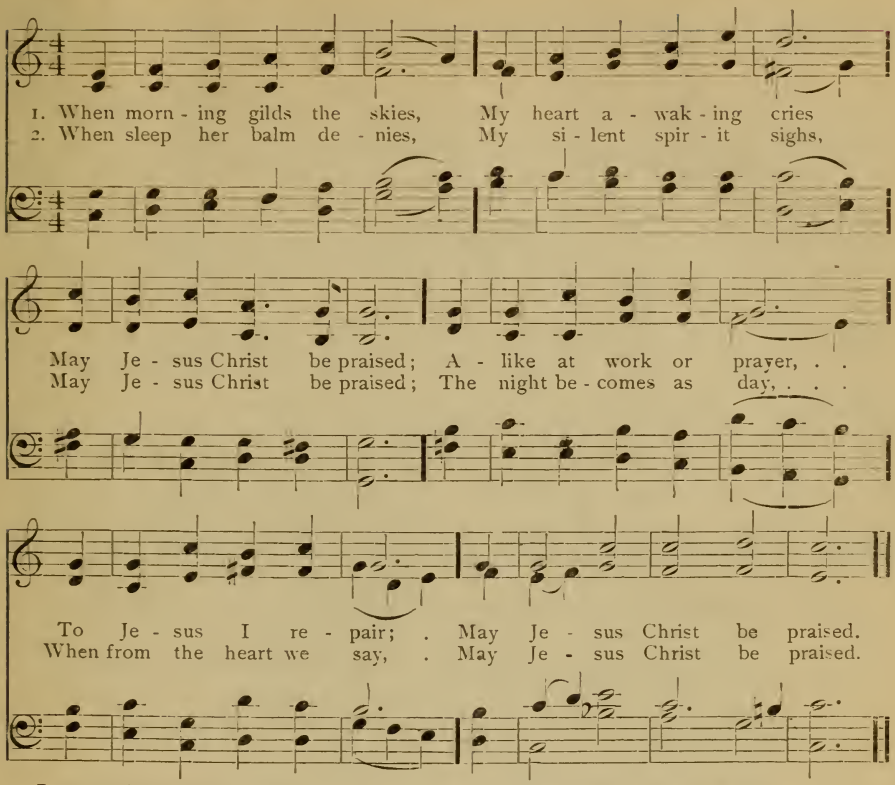
5 Oh, may thy Spirit guide my feet,
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

Isaac Watts

## SEYMOUR 7. 7. 7. 7

Arr. from Carl M. von Weber



## 29 LAUDES DOMINI 6. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6 — Joseph Barnby

1. When morn - ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries
2. When sleep her balm de - nies, My si - lent spir - it sighs,
May Je - sus Christ be praised; A - like at work or prayer, . .
May Je - sus Christ be praised; The night be - comes as day, . . .
To Je - sus I re - pair; . May Je - sus Christ be praised.
When from the heart we say, . May Je - sus Christ be praised.

3 Let earth's wide circle round
In joyful notes resound,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Let air and sea and sky,
From depth to height, reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

4 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Be this the eternal song,
Through all the ages long,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

Anon. (German.) Tr. Edward Caswall

## 30 (SEYMOUR) 7. 7. 7. 7

1 Softly now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with thee.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

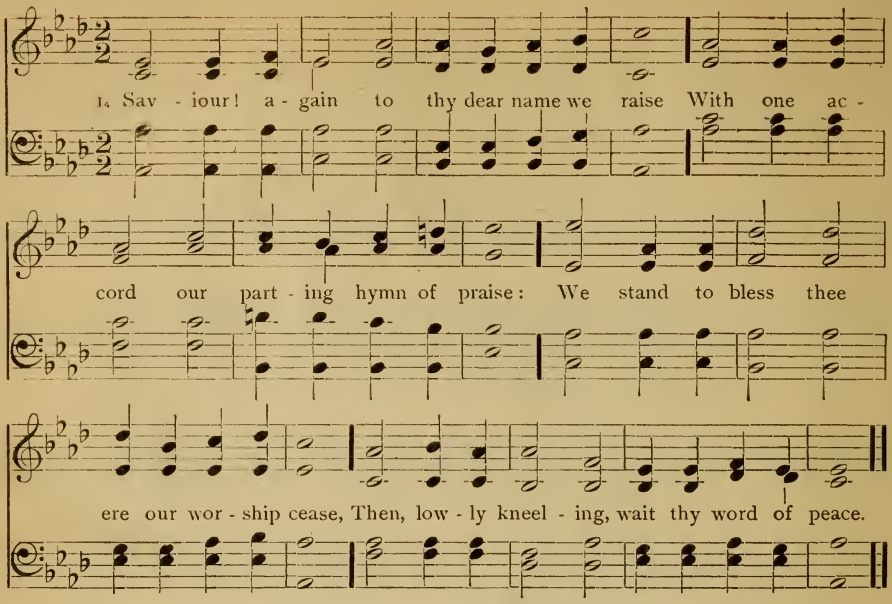
3 Soon for me the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then from thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

G. W. Doane

## 31 ELLERS 10. 10. 10. 10

Edward John Hopkins


1. Sav - iour! a - gain to thy dear name we raise With one ac -
cord our part - ing hymn of praise: We stand to bless thee
ere our wor - ship cease, Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait thy word of peace.

2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
With thee began, with thee shall end the day;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy name.

3 Grant us thy peace, Lord! through the coming night,
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow and our stay in strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

John Ellerton

## 32 (DORRNANCE) 8. 7. 8. 7

1 Saviour, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing:
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.

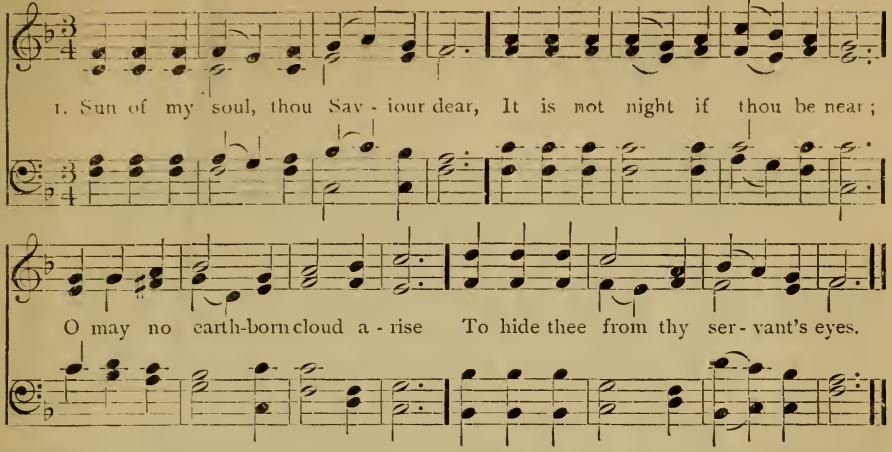
3 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us;
We are safe if thou art nigh.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston

## 33 HURSLEY L. M.

Arr. by William H. Monk


1. Sun of my soul, thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide thee from thy ser - vant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

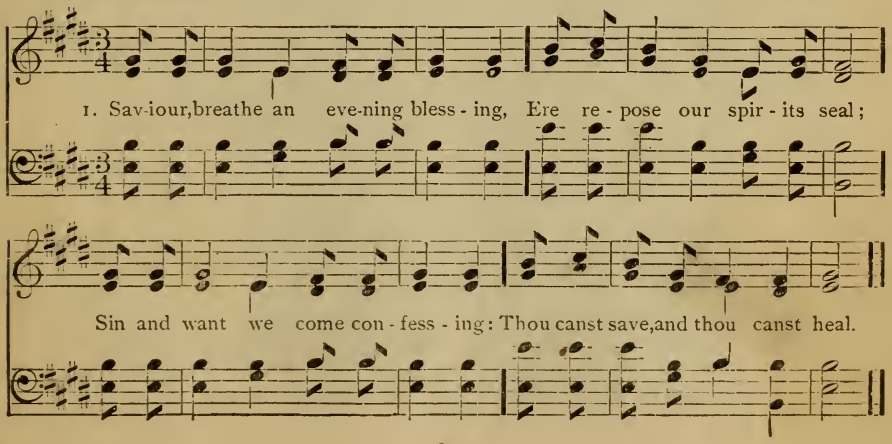
5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

John Keble

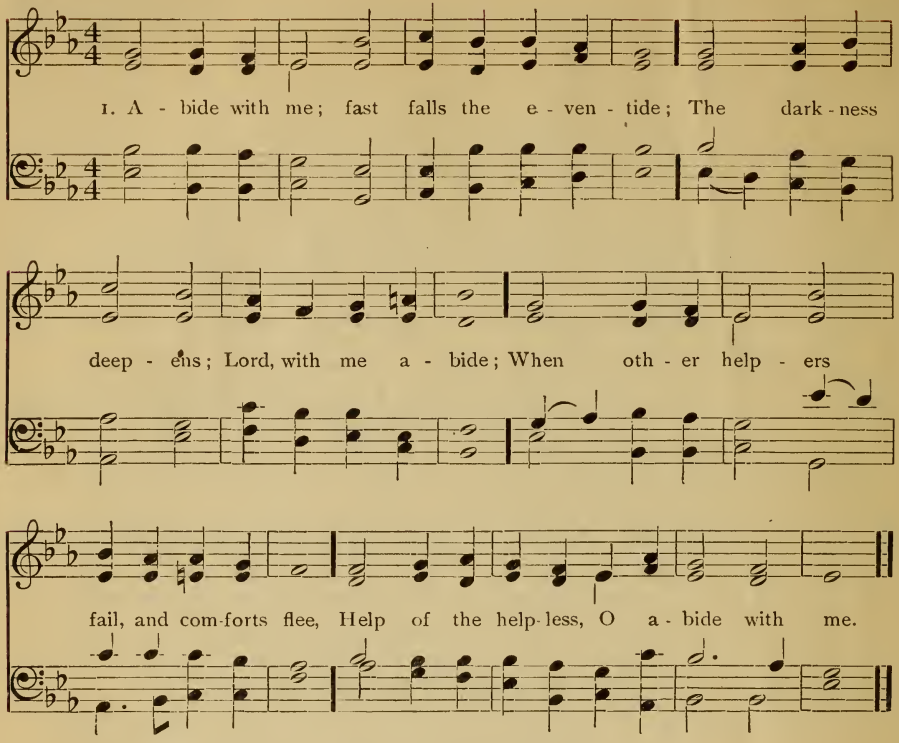
## DORRNANCE 8. 7. 8. 7

Isaac B. Woodbury


1. Sav-iour, breathe an eve-ning bless - ing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal;
Sin and want we come con - fess - ing: Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

## 34 EVENTIDE 10. 10. 10. 10

William H. Monk


1. A - bide with me; fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness
deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide; When oth - er help - ers
fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changest not, abide with me.

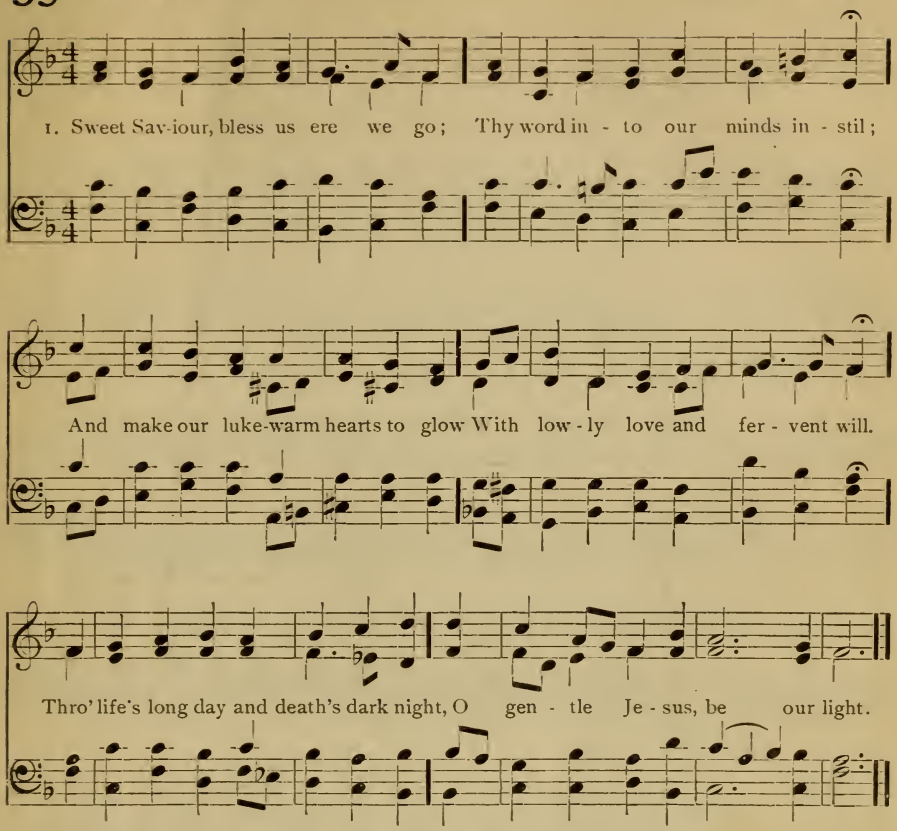
3 I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Henry F. Lyte

## 35 ST. MATTHIAS 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8 — William H. Monk


1. Sweet Sav-iour, bless us ere we go; Thy word in - to our minds in - stil;
And make our luke-warm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer - vent will.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus, be our light.

2 The day is done, its hours have run;
And thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release:
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

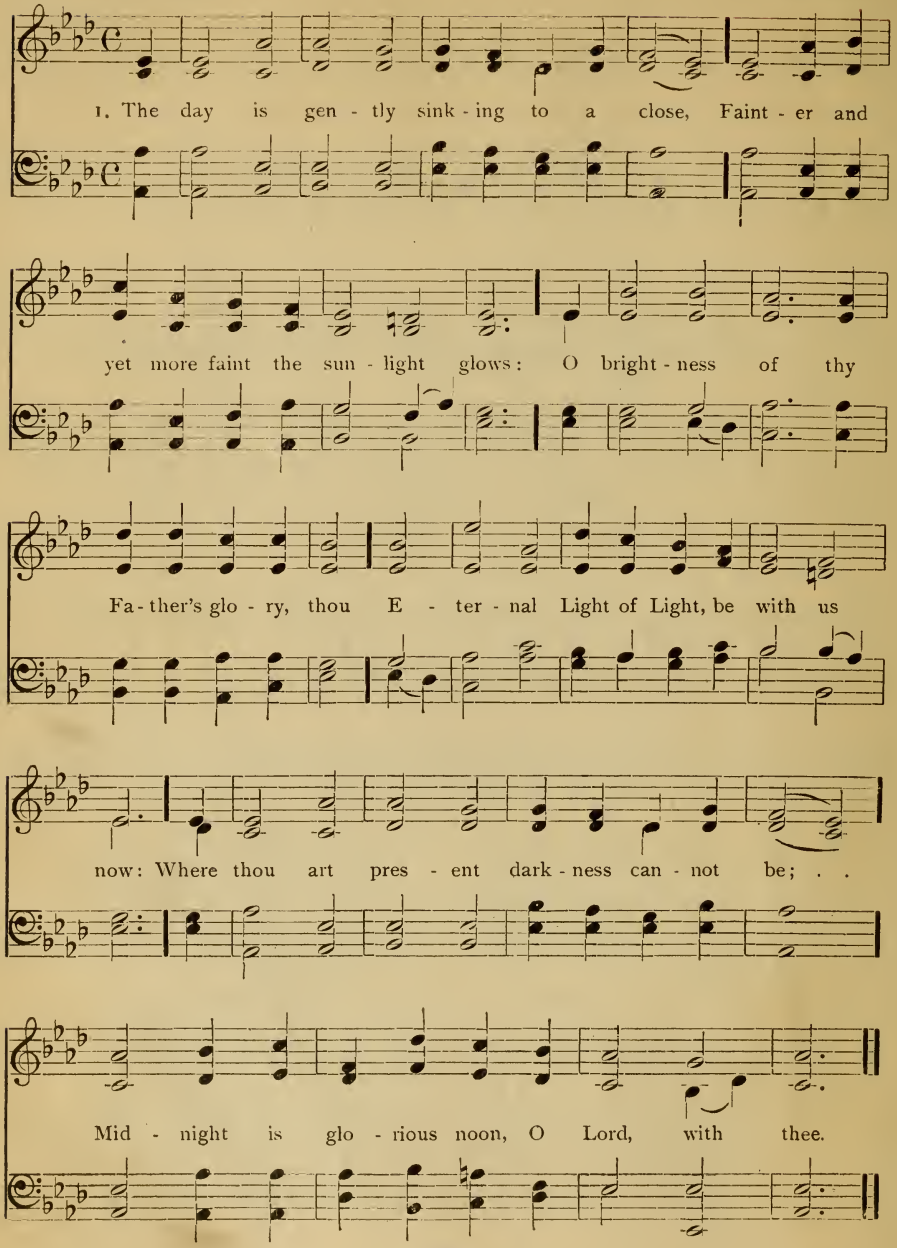
4 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

5 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto thee we call;
O let thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus, and our all.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

F. W. Faber

## 36 TWILIGHT 10. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10

W. B. Judefind


1. The day is gen - tly sink - ing to a close, Faint - er and
yet more faint the sun - light glows: O bright - ness of thy
Fa - ther's glo - ry, thou E - ter - nal Light of Light, be with us
now: Where thou art pres - ent dark - ness can - not be; . .
Mid - night is glo - rious noon, O Lord, with thee.

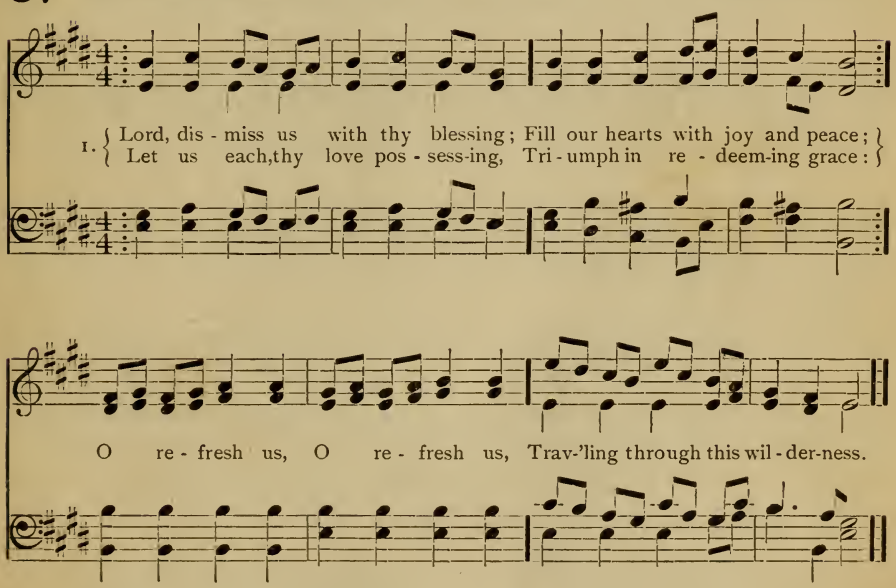
2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end;
Onward to darkness and to death we tend:
O Conqueror of the grave, be thou our guide,
Be thou our light in death's dark eventide;
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

3 The weary world is mouldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
In that last sunset, when the stars shall fall,
May we arise, awakened by thy call,
With thee, O Lord, forever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide.

Christopher Wordsworth

## 37 SICILIAN HYMN 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7

Sicilian Melody


1. Lord, dis - miss us with thy blessing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love pos - sess-ing, Tri - umph in re - deem-ing grace:
O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Trav-'ling through this wil - der-ness.

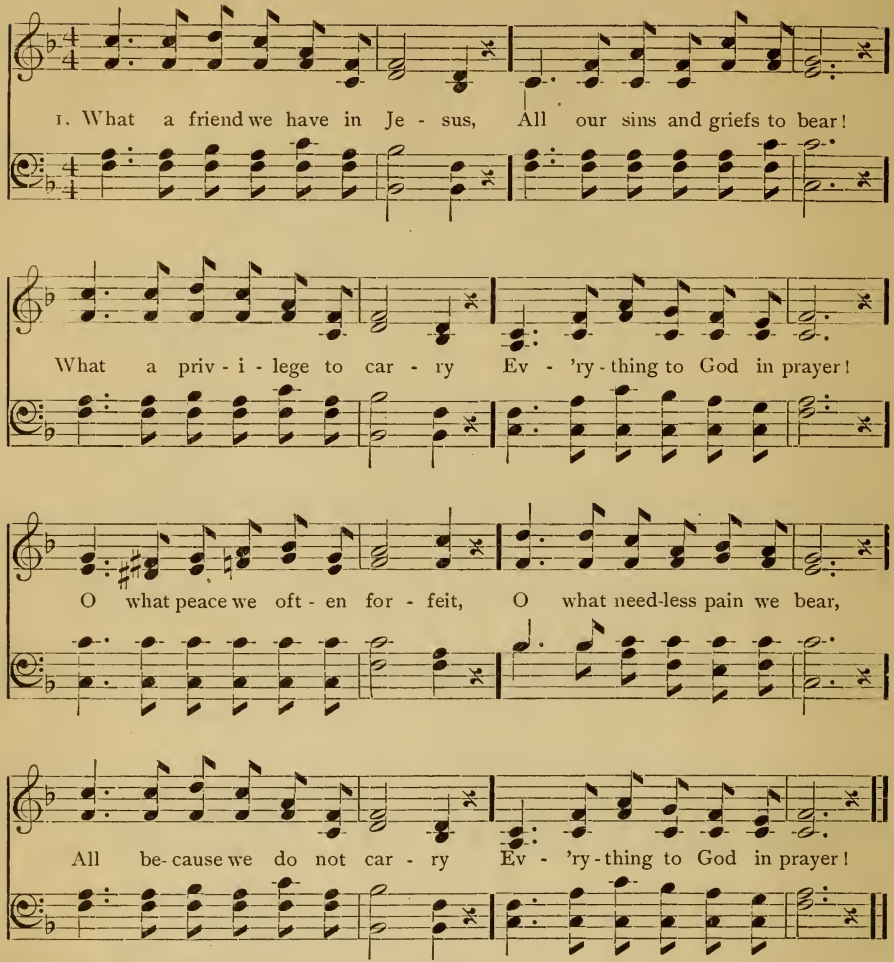
2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound,
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

John Fawcett

## 38 ERIE 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

C. C. Converse


1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer!

By permission. New copyright, C. C. Converse, 1892.

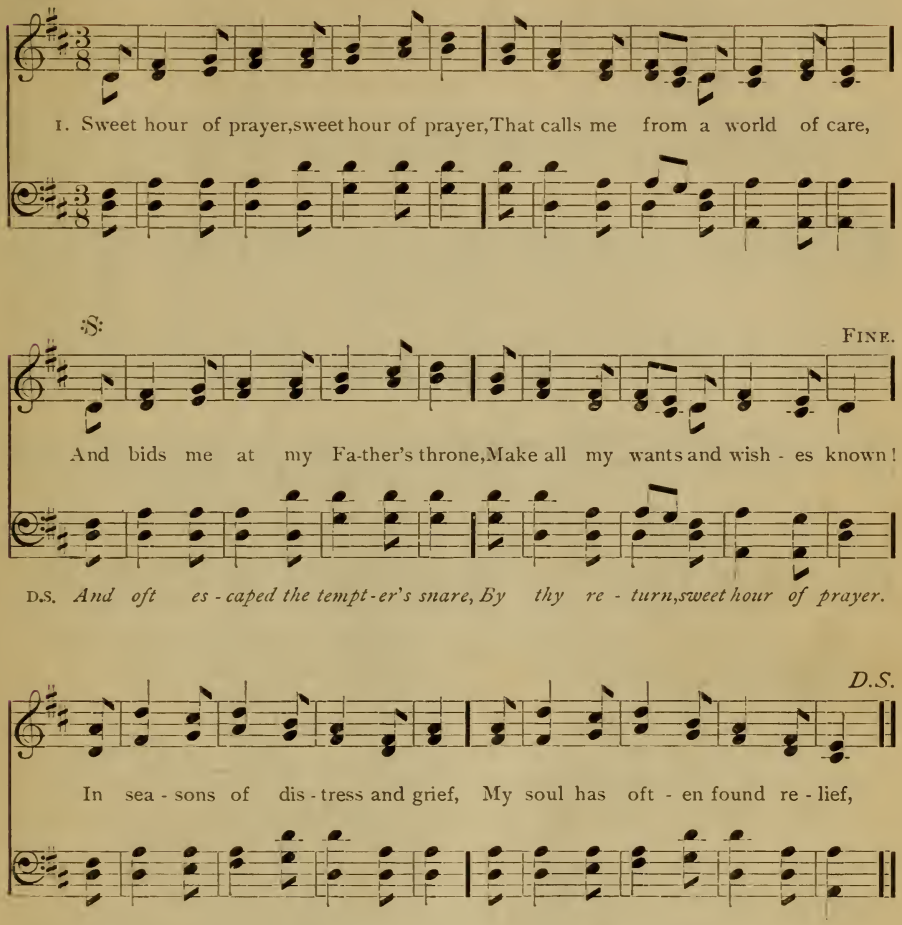
2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Joseph Scriven

## 39 SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER L. M. D.

William B. Bradbury


1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and wish - es known!
FINE.
D.S. And oft es - caped the tempt - er's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer.
D.S.
In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,

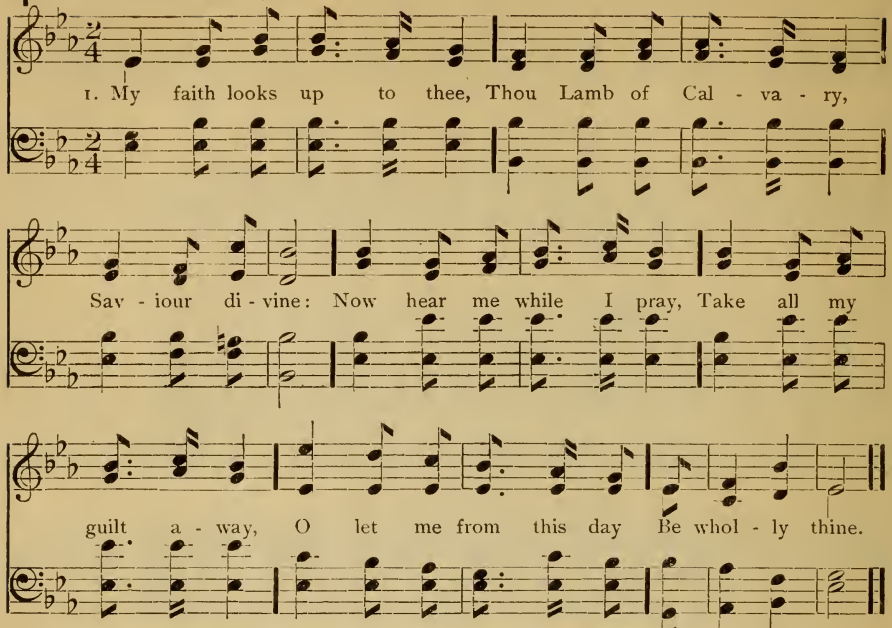
2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise,
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

William W. Walford

## 40 OLIVET 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4

Lowell Mason


1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
Sav - iour di - vine: Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

Ray Palmer

## 41 (ROSEDALE) L. M.

1 What various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat! [prayer,
Yet who that knows the worth of
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.

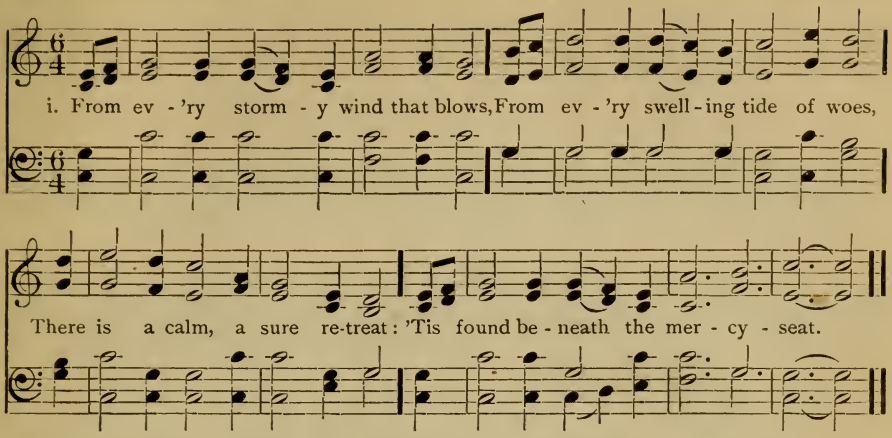
3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer keeps the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Were half the breath that's vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me"

William Cowper

## 42 RETREAT L. M.

Thomas Hastings


1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell - ing tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure re-treat: 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet:
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
Though sundered far; by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

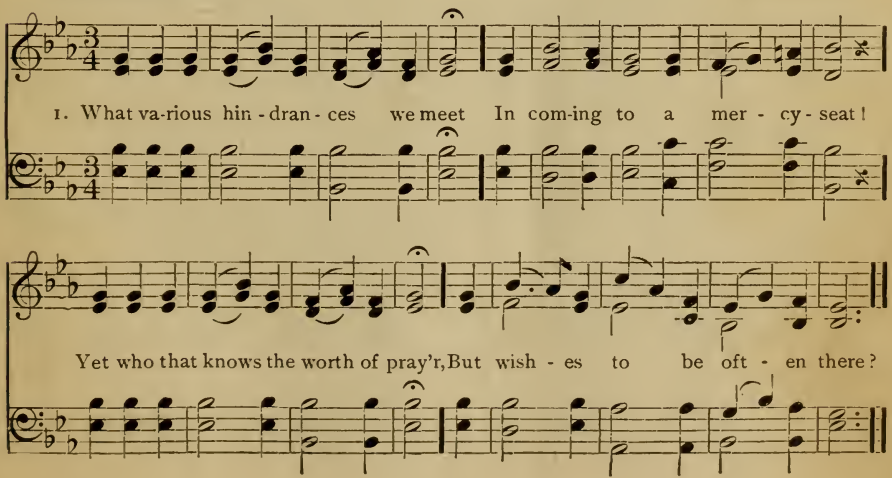
4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed,
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

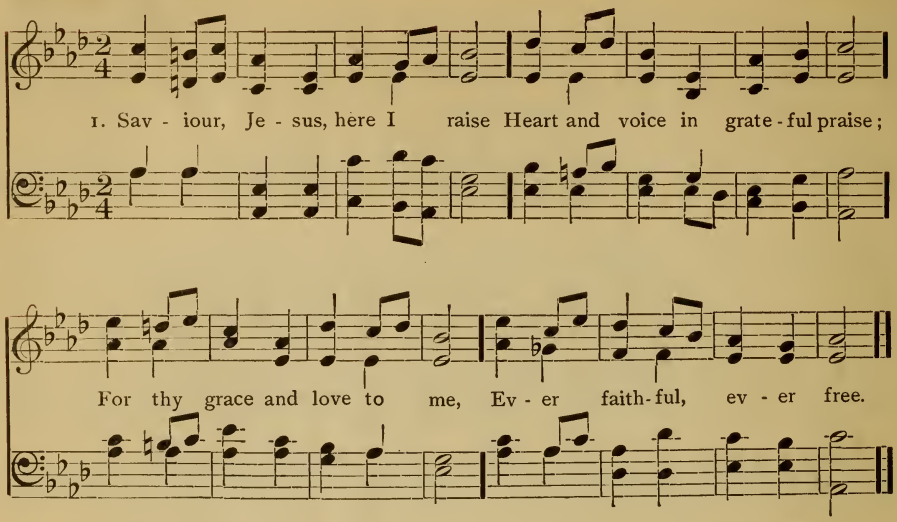
Hugh Stowell

## ROSEDALE L. M.

G. F. Root


1. What va-rious hin - dran - ces we meet In com-ing to a mer - cy - seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r, But wish - es to be oft - en there?

## 43 POTTSVILLE 7·7·7·7

Rev. Wm. H. Acornley

2 Thou hast brought salvation near,
Thou dost cast out all my fear.
Thou hast given a sweet release,
Filled my soul with joy and peace.

3 By thy death, thou spotless Lamb!
Justified by faith I am;
Saved and purified and blest,
And of every good possessed.

4 Now I stand before thee whole,
Let thy spirit me control.
Now I take thee to my heart!
Never from thee more to part.

5 Fill me with thy perfect love,
Such as glows in saints above,
In me raise thy royal throne,
Help me live to thee alone.

6 When on Jordan's brink I stand,
And behold the promised land,
Bear me up on faith's strong wing,
Then in triumph may I sing.

Rev. Wm. H. Acornley

## 44 (NAOMI) C. M.

1 Sweet is the prayer whose holy stream
In earnest pleading flows;
Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer glows.

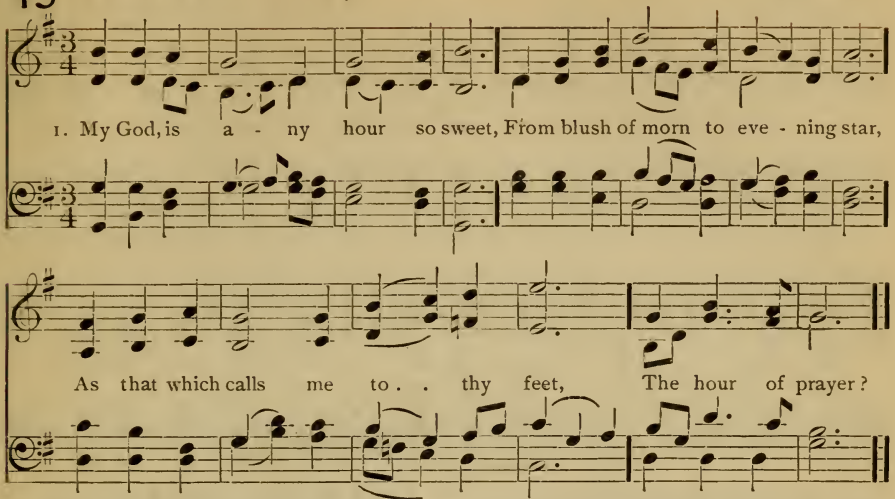
2 Faith grasps the blessing she desires;
Hope points the upward gaze;
And love, celestial love, inspires
The eloquence of praise.

3 But sweeter far the still small voice,
Unheard by human ear,
When God has made the heart rejoice,
And dried the bitter tear.

4 No accents flow, no words ascend;
All utterance faileth there;
But God himself doth comprehend
And answer silent prayer.

## 45 ALMSGIVING 8. 8. 8. 4

J. B. Dykes




2 Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

3 Then is my strength by thee renewed;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

4 No words can tell what sweet relief
There for my every want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind!

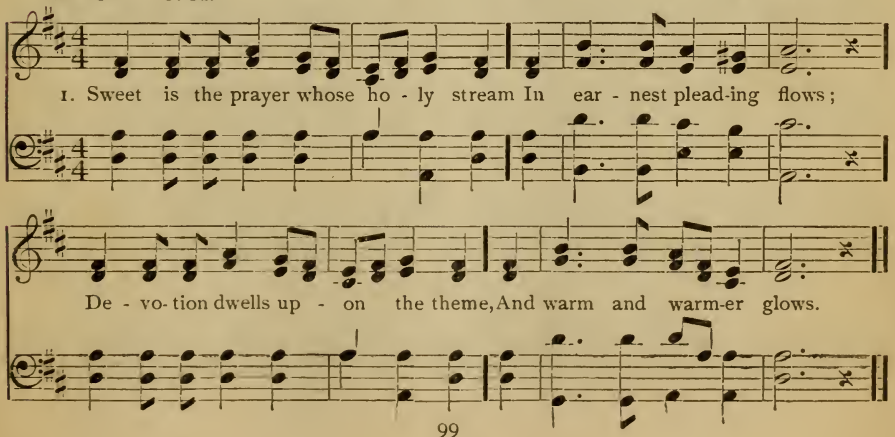
5 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

6 Lord, till I reach that blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to thee.

Charlotte Elliott

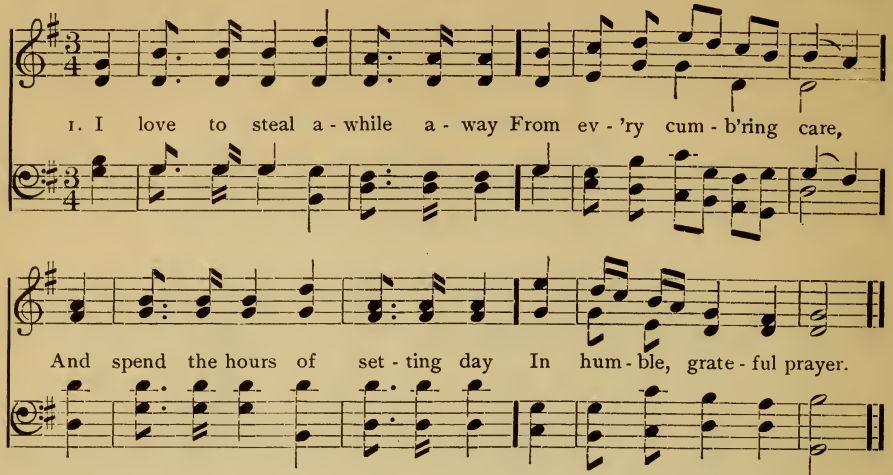
## NAOMI C. M.

Lowell Mason


1. Sweet is the prayer whose ho - ly stream In ear - nest plead-ing flows;
De - vo-tion dwells up - on the theme, And warm and warm-er glows.

## 46 WOODSTOCK C. M.

Deodatus Dutton, Jr.




2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.

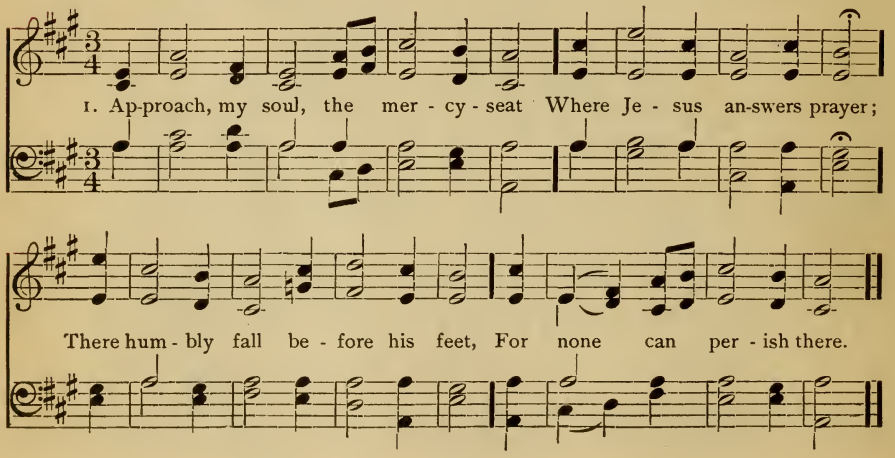
3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew
While here by tempests driven.

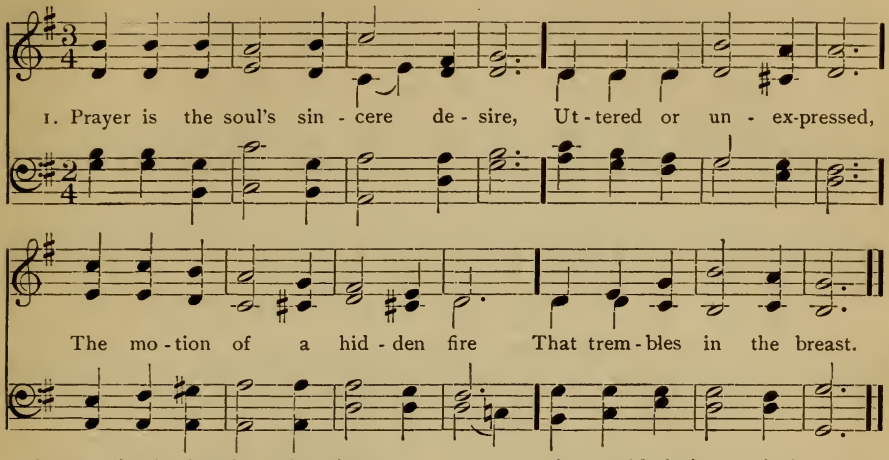
5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

Phœbe H. Brown

## MARTYRDOM C. M.

Hugh Wilson

## 47 ST. AGNES C. M.

J. B. Dykes




2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watch-word at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 O thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

James Montgomery

## 48 (MARTYRDOM) C. M.

1 Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
Fightings without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him thou hast died.

John Newton

## 49 (ST. AGNES) C. M.

1 When cold our hearts, and far from thee
Our wandering spirits stray,
And thoughts and lips move heavily,
Lord, teach us how to pray.

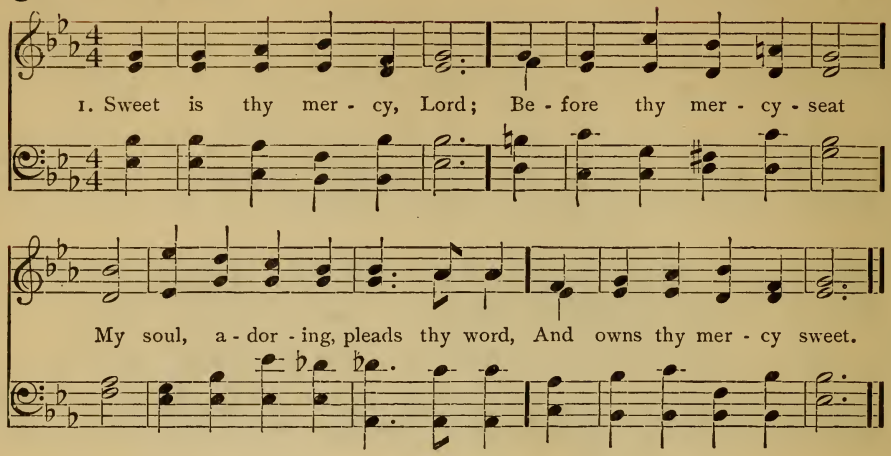
2 Too vile to venture near thy throne,
Too poor to turn away;
Our only voice,—thy Spirit's groan,—
Lord, teach us how to pray.

3 We know not how to seek thy face,
Unless thou lead the way;
We have no words, unless thy grace,
Lord, teach us how to pray.

4 Here every thought and fond desire
We on thine altar lay;
And when our souls have caught thy fire,
Lord, teach us how to pray.

John S. B. Monsell

## 50 ST. ANDREW S. M.

Joseph Barnby

2 My need and thy desires
Are all in Christ complete;
Thou hast the justice truth requires,
And I thy mercy sweet.

3 Where'er thy name is blest,
Where'er thy people meet,
There I delight in thee to rest,
And find thy mercy sweet.

4 Light thou my weary way,
Lead thou my wandering feet,
That while I stay on earth I may
Still find thy mercy sweet.

5 Thus shall the heavenly host
Hear all my songs repeat
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
My joy, thy mercy sweet.

John S. B. Monsell

## 51 (ST. ANDREW) S. M.

1 Still with thee, O my God,
I would desire to be,
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with thee.

2 With thee when dawn comes in
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning to begin
With thee, my God, in prayer.

3 With thee when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
The setting as the rising sun
With thee my heart would find.

4 With thee, in thee, by faith
Abiding, I would be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with thee.

James D. Burns

## 52 (DUNDEE) C. M.

1 Lord! when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Oh, may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our contrite spirits pitying see;
True penitence impart:
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam hope on every heart.

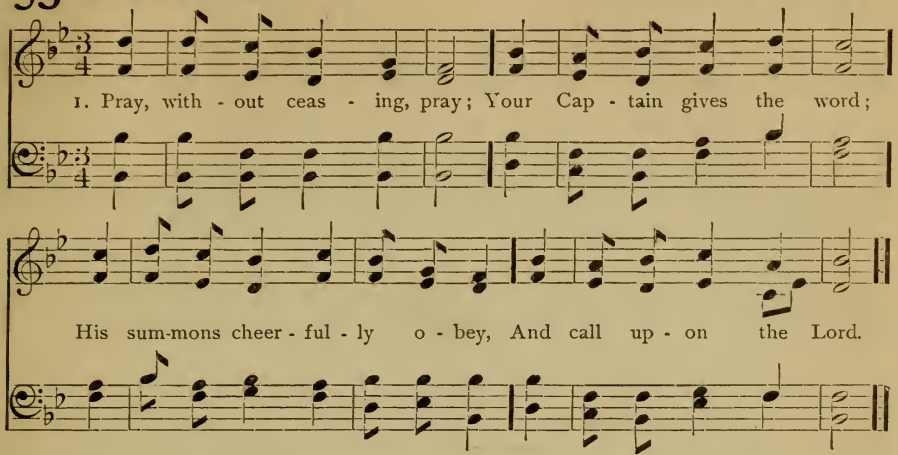
3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly thine.

3 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our heart 'tis goodness still
That grants it or denies.

J. D. Carlyle

## 53 STATE STREET S. M

I. C. Woodman




2 To God your every want
In instant prayer display;
Pray always; pray, and never faint;
Pray, without ceasing, pray.

3 In fellowship, — alone,
To God with faith draw near;
Approach his courts, besiege his throne
With all the power of prayer;

4 His mercy now implore,
And now show forth his praise;
In shouts, or silent awe, adore
His miracles of grace.

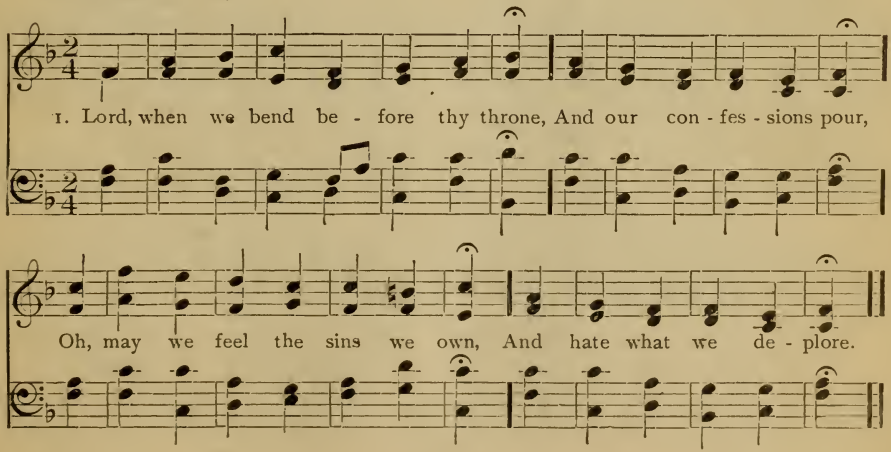
5 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

6 Still let the Spirit cry,
In all his soldiers, — Come,
Till Christ the Lord descend from high
And take the conqu'rors home.

Charles Wesley

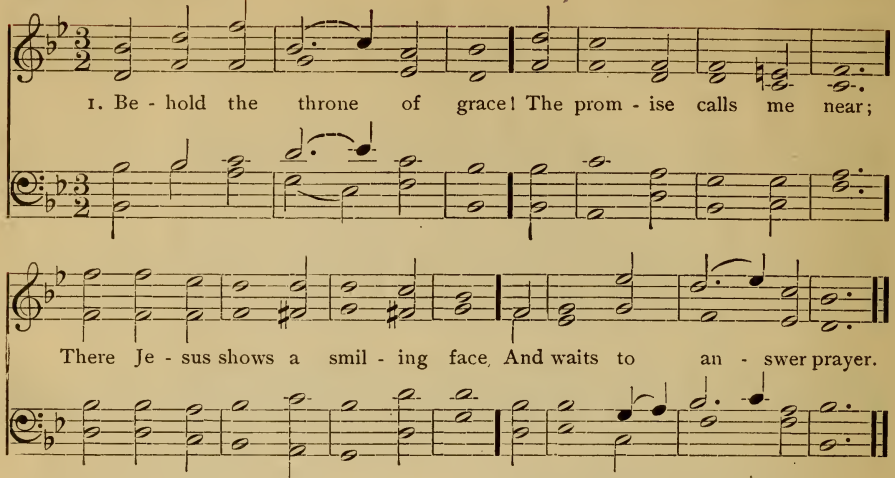
## DUNDEE C. M.

Scotch



## 54 MT. OLIVE S. M.

Old English




2 That rich, atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God,
An all-prevailing plea.

3 My soul! ask what thou wilt;
Thou canst not be too bold:
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold?

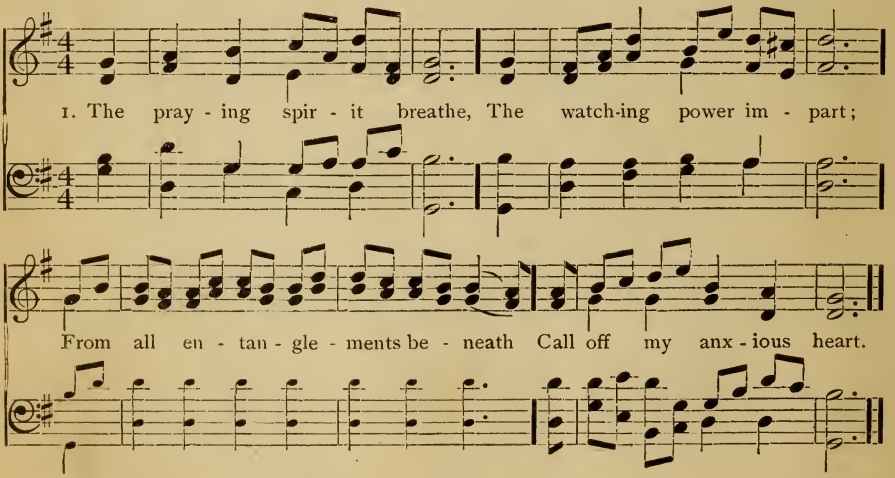
4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

5 Teach me to live by faith;
Conform my will to thine:
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

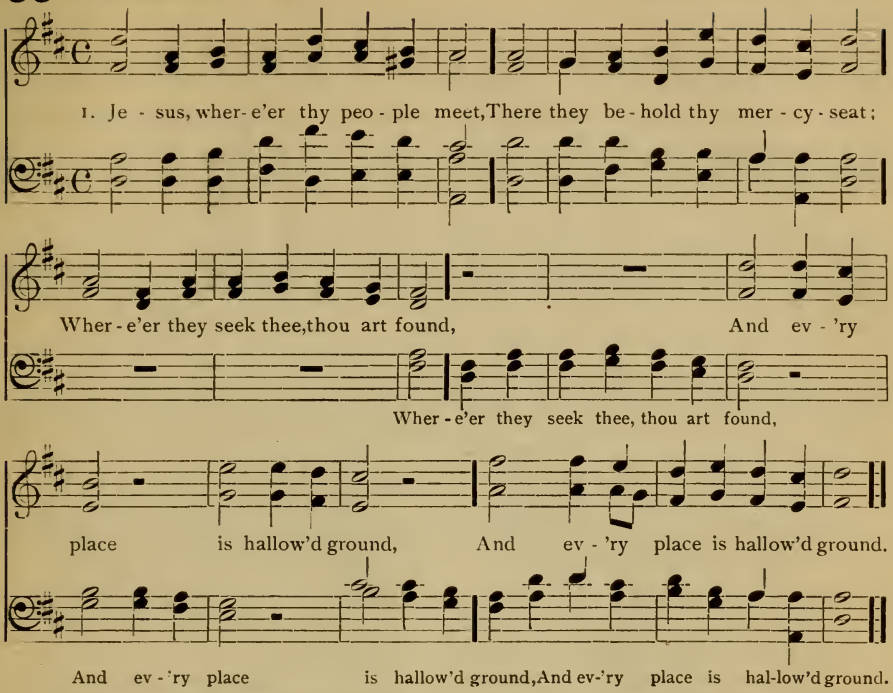
John Newton

## SHIRLAND S. M.

Samuel Stanley



## 55 DEEMSTER L. M.


1. Je - sus, wher-e'er thy peo - ple meet, There they be - hold thy mer - cy - seat;
Wher - e'er they seek thee, thou art found, And ev - 'ry
Wher - e'er they seek thee, thou art found,
place is hallow'd ground, And ev - 'ry place is hallow'd ground.
And ev - 'ry place is hallow'd ground, And ev-'ry place is hal-low'd ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving Name.

4 Here may we prove the pow'r of pray'r
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

5 Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear:
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own.

William Cowper

## 56 (SHIRLAND) S. M.

1 The praying spirit breathe,
The watching power impart;
From all entanglements beneath
Call off my anxious heart.

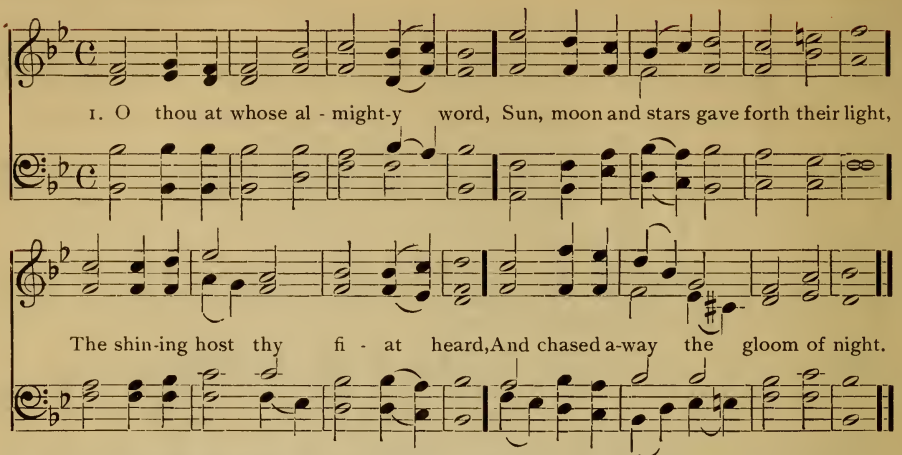
2 My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts oppressed;
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

3 Swift to my rescue come,
Thine own this moment seize;
Gather my wand'ring spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace.

4 Suffered no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the pris'ner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

Charles Wesley

## 57 STRATFORD L. M.


1. O thou at whose al - might-y word, Sun, moon and stars gave forth their light,
The shin-ing host thy fi - at heard, And chased a-way the gloom of night.

2 Send forth the omnific word again,
And bid thy Spirit in us shine,
That in the darkened hearts of men,
May glow the radiancy divine.

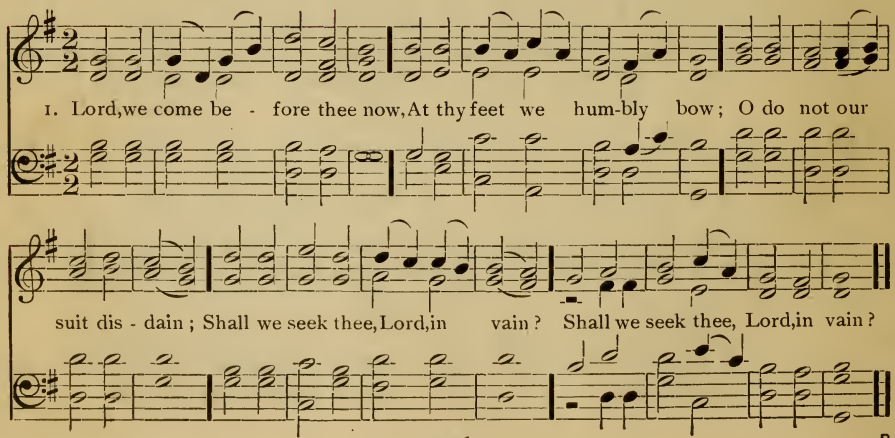
3 Lord, that effulgent Light reveal,
Which Light is Life to all our race;
And give us now to know and feel
Thy saving love, thy boundless grace.

4 Bestow on us that guiding Light,
That leads the creature to its God;
And helps the pilgrim walk aright,
The glorious path the Master trod.

5 Scatter the night! let morning wake
On fainting souls, on hearts oppressed,
And on the sight, let glory break,
With visions of eternal rest.

W. B. Taylor

## 58 HENDON 7. 7. 7. 7

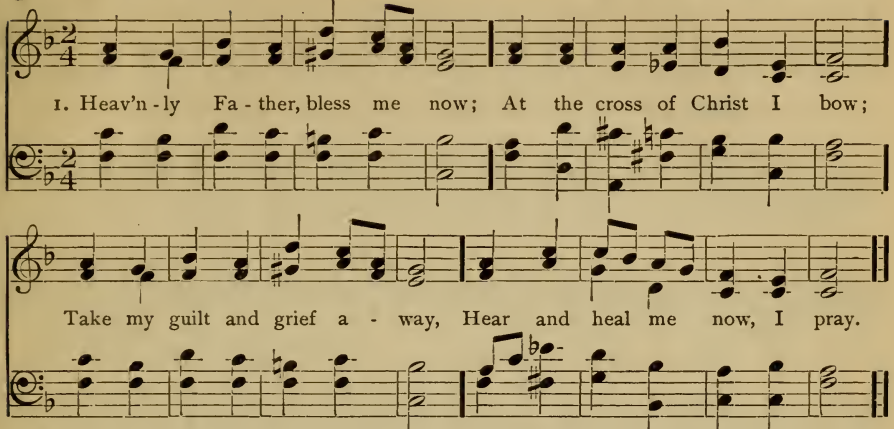
Abraham Henri Cæsar Malan

1. Lord, we come be - fore thee now, At thy feet we hum-bly bow; O do not our
suit dis - dain; Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain? Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?



P

## 58 SEYMOUR 7. 7. 7. 7

Arr. from C. M. von Weber




2 Now, O Lord, this very hour,
Send thy grace and show thy power;
While I rest upon thy word,
Come, and bless me now, O Lord!

3 Now, just now, for Jesus' sake,
Lift the clouds, the fetters break;
While I look, and as I cry,
Touch and cleanse me, ere I die.

4 Never did I so adore
Jesus Christ, thy Son, before:
Now the time! and this the place!
Gracious Father, show thy grace.

5 Mercy now, O Lord, I plead,
In this hour of utter need;
Turn me not away unblest,
Calm my anguish into rest.

6 O thou loving, blessed One,
Rising o'er me like the sun,
Light and life art thou within —
Saviour, thou, from every sin!

Alexander Clark

## 59 (HENDON) 7. 7. 7. 7

1 Lord, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh, do not our suit disdain!
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee, a gracious God and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

William Hammond

## 60 (SEYMOUR) 7. 7. 7. 7

1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare:
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Lord! I come to thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast:
There, thy blood-bought right maintain,
And, without a rival, reign.

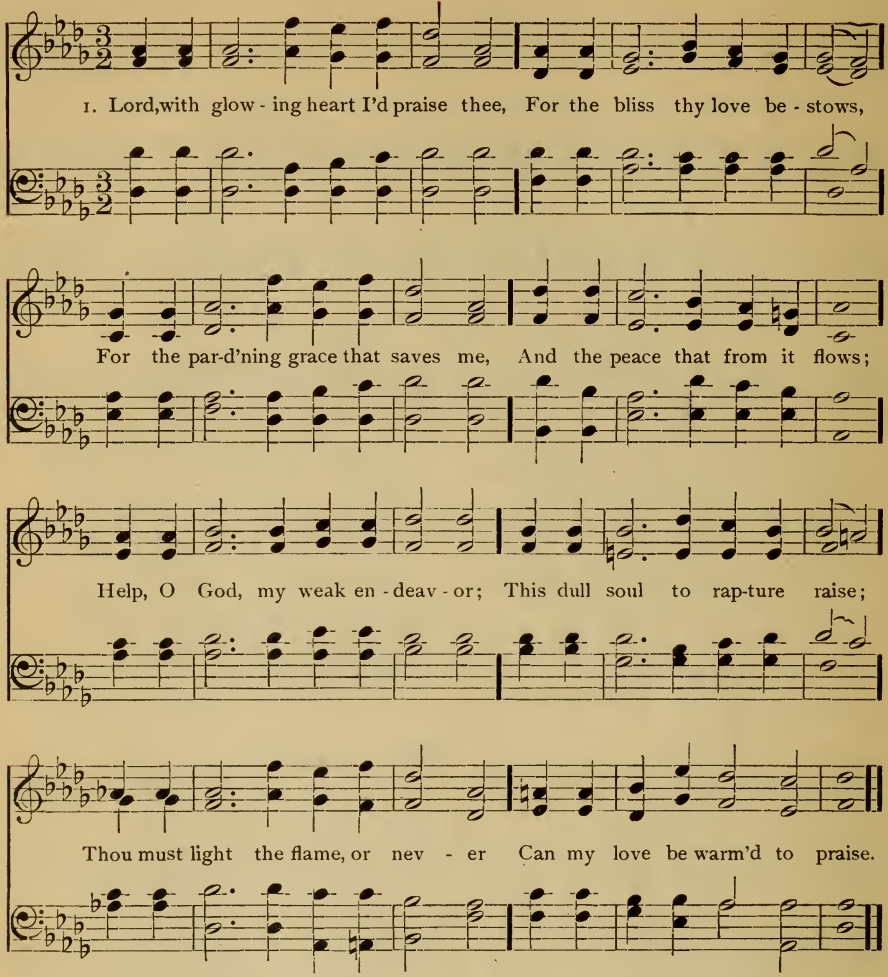
3 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

4 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

John Newton

## 61 FABEN 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

J. H. Wilcox

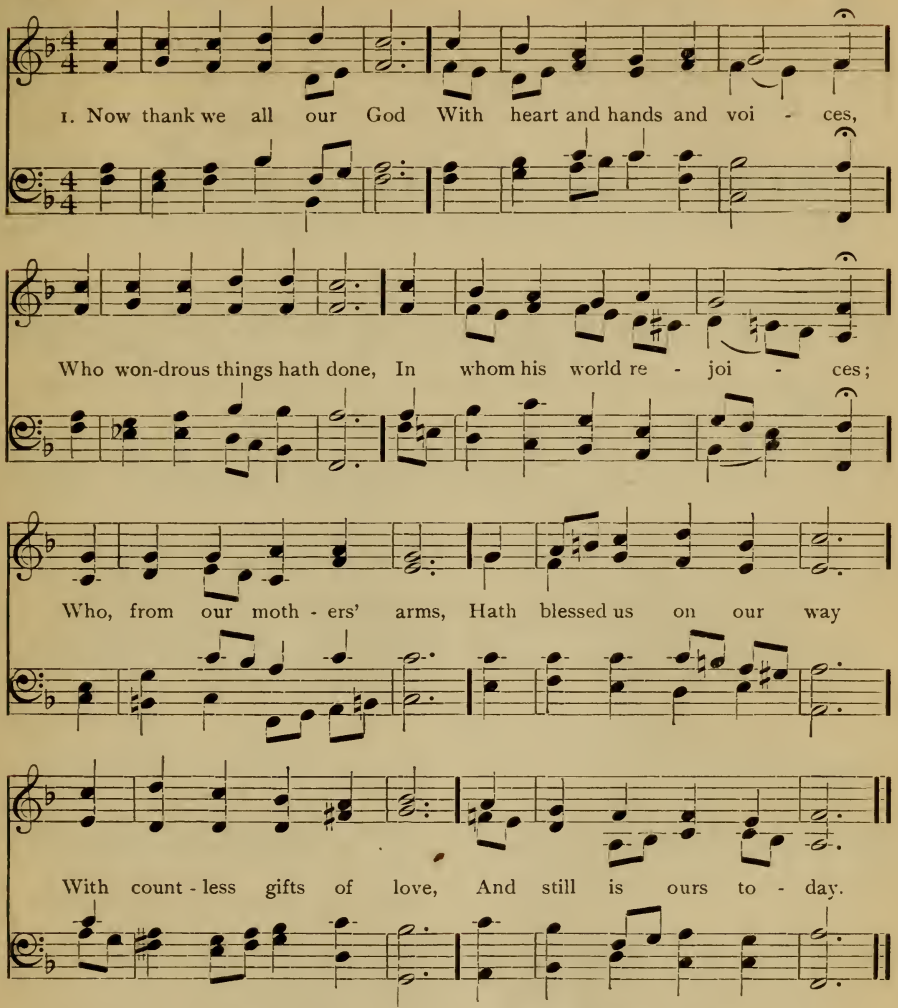

1. Lord, with glow - ing heart I'd praise thee, For the bliss thy love be - stows,
For the par-d'ning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows;
Help, O God, my weak en - deav - or; This dull soul to rap-ture raise;
Thou must light the flame, or nev - er Can my love be warm'd to praise.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought
From the paths of death away: [thee
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him, who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent fee ing
Vainly would my lips express;
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise,
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise.

Francis Scott Key

## 62 NUN DANKET 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6 Crüger's Praxis Pietatis Melica


1. Now thank we all our God With heart and hands and voi - ces,
Who won-drous things hath done, In whom his world re - joi - ces;
Who, from our moth - ers' arms, Hath blessed us on our way
With count - less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.

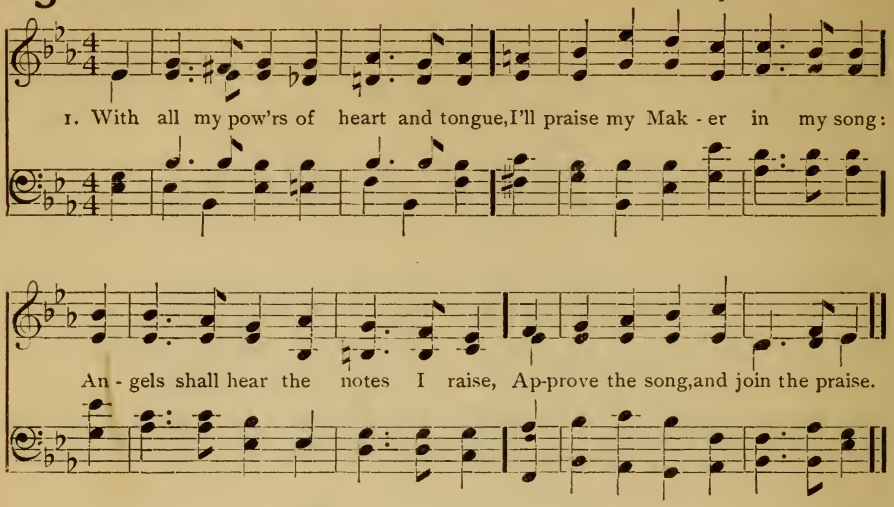
2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in his grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God,
The Father, now be given,
The Son, and him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The One Eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Martin Rinkart. Tr. Catherine Winkworth

## 63 WALTHAM L. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin


1. With all my pow'rs of heart and tongue, I'll praise my Mak - er in my song:
An - gels shall hear the notes I raise, Ap-prove the song, and join the praise.

2 To God I cried when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdued my foes;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused thro' all my soul.

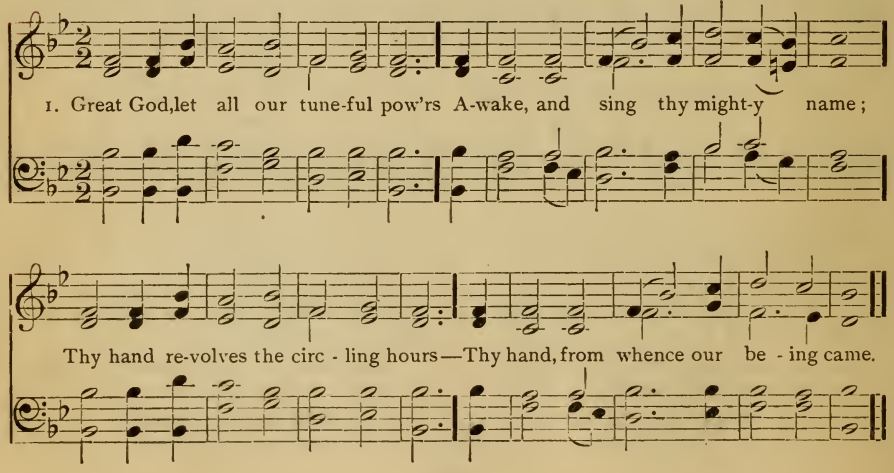
3 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

4 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord;
I'll sing the wonders of thy word;
Not all the works and names below,
So much thy power and glory show.

Isaac Watts

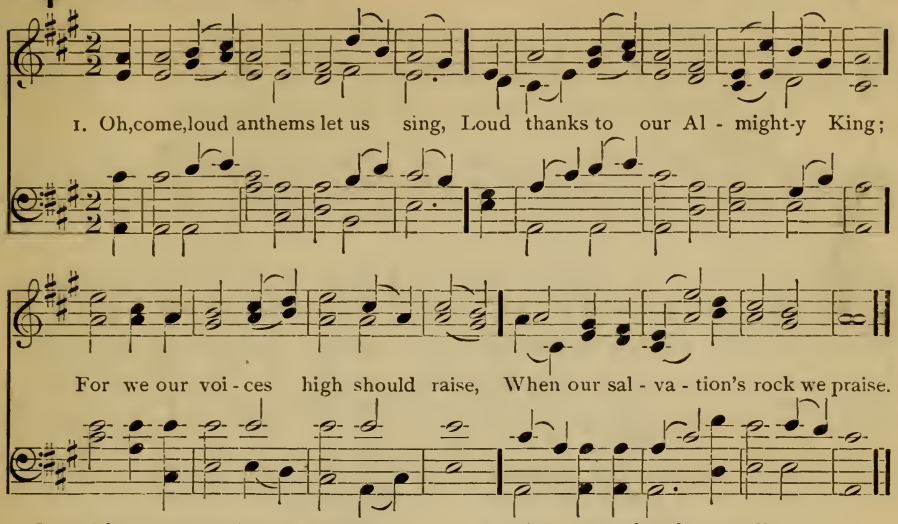
## WARD L. M.

Lowell Mason


1. Great God, let all our tune-ful pow'rs A-wake, and sing thy might-y name;
Thy hand re-volves the circ - ling hours—Thy hand, from whence our be - ing came.

## 64 WIMBORNE L. M.

J. Whitaker


1. Oh, come, loud anthems let us sing, Loud thanks to our Al - might-y King;
For we our voi - ces high should raise, When our sal - va - tion's rock we praise.

2 Into his presence let us haste
To thank him for his favors past;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.

3 For God the Lord, enthroned in state,
Is with unrivall'd glory great;
A King, superior far to all
Whom gods the heathen falsely call.

4 Oh, let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.

## 65 (WARD) L. M.

1 Great God, let all our tuneful powers
Awake, and sing thy mighty name;
Thy hand revolves the circling hours—
Thy hand, from whence our being came.

2 Seasons and moons, still rolling round
In beauteous order, speak thy praise;
And years with smiling mercy crown'd,
To thee successive honors raise.

3 Our life, and health, and friends, we owe
All to thy vast, unbounded love;
Ten thousand precious gifts below,
And hope of nobler joys above.

4 Thus may we sing till nature cease,—
Till sense and language are no more,
And, after death, thy boundless grace
Through everlasting years adore.

O. Heginbothom

## 66 (WIMBORNE) L. M.

1 Come, let us tune our loftiest song,
And raise to Christ our joyful strain:
Worship and thanks to him belong,
Who reigns and shall forever reign.

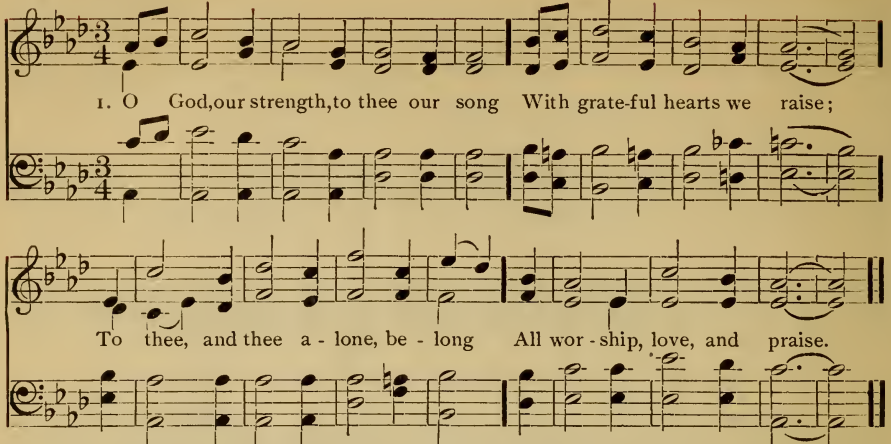
2 His sov'reign power our bodies made;
Our souls are his immortal breath;
And when his creatures sinn'd, he bled,
To save us from eternal death.

3 Burn, every breast, with Jesus' love;
Bound, every heart, with rapt'rous joy;
And saints on earth, with saints above,
Your voices in his praise employ.

4 Extol the Lamb with loftiest song,
Ascend for him our cheerful strain;
Worship and thanks to him belong,
Who reigns and shall forever reign.

R. A. West

## 67 MANOAH C. M.


1. O God, our strength, to thee our song With grate-ful hearts we raise;
To thee, and thee a - lone, be - long All wor - ship, love, and praise.

2 In trouble's dark and stormy hour
Thine ear hath heard our prayer;
And graciously thine arm of power
Hath saved us from despair.

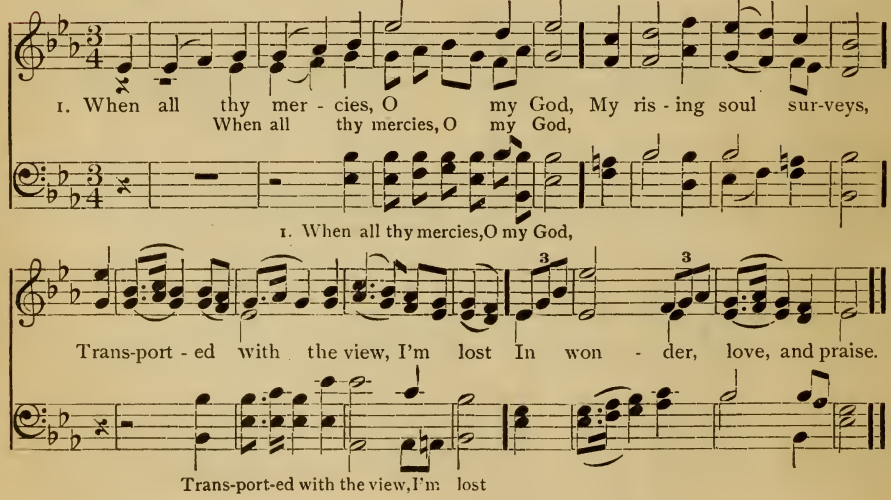
3 And thou, O ever gracious Lord,
Wilt keep thy promise still,
If, meekly hearkening to thy word,
We seek to do thy will.

4 Led by the light thy grace imparts,
Ne'er may we bow the knee
To idols, which our wayward hearts
Set up instead of thee.

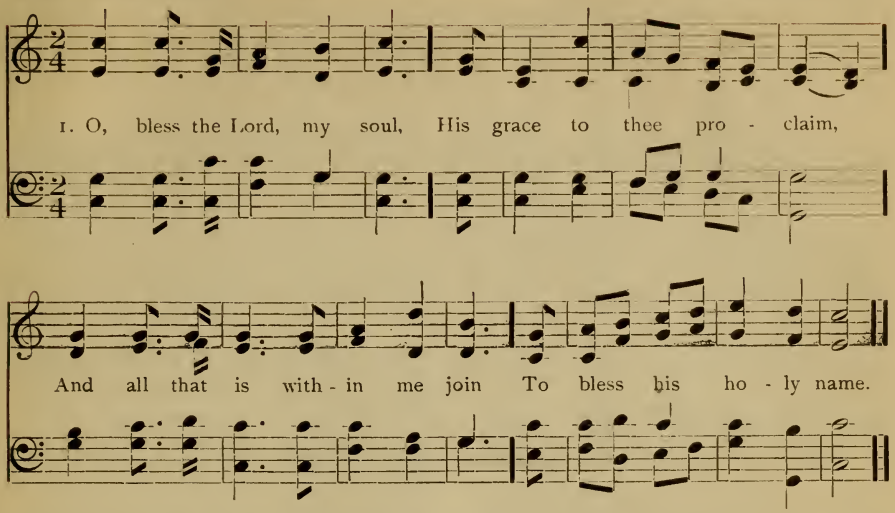
5 So shall thy choicest gifts, O Lord,
Thy faithful people bless;
For them shall earth its stores afford,
And heaven its happiness.

Harriet Auber

## GENEVA C. M.

John Cole

1. When all thy mer - cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur-veys,
When all thy mercies, O my God,
1. When all thy mercies, O my God,
Trans-port - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise.
Trans-port-ed with the view, I'm lost

## 68 WHITEFIELD S. M.

Edward Miller

2 O, bless the Lord, my soul;
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits:
The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

4 He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He heals all thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

5 Then bless his holy name,
Whose grace has made thee whole;
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days:
O, bless the Lord, my soul!

James Montgomery

## 69 (GENEVA) C. M.

1 When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

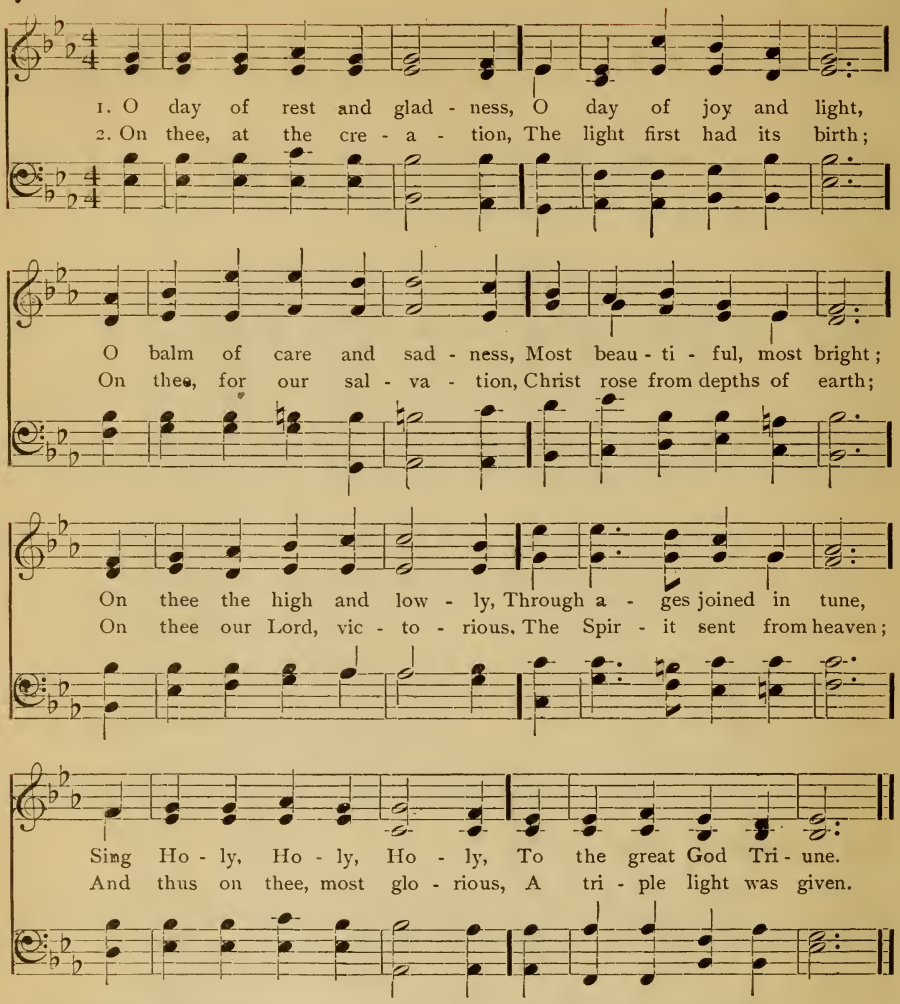
4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For O, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

Joseph Addison

## 70 AURELIA 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

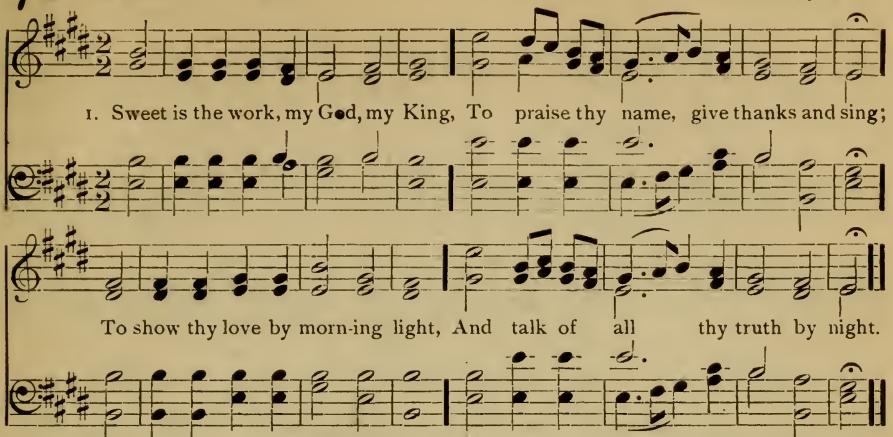
Samuel S. Wesley

1. O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light,
2. On thee, at the cre - a - tion, The light first had its birth;
O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright;
On thee, for our sal - va - tion, Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee the high and low - ly, Through a - ges joined in tune,
On thee our Lord, vic - to - rious, The Spir - it sent from heaven;
Sing Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, To the great God Tri - une.
And thus on thee, most glo - rious, A tri - ple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls:
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To thee, blest three in one.

Christopher Wordsworth

## 71 WARREN L. M.

V. C. Taylor

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To show thy love by morn-ing light, And talk of all thy truth by night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

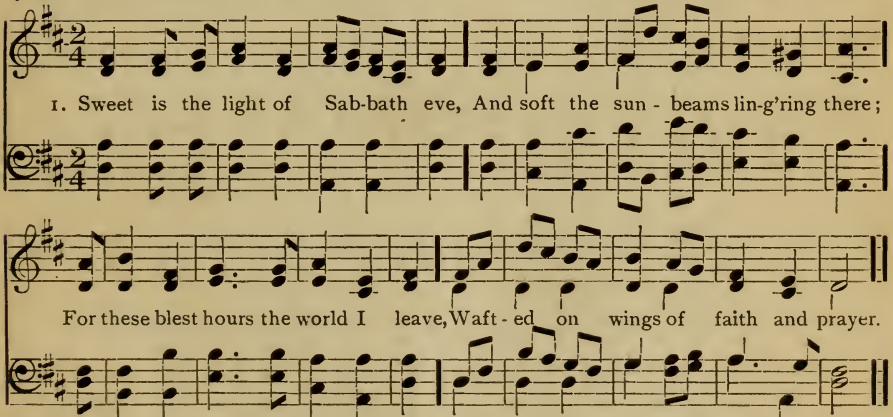
3 When grace has purified my heart,
Then shall I share a glorious part;
And fresh supplies of joy be shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

Isaac Watts

## 72 OVERBERG L. M.

Johann C. H. Rink


1. Sweet is the light of Sab-bath eve, And soft the sun - beams lin-g'ring there;
For these blest hours the world I leave, Waft - ed on wings of faith and prayer.

2 The time how lovely and how still!
Peace shines and smiles on all below;
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,
All fair with evening's setting glow.

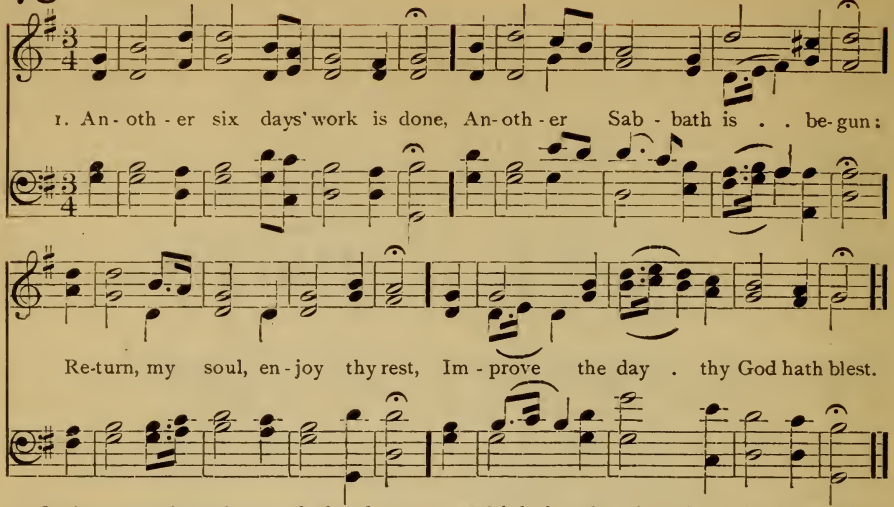
3 Season of rest! the tranquil soul
Feels the sweet calm, and melts to love;
And while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees the smiling heaven above.

4 Nor will our days of toil be long;
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod;
And we shall join the ceaseless song,
The endless Sabbath of our God.

James Edmeston

## 73 PILESGROVE L. M.

S. Mitchell



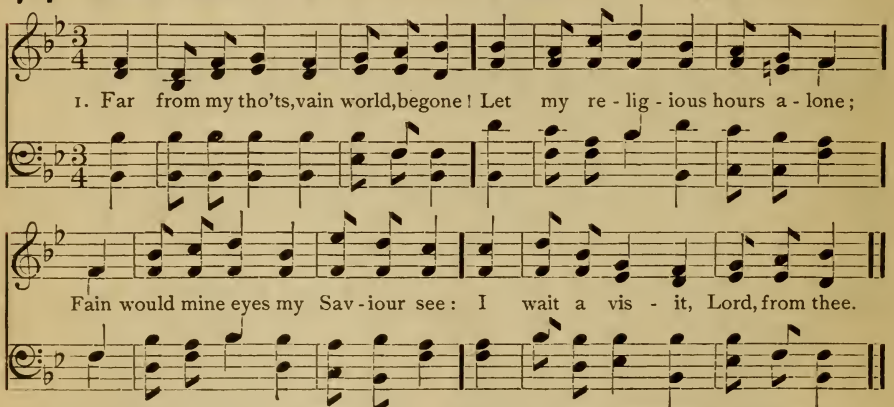

2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense, to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.

3 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

Joseph Stennett

## 74 HEBRON L. M.

Lowell Mason

1. Far from my tho'ts, vain world, begone! Let my re - lig - ious hours a - lone;
Fain would mine eyes my Sav - iour see: I wait a vis - it, Lord, from thee.

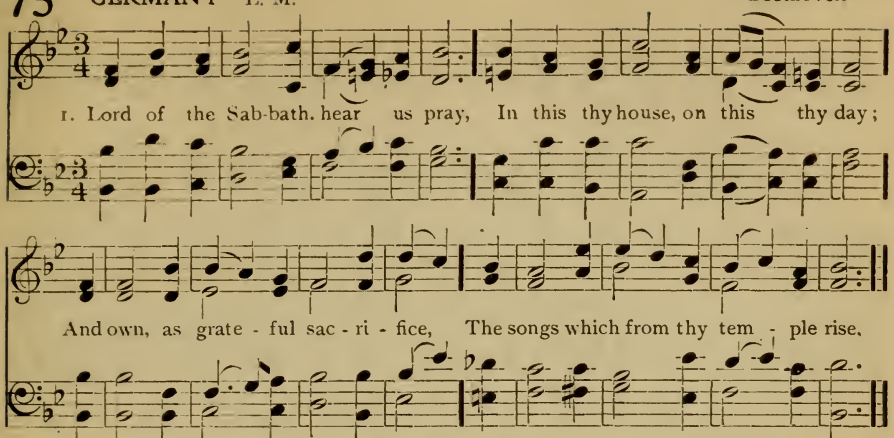
2 O warm my heart with heavenly fire,
And kindle there a pure desire;
Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill my soul with heavenly love.

3 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thy glorious name shall be adored,
And every tongue confess thee Lord.

Isaac Watts

## 75 GERMANY L. M.

Beethoven


1. Lord of the Sab-bath, hear us pray, In this thy house, on this thy day;
And own, as grate - ful sac - ri - fice, The songs which from thy tem - ple rise.

2 Thy day of rest, O Lord, we love,
But look for truer rest above;
To that our laboring souls aspire
With ardent hope and strong desire.

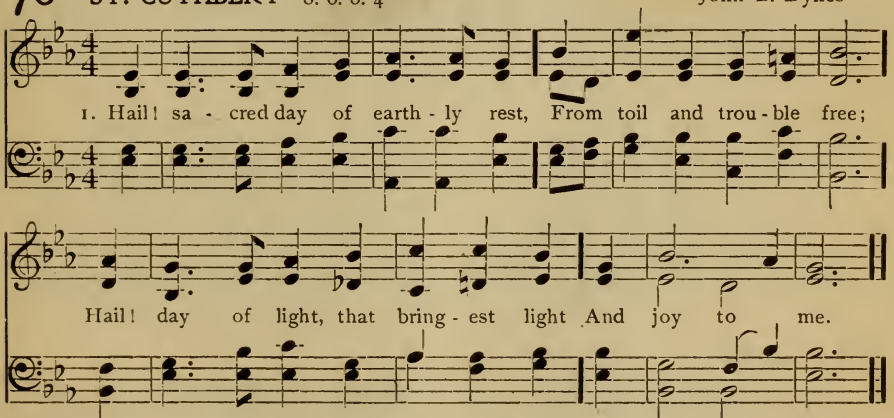
3 In thy blest kingdom we shall be
From every mortal trouble free;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues.

4 O long-expected day, begin,
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin!
Break, morn of God, upon our eyes,
And let the world's true sun arise!

Philip Doddridge

## 76 ST. CUTHBERT 8. 6. 8. 4

John B. Dykes



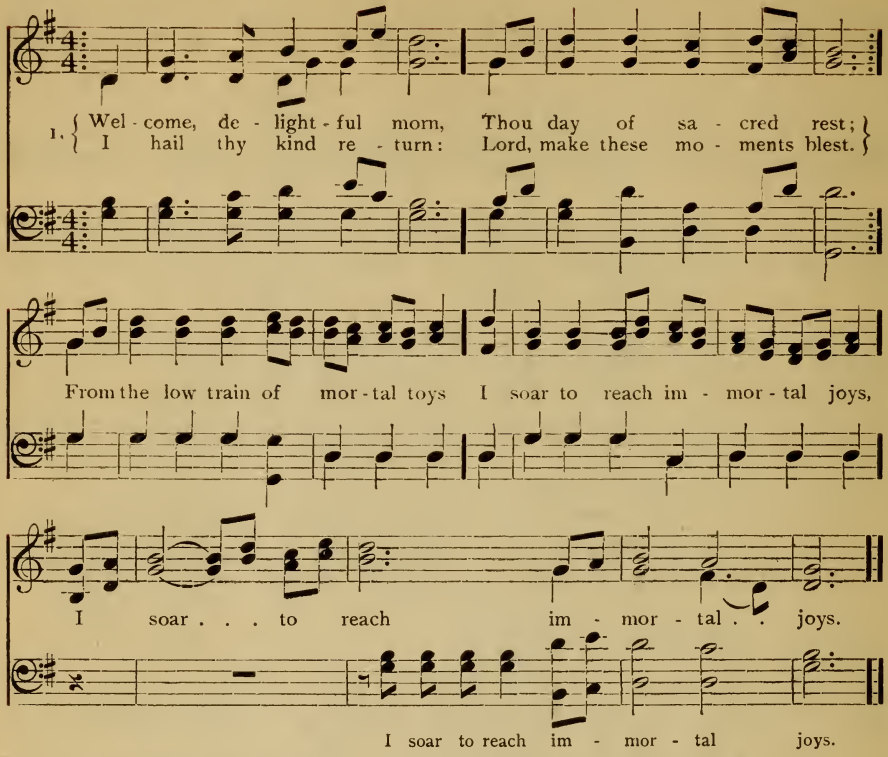

2 A holy stillness, breathing calm
On all the world around,
Uplifts my soul, O God, to thee,
Where rest is found.

3 On all I think, or say, or do,
A ray of light divine
Is shed, O God, this day by thee,
For it is thine.

4 Accept, O God, my hymn of praise,
That thou this day hast given
Sweet foretaste of that endless day
Of rest in heaven.

G. Thring

## 77 LISCHER 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8 Arr. from F. J. C. Schneider, by L. Mason


1. { Wel - come, de - light - ful morn, Thou day of sa - cred rest; }
{ I hail thy kind re - turn: Lord, make these mo - ments blest. }
From the low train of mor - tal toys I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys,
I soar . . . to reach im - mor - tal . . joys.
I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face;
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths e'er be spent in vain.

Hayward, in J. Dobell's Coll.

## 78 (LISBON) S. M.

1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise:
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

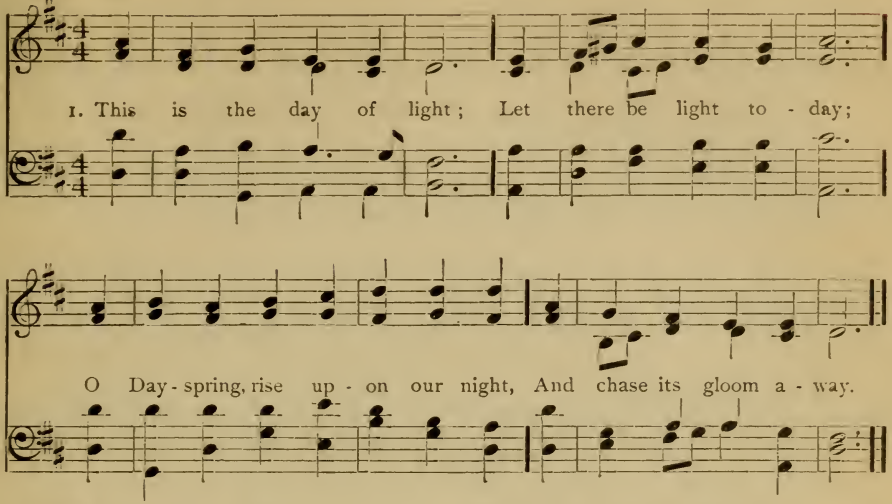
3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit, and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

Isaac Watts

## 79 SWABIA S. M.

Old German Chorale. Arr. by W. H. Havergal




2 This is the day of rest:
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed thou thy freshening dew.

3 This is the day of peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill;
Bid thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

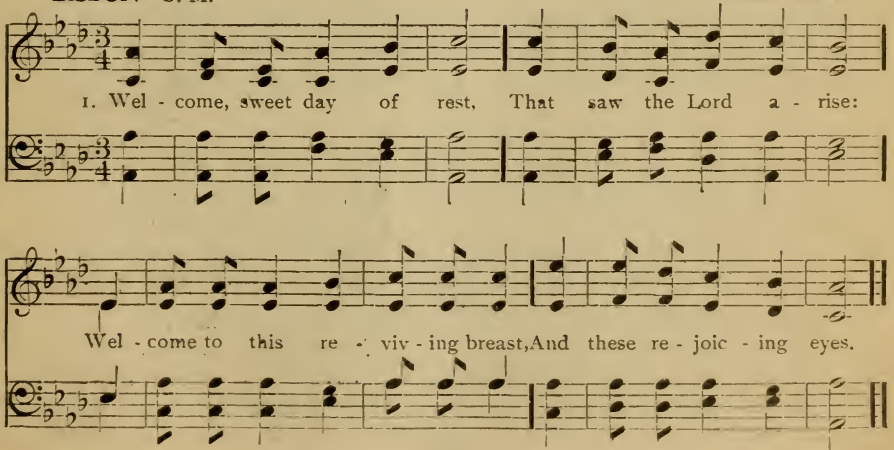
4 This is the day of prayer:
Let earth to heaven draw near:
Lift up our hearts to seek thee there;
Come down to meet us here.

5 This is the first of days:
Send forth thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O vanquisher of death!

John Ellerton

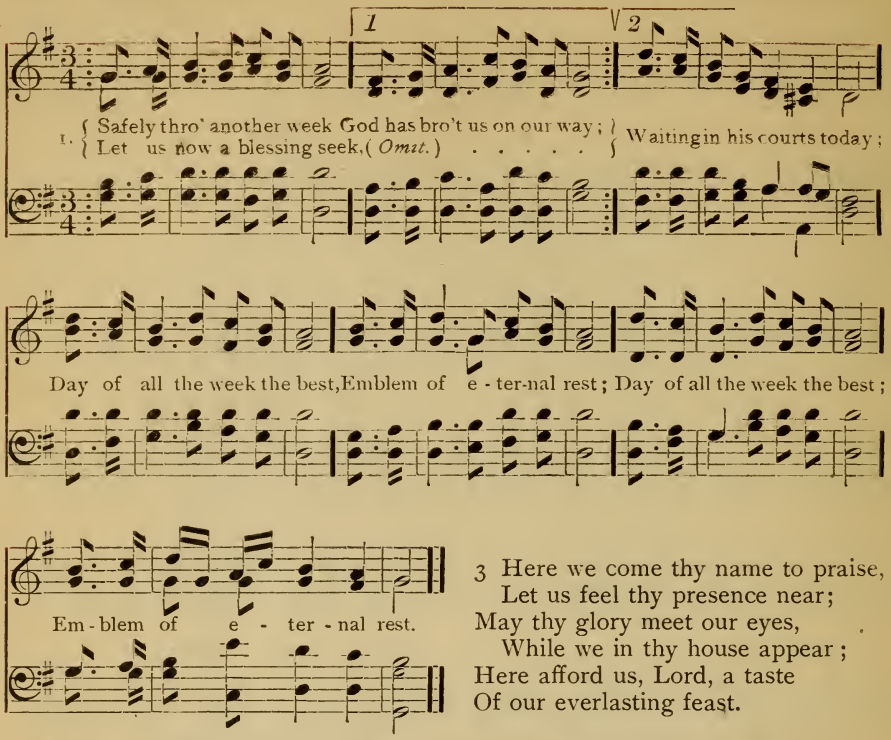
## LISBON S. M.

Daniel Read



## 80 SABBATH 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7

Lowell Mason


1
2
1. { Safely thro' another week God has bro't us on our way; } Waiting in his courts today;
{ Let us now a blessing seek, (Omit.) . . . . . }
Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter-nal rest; Day of all the week the best;
Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.

2 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconcilèd face;
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise,
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May thy Gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
May the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove
Till we join the church above.

John Newton

## 81 (ST. MICHAEL) S. M.

1 Hail to the Sabbath day!
The day divinely given,
When men to God their homage pay,
And earth draws near to heaven.

2 Lord, in this sacred hour,
Within thy courts we bend,
And bless thy love and own thy power,
Our Father and our Friend.

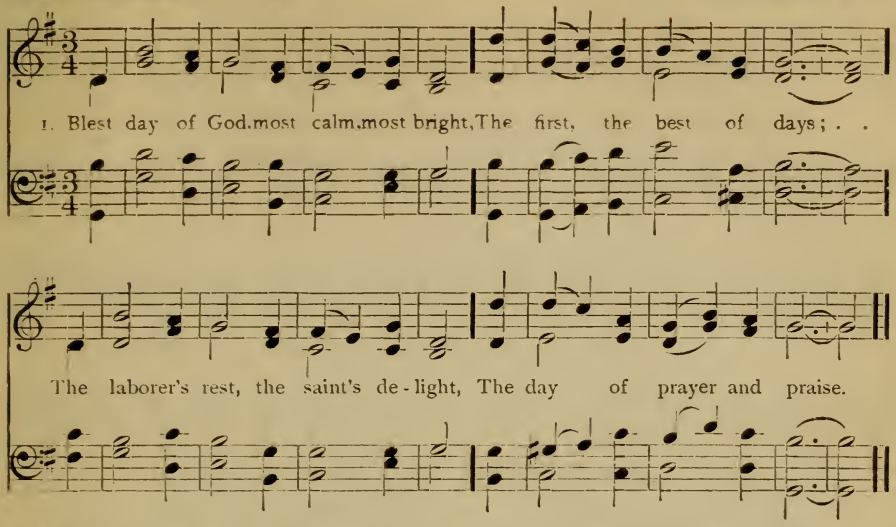
3 But thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod;
Nor only is the day thine own
When man draws near to God:

4 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
Of vast eternity.

S. Bulfinch

## 82 BELMONT C. M.

W. Gardiner


1. Blest day of God, most calm, most bright, The first, the best of days; . .
The laborer's rest, the saint's de-light, The day of prayer and praise.

2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine;
His rising thee did raise,
And made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond all other days.

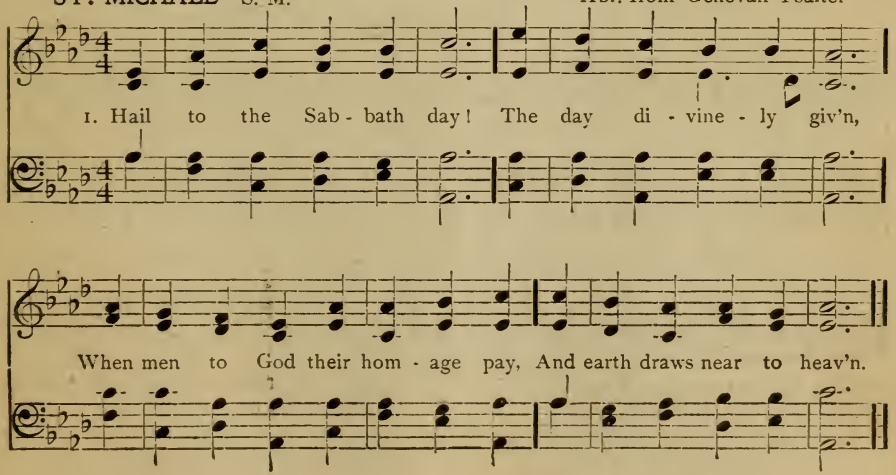
3 The first-fruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind;
And they the day of Christ who love,
A happy week shall find.

4 This day I must with God appear,
For, Lord, the day is thine;
Help me to spend it in thy fear,
And thus to make it mine.

J. Mason

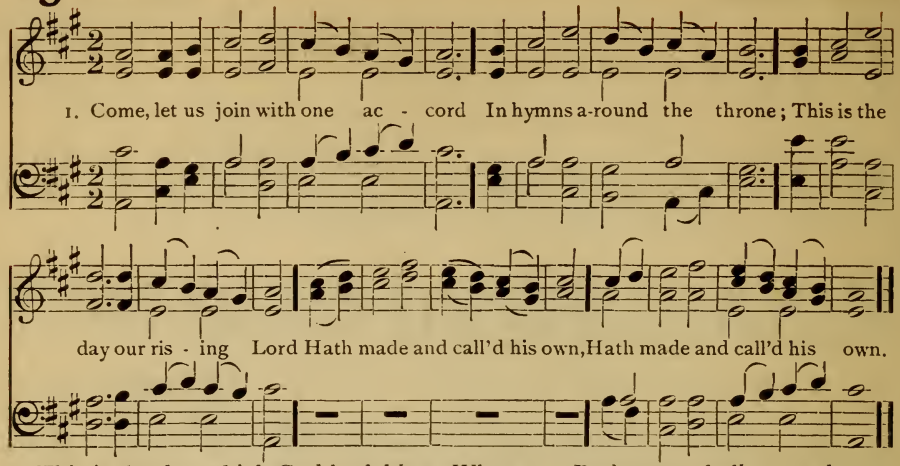
## ST. MICHAEL S. M.

Abr. from Genevan Psalter



## 83 DEVIZES C. M.

Isaac Tucker


1. Come, let us join with one ac - cord In hymns a-round the throne; This is the
day our ris - ing Lord Hath made and call'd his own, Hath made and call'd his own.

2 This is the day which God hath blest,
The brightest of the seven,
Type of that everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heaven.

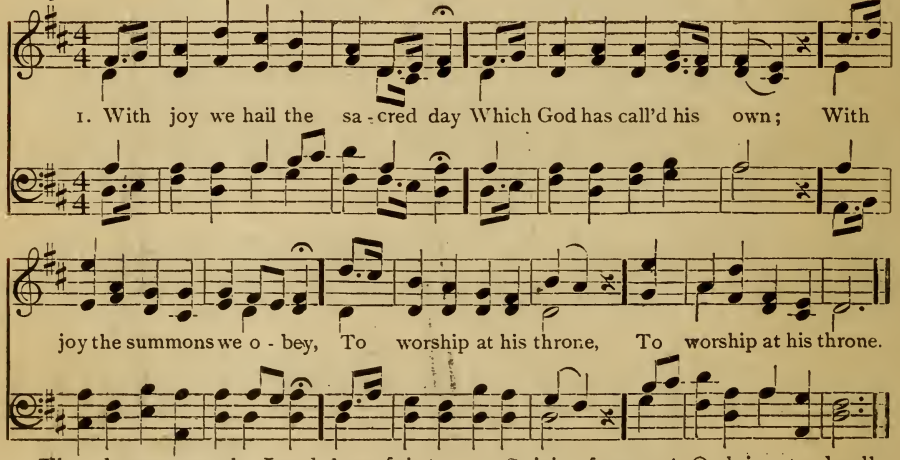
3 Then let us in his name sing on,
And hasten to that day
When our Redeemer shall come down,
And shadows pass away.

4 Not one, but all our days below,
Let us in hymns employ;
And, in our Lord rejoicing, go
To his eternal joy.

Charles Wesley

## 84 CHRISTMAS C. M.

From Handel


1. With joy we hail the sa - cred day Which God has call'd his own; With
joy the summons we o - bey, To worship at his throne, To worship at his throne.

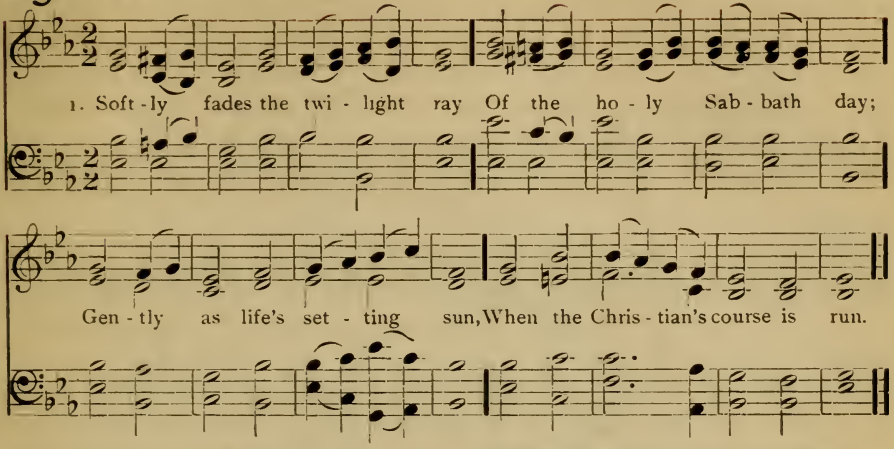
2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
As here thy servants throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the grateful song.

3 Spirit of grace! O deign to dwell
Within thy church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

Harriet Auber

## 85 HOLLEY 7·7·7·7

Geo. Hews




2 Peace is on the world abroad;
'T is the holy peace of God,
Symbol of the peace within,
When the spirit rests from sin.

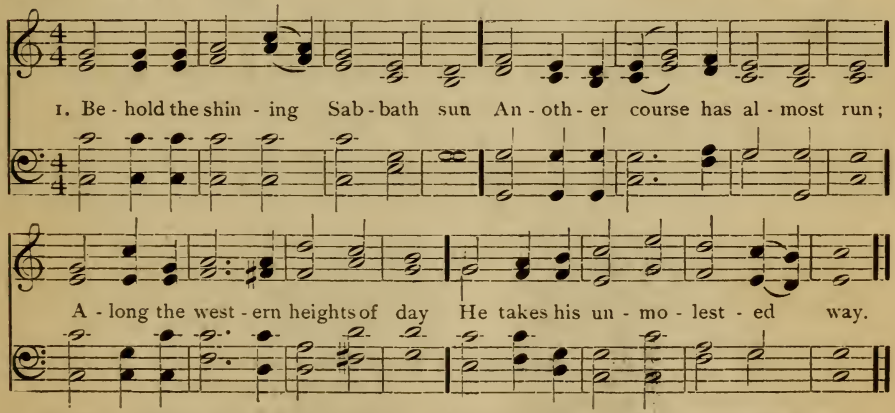
3 Still the Spirit lingers near
Where the evening worshiper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

4 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of joy and peace in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

Samuel F. Smith

## 86 ZEPHYR L. M.

W. B. Bradbury


1. Be-hold the shin-ing Sab-bath sun An-oth-er course has al-most run;
A-long the west-ern heights of day He takes his un-mo-lest-ed way.

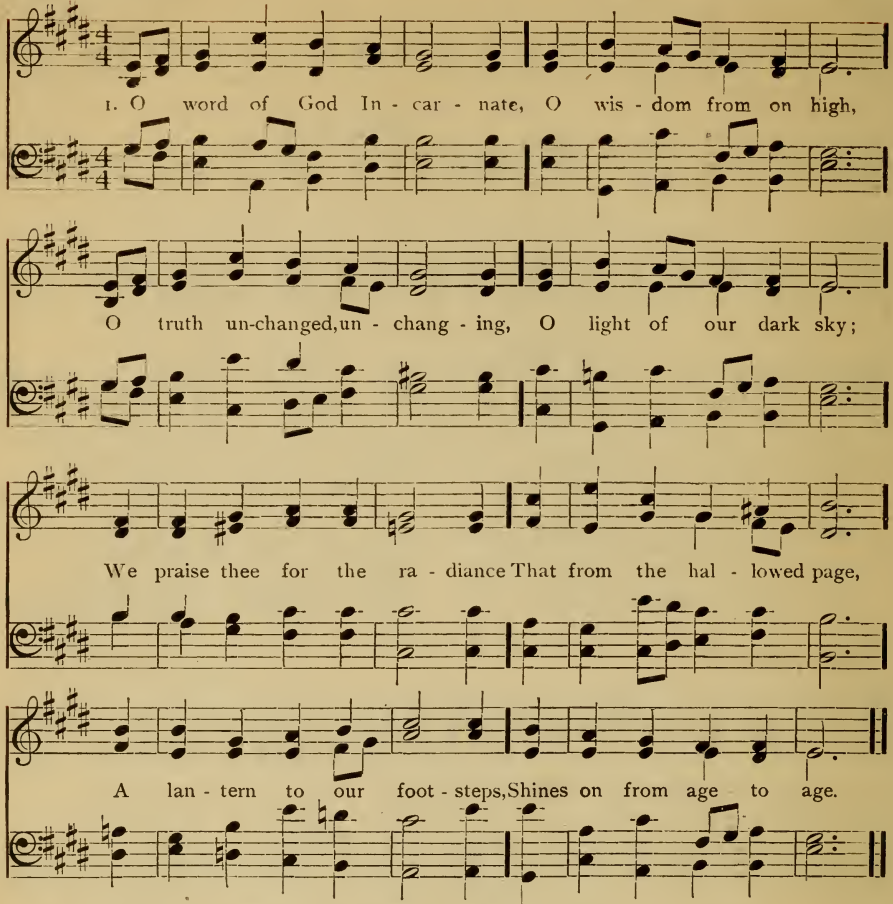
2 Another day; we fold our palms
With tenderest breath of grateful psalms,
Because our Sabbaths God has given,
Another stepping-stone to heaven.

3 Another day; we pause and think
Of that sweet land beyond the brink
Of evanescent sense and sound—
A Sabbath-land of rest profound.

4 A Sabbath-land where love shall find
Fulfillment of God's promise kind—
A glad surcease of pain and tears,
Throughout eternity's wide years.

Amanda E. Dennis

## 87 MUNICH 7. 6. 7. 6. D. J. G. C. Störl. Harmonized by Mendelssohn


1. O word of God In - car - nate, O wis - dom from on high,
O truth un-changed, un - chang - ing, O light of our dark sky;
We praise thee for the ra - diance That from the hal - lowed page,
A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age.

2 The church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket,
Where gems of truth are stored;
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ, the living word.

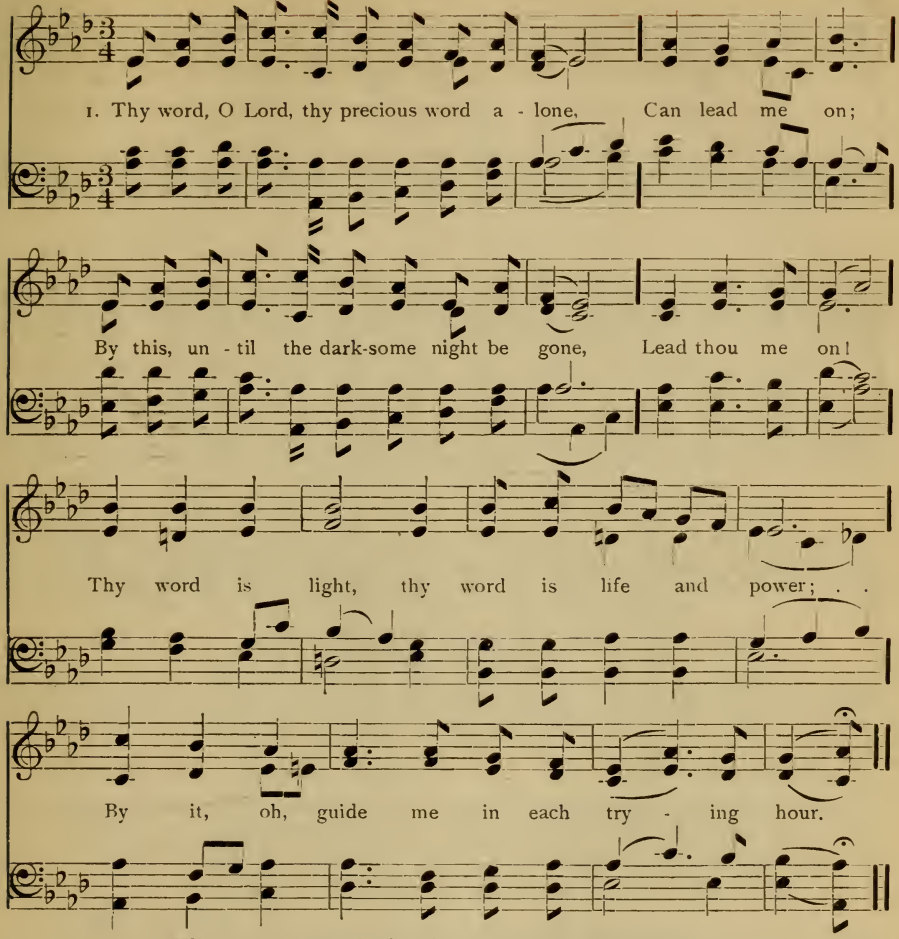
3 It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world.
It is the chart and compass
That o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
Still guides, O Christ, to thee.

4 O make thy church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of purest gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light, as of old.
O teach thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see thee face to face.

William W. How

## 88 LUX BENIGNA 10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10

John B. Dykes


1. Thy word, O Lord, thy precious word a - lone, Can lead me on;
By this, un - til the dark-some night be gone, Lead thou me on!
Thy word is light, thy word is life and power; . .
By it, oh, guide me in each try - ing hour.

2 Whate'er my path, led by the word, 'tis good,
Oh, lead me on!
Be my poor heart thy blessed word's abode,
Lead thou me on!
Thy Holy Spirit gives the light to see,
And leads me by thy word, close following thee.

3 Led by aught else, I tread a devious way,
Oh, lead me on!
Speak, Lord, and help me ever to obey,
Lead thou me on!
My every step shall then be well defined,
And all I do according to thy mind.

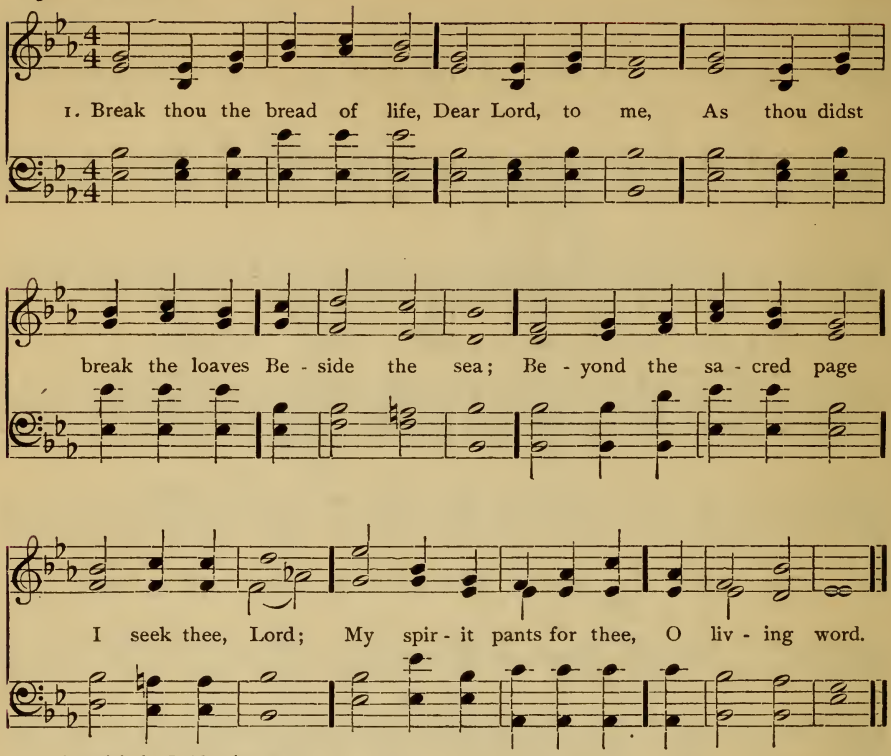
P



Albert Midlane

## 89 BREAD OF LIFE 6. 4. 6. 4. D.

William F. Sherwin


1. Break thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As thou didst
break the loaves Be - side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred page
I seek thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for thee, O liv - ing word.

Copyright by J. H. Vincent.

2 Bless thou the truth, dear Lord,
To me — to me —
As thou didst bless the bread
By Galilee;
Then shall all bondage cease,
All fetters fall;
And I shall find my peace,
My All in all.

Mary Ann Lathbury

## 90 (UNIVERSITY COLLEGE) 7. 7. 7. 7

1 Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine;
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine to teach me what I am.

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet;
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit.

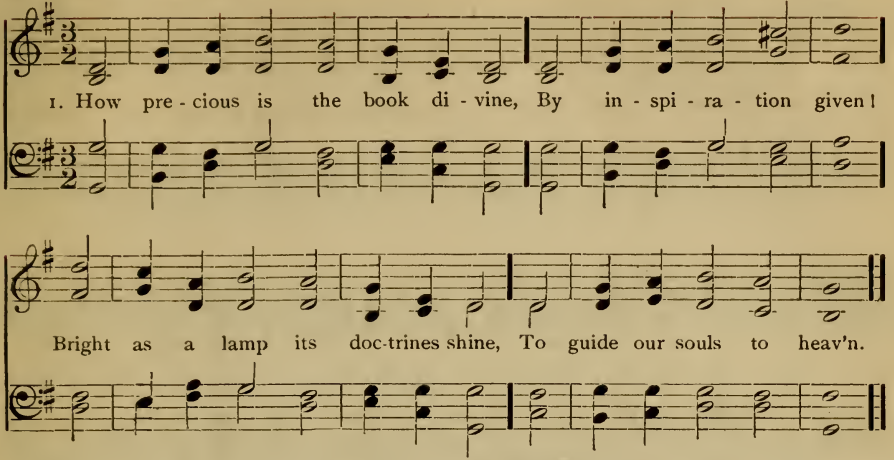
3 Mine to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.

4 Mine to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
Oh, thou holy book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

John Burton

## 91 MELODY C. M.

L. P. Cole




2 O'er all the strait and narrow way
Its radiant beams are cast;
A light whose never weary ray
Grows brightest at the last.

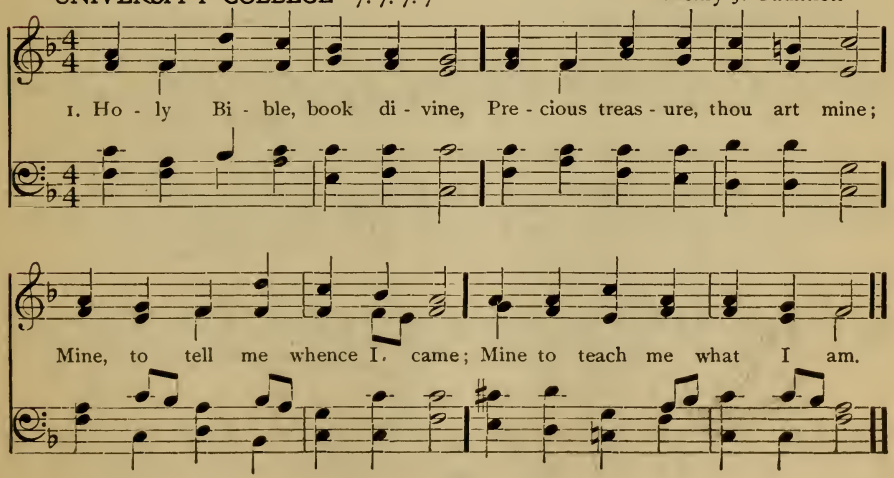
3 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

4 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold a clearer light
Of an eternal day.

John Fawcett

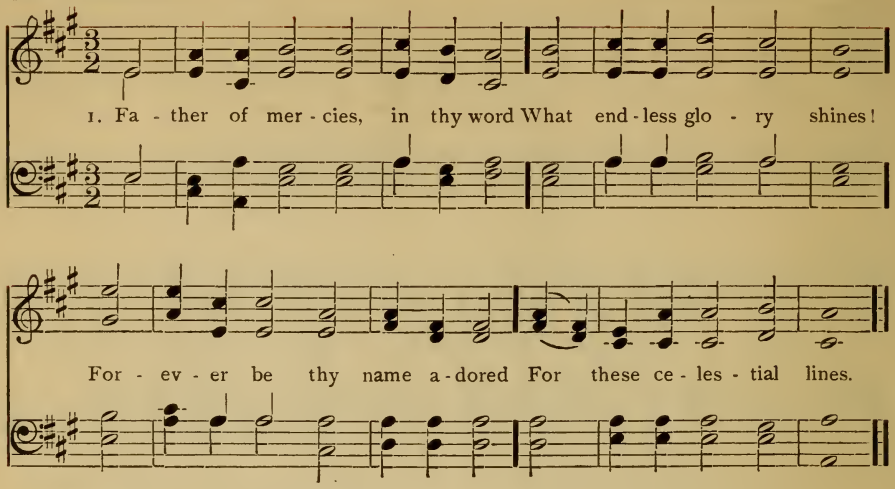
## UNIVERSITY COLLEGE 7. 7. 7. 7

Henry J. Gauntlett



## 92 AZMON C. M.

Carl Gotthelf Glaser




2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find,
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

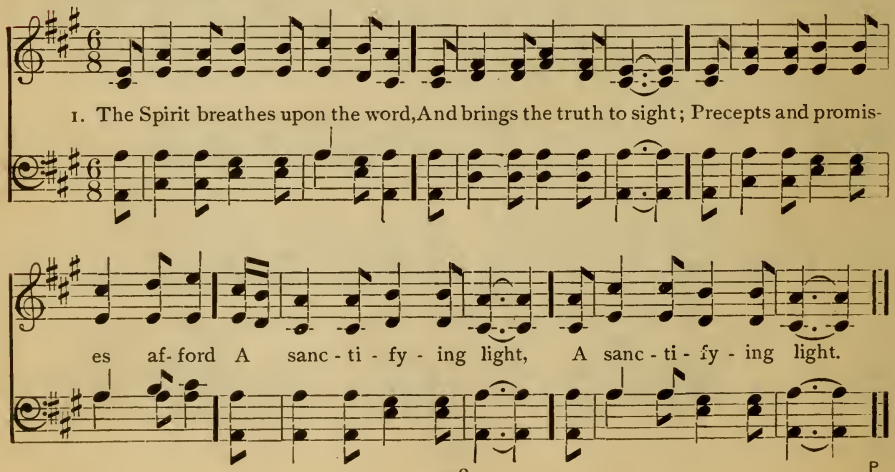
4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

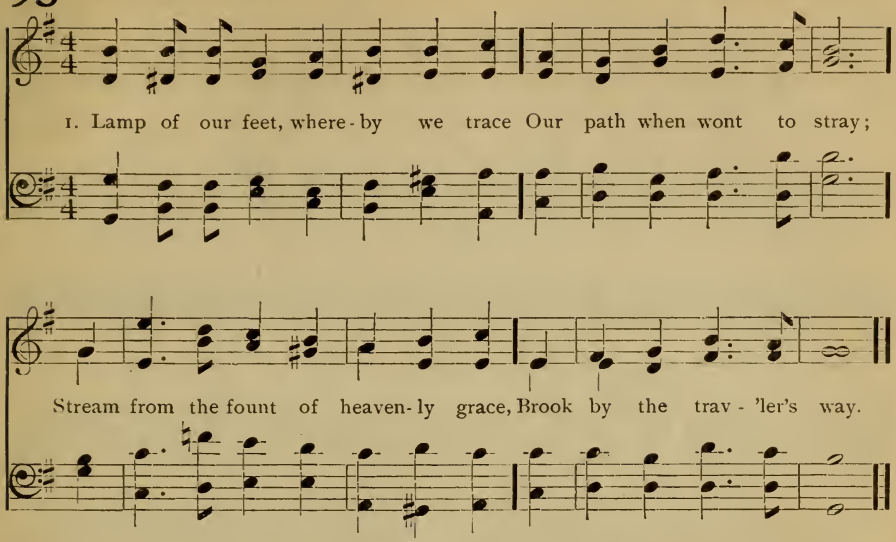
Anne Steele

## ORTONVILLE C. M.

Thomas Hastings


1. The Spirit breathes upon the word, And brings the truth to sight; Precepts and promis-
es af- ford A sanc - ti - fy - ing light, A sanc - ti - fy - ing light.

## 93 NOX PRAECESSIT C. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin

1. Lamp of our feet, where-by we trace Our path when wont to stray;
Stream from the fount of heaven-ly grace, Brook by the trav-'ler's way.

2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed;
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky;

3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark,
Or radiant cloud by day;
When waves would whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay;

4 Word of the ever-living God,
Will of his glorious Son:—
Without thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?

5 Yet to unfold thy hidden worth,
Thy mysteries to reveal,
That Spirit which first gave thee forth
Thy volume must unseal.

6 And we, if we aright would learn
The wisdom it imparts,
Must to its heavenly teaching turn
With simple, childlike hearts.

Bernard Barton

## 94 (ORTONVILLE) C. M.

1 The Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun:
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

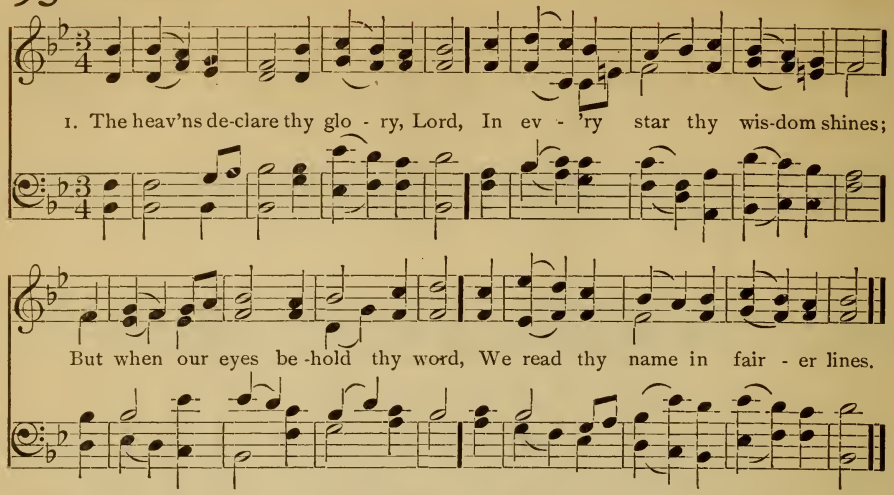
4 Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory break upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

William Cowper

## 95 WAREHAM L. M.

William Knapp


1. The heav'ns de-clare thy glo - ry, Lord, In ev - 'ry star thy wis-dom shines;
But when our eyes be-hold thy word, We read thy name in fair - er lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And night and day, thy pow'r confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

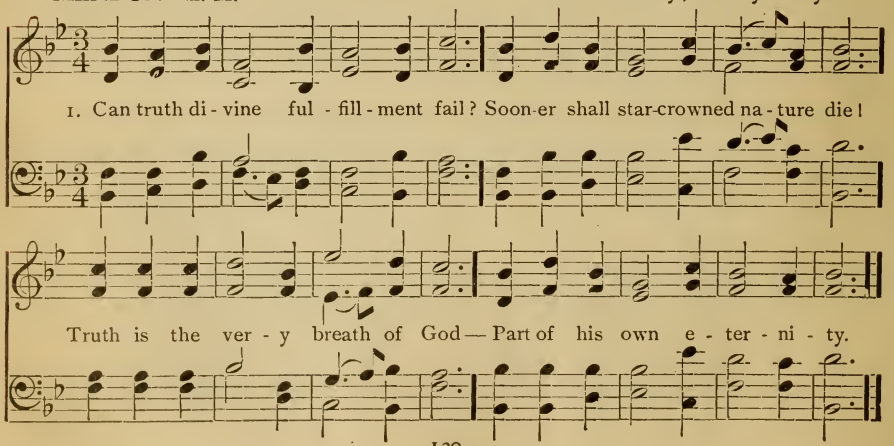
4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run:
Till Christ has all the nations blessed,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of righteousness, arise!
Bless the dark world with heavenly light:
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

Isaac Watts

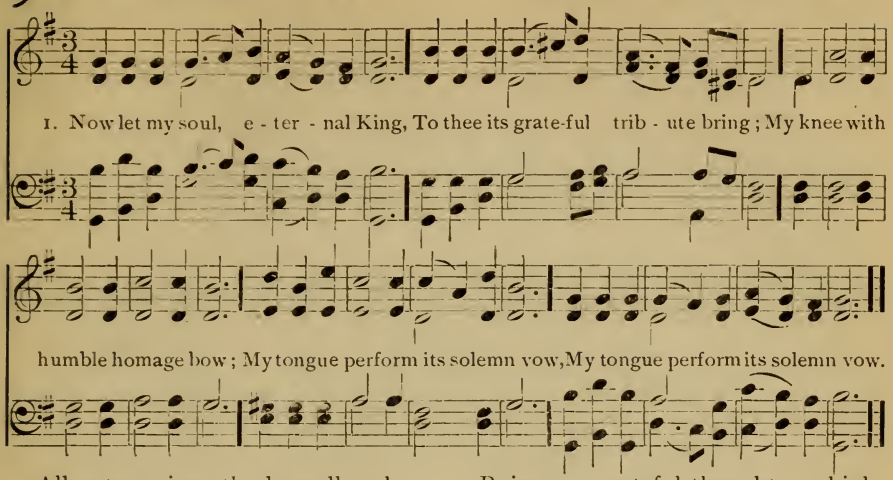
## MENDON L. M.

German Melody; Arr. by S. Dyer


1. Can truth di - vine ful - fill - ment fail? Soon-er shall star-crowned na - ture die!
Truth is the ver - y breath of God — Part of his own e - ter - ni - ty.

## 96 PARK STREET L. M.

Arr. from Frederick M. A. Venua


1. Now let my soul, e - ter - nal King, To thee its grate-ful trib - ute bring; My knee with
humble homage bow; My tongue perform its solemn vow, My tongue perform its solemn vow.

2 All nature sings thy boundless love,
In worlds below, and worlds above;
But in thy blessed word I trace
Diviner wonders of thy grace.

3 There Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
And gives my laboring conscience peace;
Raises my grateful thoughts on high,
And points to mansions in the sky.

4 For love like this, O let my song,
Through endless years, thy praise prolong;
Let distant climes thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

O. Heginbothom

## 97 (MENDON) L. M.

1 Can truth divine fulfillment fail?
Sooner shall star-crowned nature die!
Truth is the very breath of God —
Part of his own eternity.

2 Earth's every pulse may cease to flow,
And every voice be heard no more;
The forest crumble on the mount —
The sea corrupt upon the shore;

3 The moon's supply of light expire,
The sun itself grow dense with gloom,
And fairer systems, sphered afar,
Dissolving, own the common doom;

4 But long as stands Jehovah's throne,
Long as his being shall endure,
So long the truth his lips proclaim
Remains inviolably sure.

Thomas H. Stockton

## 98 (PARK STREET) L. M.

1 God, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known,
Where love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

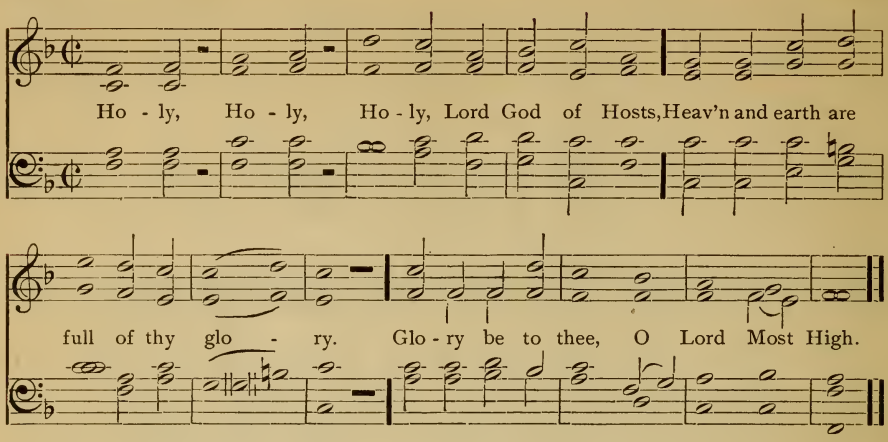
2 Here sinners of a humble frame
May taste his grace, and learn his name;
May read in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.

3 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.

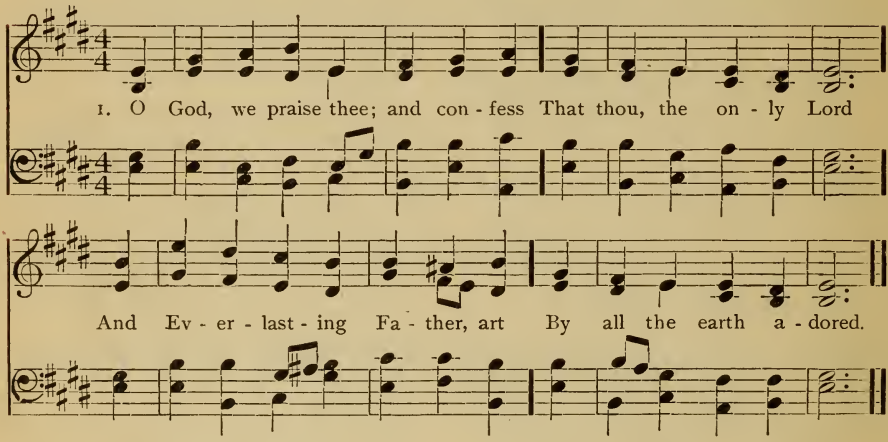
4 Oh, grant us grace, almighty Lord,
To read and mark thy holy word,
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

Benjamin Beddome

## 99 SANCTUS

Samuel Wesley

## 100 DUNDEE C. M.

Arr. from Christopher Tye




2 To thee all angels cry aloud;
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry:—

3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic ray.

4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

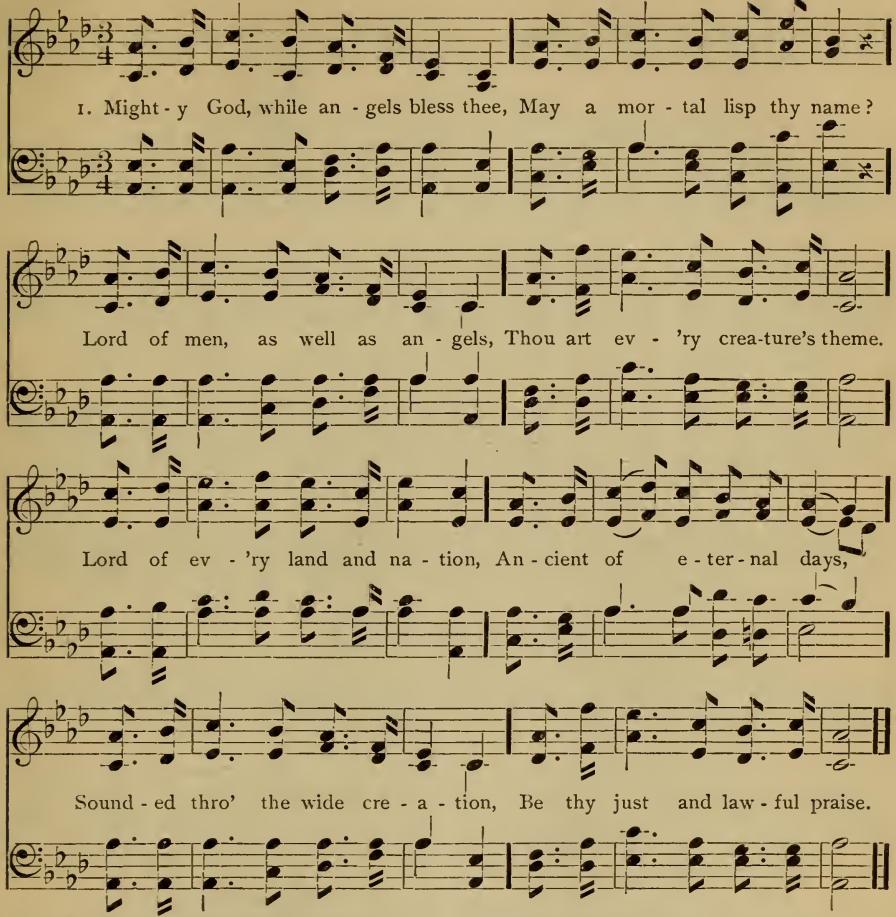
5 The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee,
That thou eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

6 Thy honored, true, and only Son;
And Holy Ghost, the spring
Of never-ceasing joy; O Christ,
Of glory thou art King.

Anon. (5th Cent.) N. Tate, tr.

## 101 AUTUMN 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Louis Von Esch


1. Might - y God, while an - gels bless thee, May a mor - tal lisp thy name?
Lord of men, as well as an - gels, Thou art ev - 'ry crea-ture's theme.
Lord of ev - 'ry land and na - tion, An - cient of e - ter - nal days,
Sound - ed thro' the wide cre - a - tion, Be thy just and law - ful praise.

2 For the grandeur of thy nature—
Grand beyond a seraph's thought—
For created works of power, [wrought;
Works with skill and kindness
For thy providence that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
Blessèd be thy gentle reign.

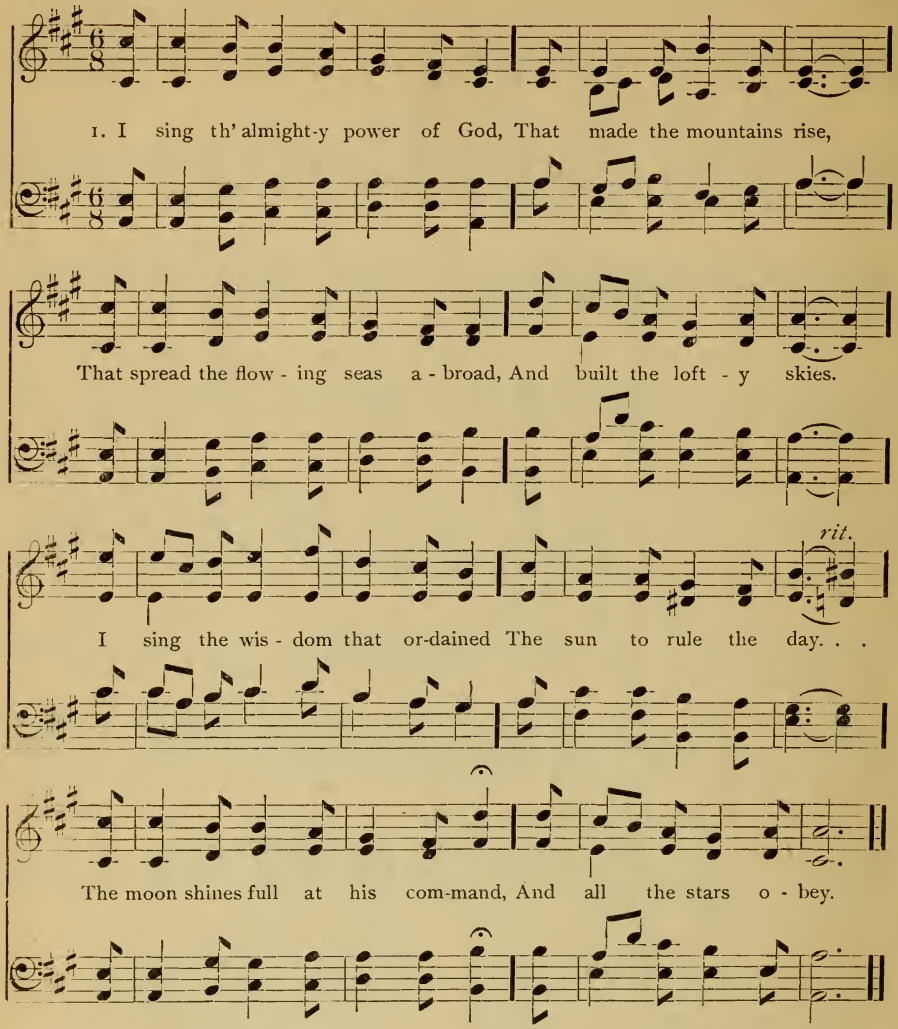
3 But thy rich, thy free redemption,
Dark through brightness all along!
Thought is poor, and poor expression:
Who dare sing that awful song?
Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence,
Sing the Lord who came to die.

4 Did archangels sing thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?
Shame would cover me, ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise.
From the highest throne in glory,
To the cross of deepest woe—
All to ransom guilty captives—
Flow, my praise, forever flow!

Robert Robinson

## 102 DOROTHY C. M. D.

Leon Sampaix


1. I sing th' almight-y power of God, That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flow - ing seas a - broad, And built the loft - y skies.
I sing the wis - dom that or-dained The sun to rule the day. . .
rit.
The moon shines full at his com-mand, And all the stars o - bey.

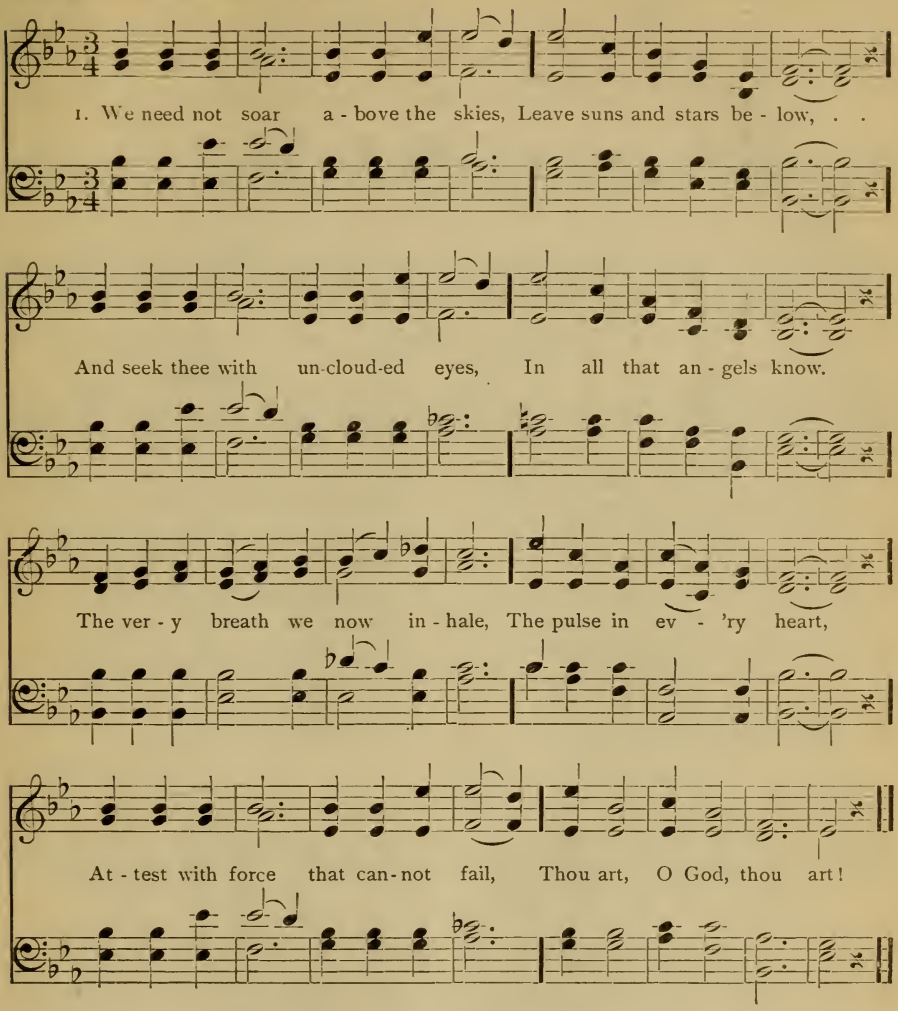
2 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.
Lord! how thy wonders are displayed
Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!

3 There's not a plant or flower below
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.
Creatures that borrow life from thee
Are subject to thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

Isaac Watts

## 103 ELIZABETH C. M. D.

Leon Sampaix

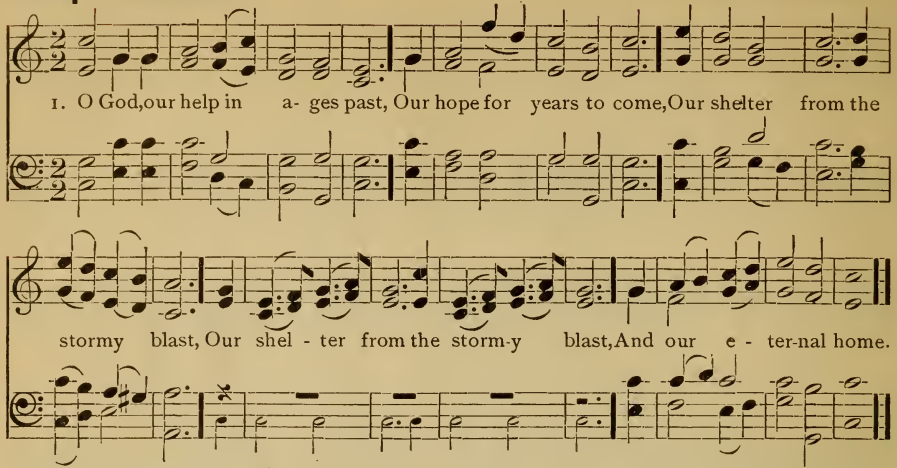

1. We need not soar a - bove the skies, Leave suns and stars be - low, . .
And seek thee with un-cloud-ed eyes, In all that an - gels know.
The ver - y breath we now in - hale, The pulse in ev - 'ry heart,
At - test with force that can - not fail, Thou art, O God, thou art!

2 If, 'midst the ever-during songs
Of universal joy, —
The chime of worlds and chant of tongues, —
The praise that we employ
May breathe its music in thine ear,
Its meaning in thy heart,
Our glad confession deign to hear, —
Thou art, O God, thou art!

Thomas H. Stockton

## 104 LANESBORO C. M.

William Dixon


1. O God, our help in a- ges past, Our hope for years to come, Our shelter from the
stormy blast, Our shel - ter from the storm-y blast, And our e - ter-nal home.

2 Under the shadow of thy throne,
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

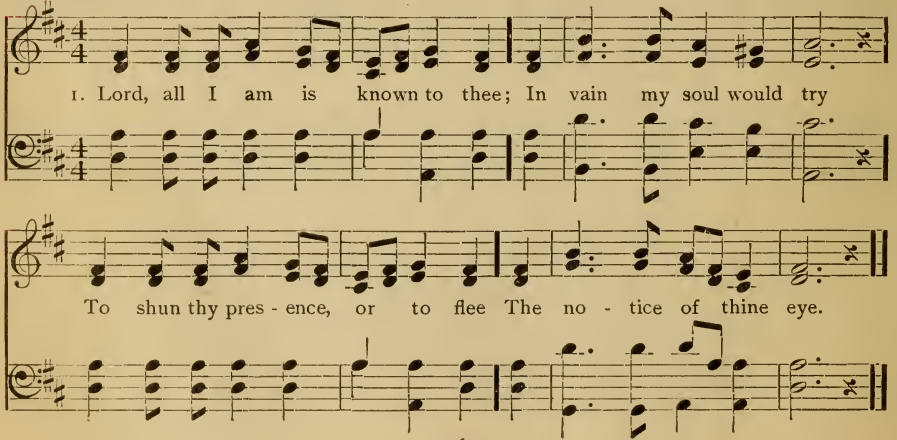
5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home!

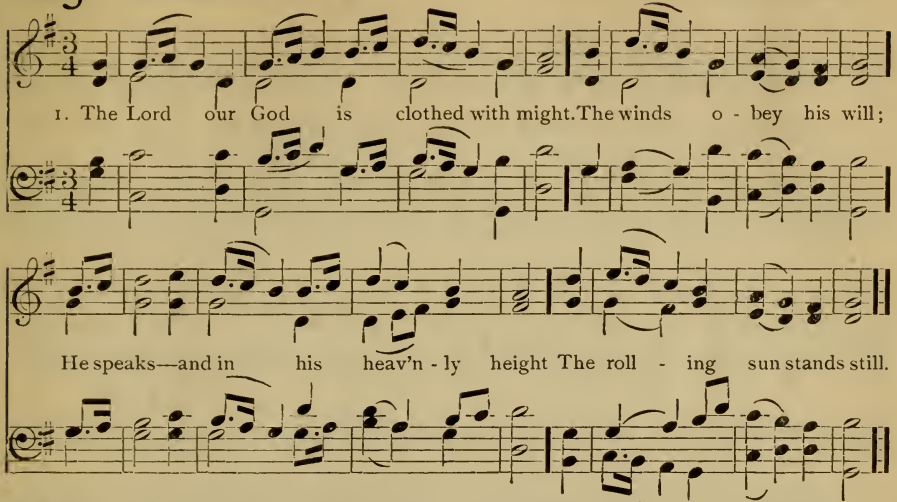
Isaac Watts

## NAOMI C. M.

Lowell Mason



## 105 ST. MARTIN'S C. M.

William Tansur

1. The Lord our God is clothed with might. The winds o - bey his will;
He speaks—and in his heav'n - ly height The roll - ing sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threat'ning aspect roar!
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Howl, winds of night! your force combine!
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies:
He yokes the whirlwinds to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye nations, bend — in rev'rence bend:
Ye monarchs, wait his nod;
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God.

Henry Kirke White

## 106 (NAOMI) C. M.

1 Lord, all I am is known to thee:
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, or to flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
Thou know'st the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

Isaac Watts

## 107 (ST. MARTIN'S) C. M.

1 Praise ye the Lord, ye immortal choirs
That fill the worlds above;
Praise him who formed you of his fires,
And feeds you with his love.

2 Shine to his praise, ye crystal skies,
The floor of his abode;
Or veil in shades your thousand eyes
Before your brighter God.

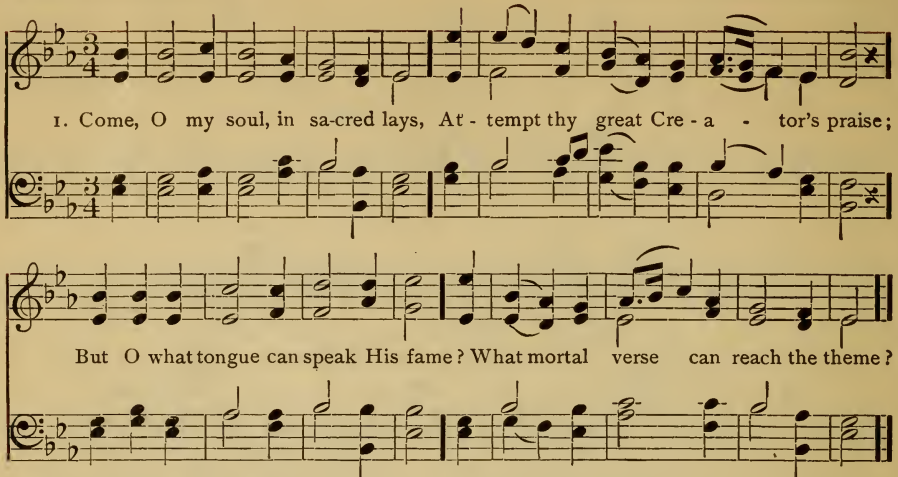
3 Thou restless globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days,
Join with the silver queen of night,
To own your borrowed rays.

4 Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,
In your eternal roar;
Let wave to wave resound his praise,
And shore reply to shore.

Isaac Watts

## 108 LUTON L. M.

George Burder


1. Come, O my soul, in sa-cred lays, At - tempt thy great Cre - a - tor's praise;
But O what tongue can speak His fame? What mortal verse can reach the theme?

2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

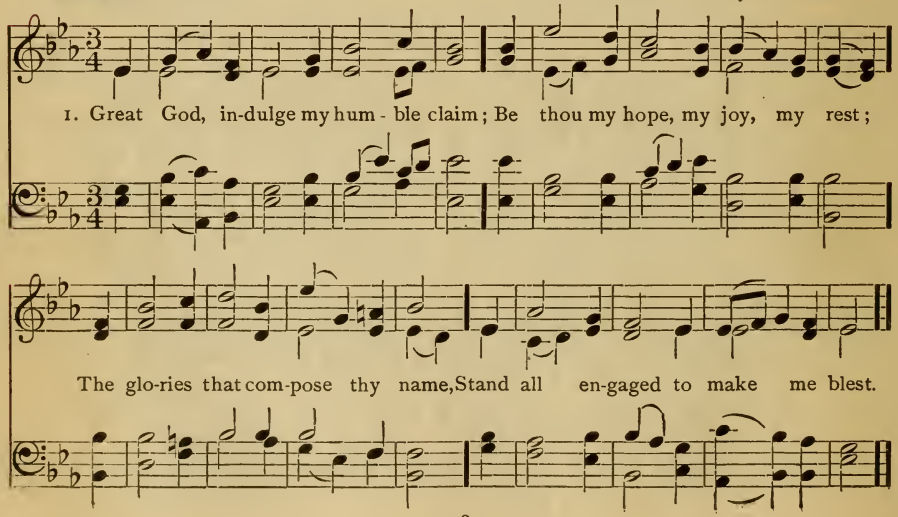
3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence, with wisdom, shines;
His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of his name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
Till list'ning worlds shall join the song.

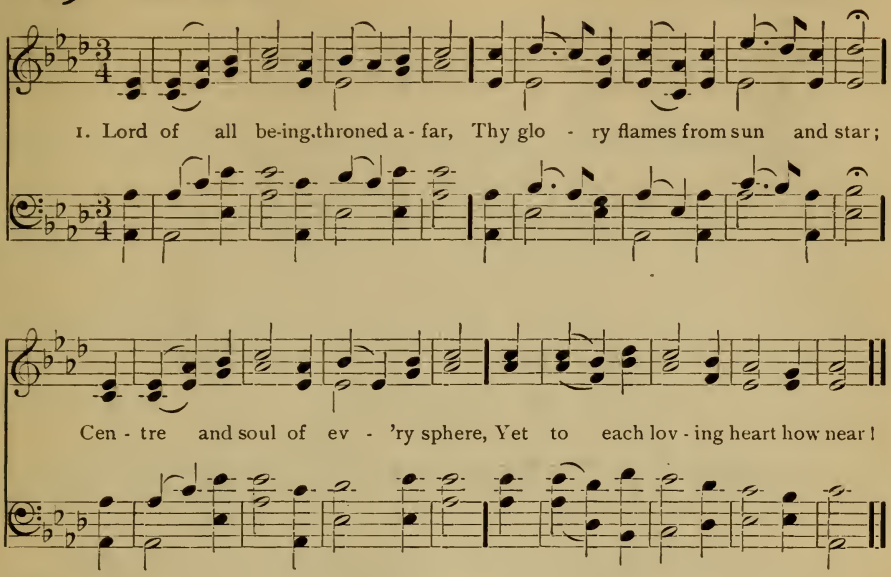
Thomas Blacklock

## MILLER L. M.

C. P. E. Bach. Arr. by Dr. Miller


1. Great God, in-dulge my hum - ble claim; Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glo-ries that com-pose thy name, Stand all en-gaged to make me blest.

## 109 LOUVAN L. M.

V. C. Taylor

1. Lord of all be-ing, throned a - far, Thy glo - ry flames from sun and star;
Cen - tre and soul of ev - 'ry sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how near!

2 Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch, thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.

4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

5 Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee;
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

Oliver Wendell Holmes

## 110 (MILLER) L. M.

1 Great God, indulge my humble claim,
Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God!
And I am thine by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.

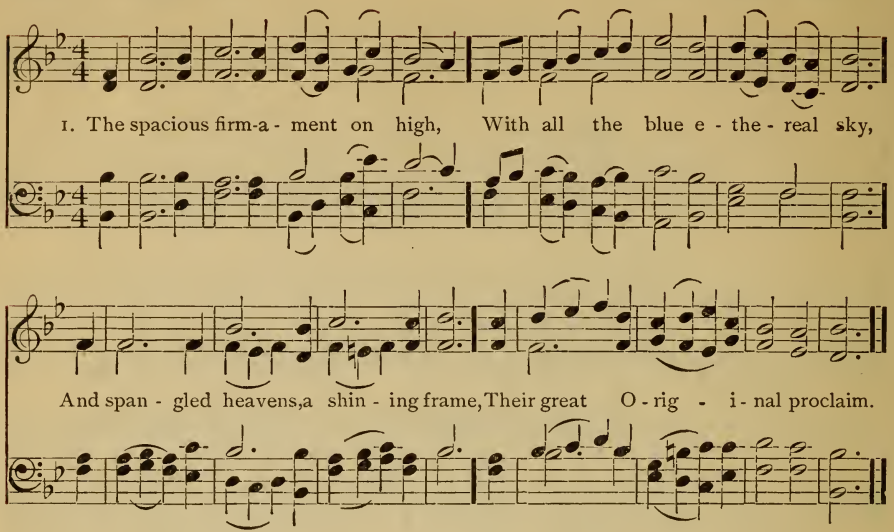
3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As travelers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water brook.

4 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise:
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And fill the remnant of my days.

Isaac Watts

## 111 CREATION L. M.

Arr. from Joseph Haydn


1. The spacious firm-a - ment on high, With all the blue e - the - real sky,
And span - gled heavens, a shin - ing frame, Their great O - rig - i - nal proclaim.

2 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;

4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

Joseph Addison

## 112 (WARE) L. M.

1 High in the heavens, Eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break thro' every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2 Forever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.

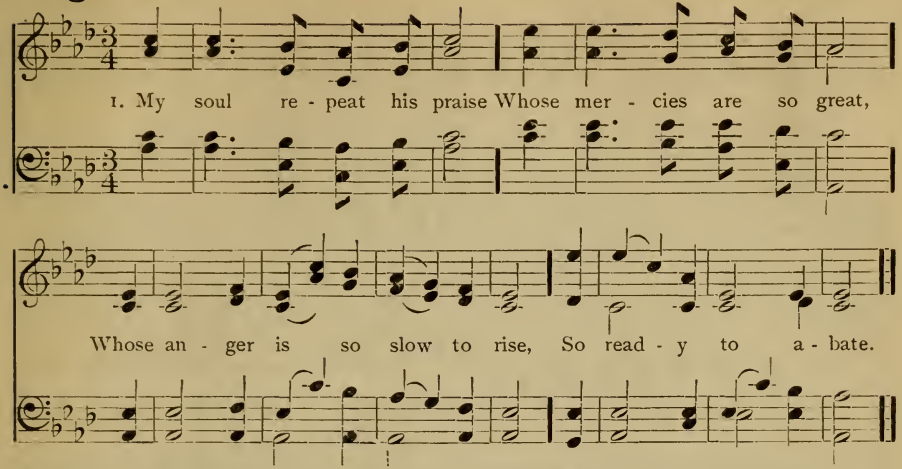
4 From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

5 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

Isaac Watts

## 113 LEIGHTON S. M.

H. W. Greatorex




2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

4 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

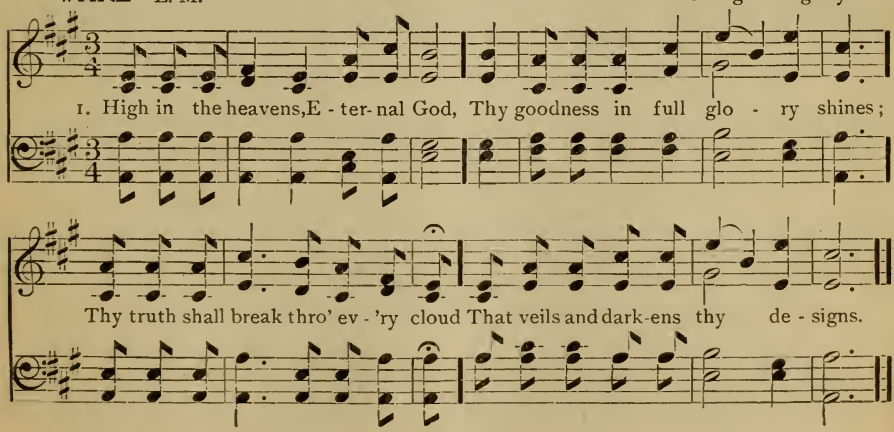
5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

6 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

Isaac Watts

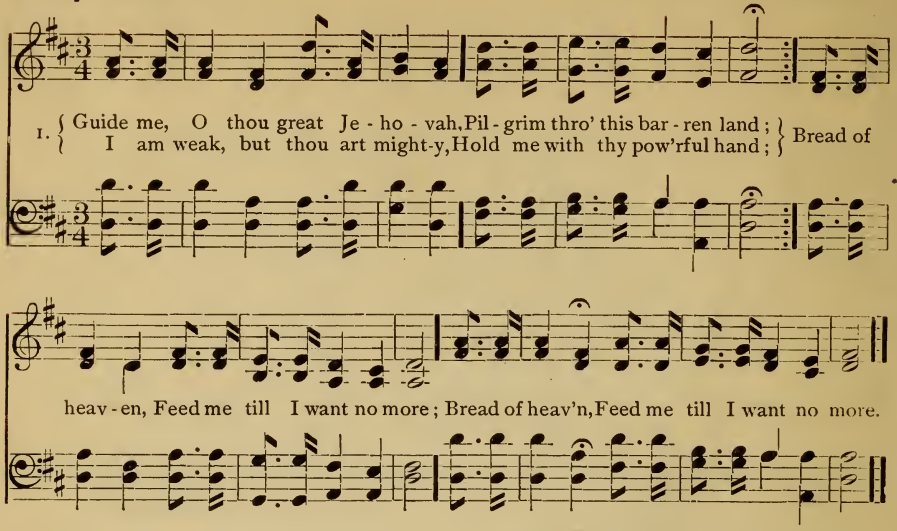
## WARE L. M.

George Kingsley


1. High in the heavens, E - ter- nal God, Thy goodness in full glo - ry shines;
Thy truth shall break thro' ev - 'ry cloud That veils and dark-ens thy de - signs.

## 114 ZION 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7

Thomas Hastings

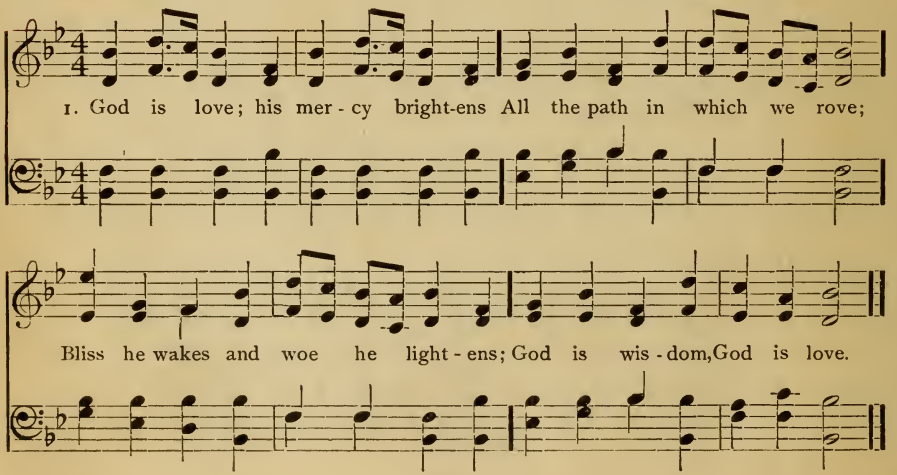

1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land;
I am weak, but thou art might-y, Hold me with thy pow'rful hand;
Bread of
heav - en, Feed me till I want no more; Bread of heav'n, Feed me till I want no more.

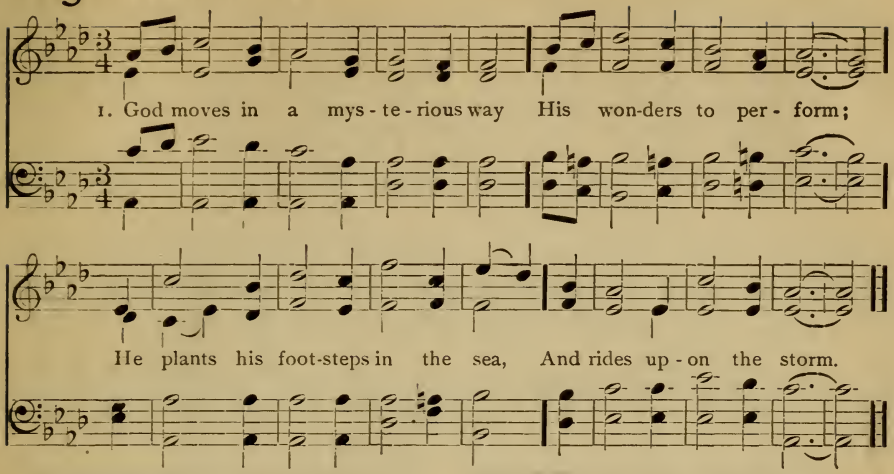
2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

William Williams

## WILMOT 8. 7. 8. 7

Carl Maria Von Weber

## 115 MANOAH C. M.




2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

William Cowper

## 116 (WILMOT) 8. 7. 8. 7

1 God is love: his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens:
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never:
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the mist his brightness streameth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere his glory shineth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

John Bowring

## 117 (MANOAH) C. M.

1 Let every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all: [weak,
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the
And raise the poor that fall.

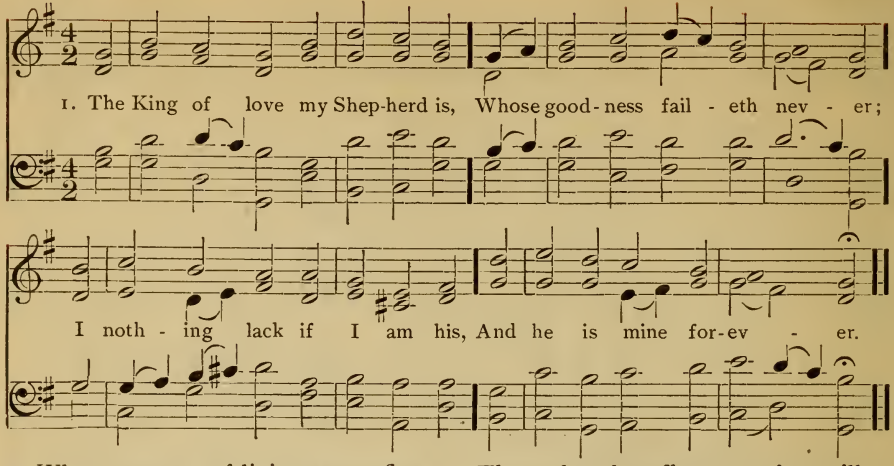
2 When sorrows bow the spirit down,
When virtue lies distressed
Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourner rest.

3 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel,
Thou hear'st thy children's cry;
And their best wishes to fulfill,
Thy grace is ever nigh.

4 Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere:
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love
Is joined with holy fear.

Isaac Watts

## 118 SHECHEM 8. 7. 8. 7




2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul he leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love he sought me,
And on his shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

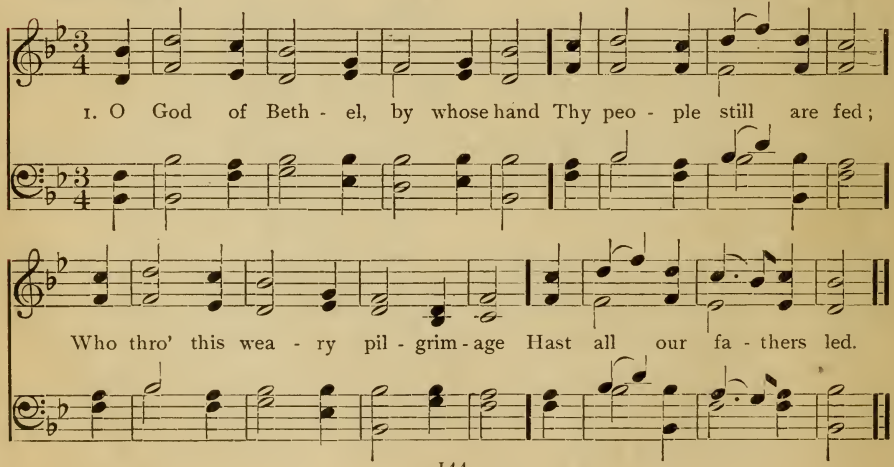
5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And oh, what transport of delight
From thy pure chalice floweth!

6 And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
Within thy house forever.

H. W. Baker

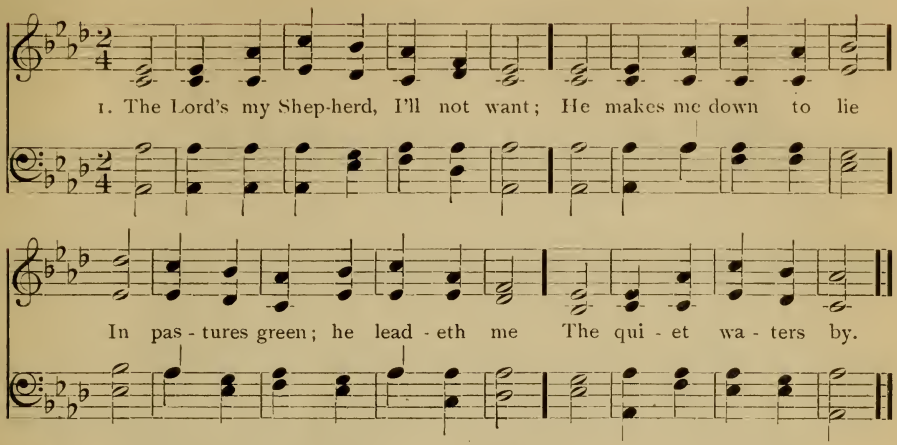
## BALERMA C. M.

Arr. by Robert Simpson



## 119 EVAN C. M.

Celtic Melody. Arr. by William H. Havergal




2 My soul he doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Ev'n for his own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 My table thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

Scottish Psalter

## 120 (BALERMA) C. M.

1 O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led,

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

Philip Doddridge

## 121 (EVAN) C. M.

1 No longer forward or behind
I look in hope or fear,
But, grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now and here.

2 All as God wills, who wisely heeds,
To give or to withhold:
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.

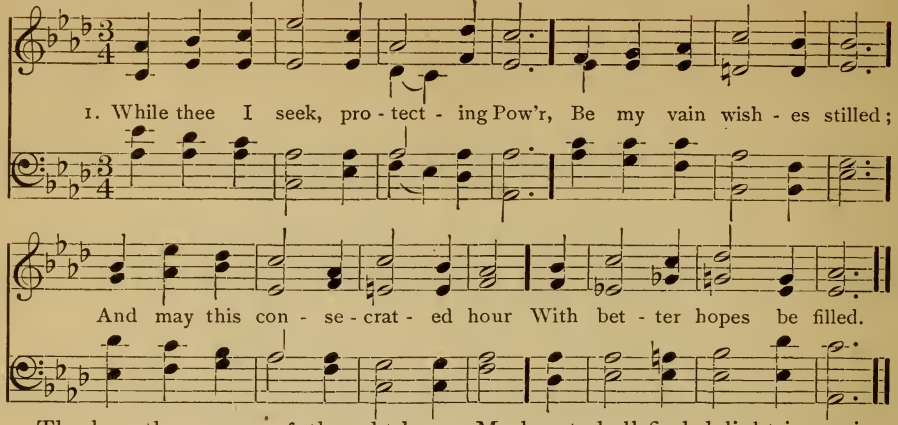
3 Enough that blessings understood
Have marked my erring track;—
That whereso'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back;—

4 That more and more a providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good.

J. G. Whittier

## 122 BEATITUDO C. M.

John B. Dykes




2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

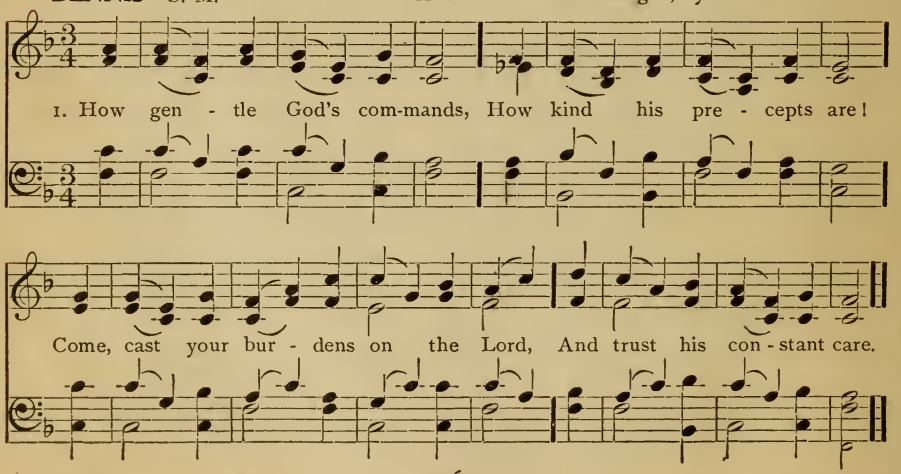
5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The lowering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.

Helen M. Williams

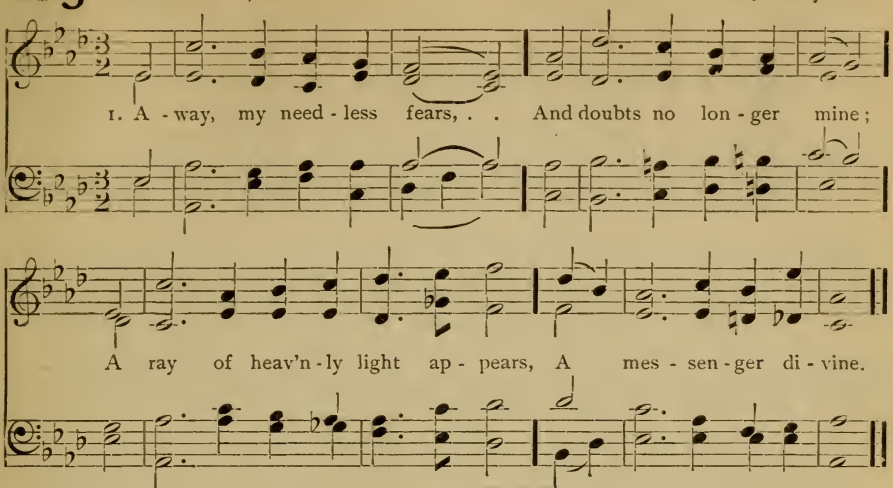
## DENNIS S. M.

Arr. from Hans G. Nägeli, by Lowell Mason



## 123 HAYDN S. M.

F. J. Haydn




2 Thrice comfortable hope,
That calms my troubled breast;
My Father's hand prepares the cup,
And what he wills is best.

3 If what I wish is good,
And suits the will divine,
By earth and hell in vain withstood,
I know it shall be mine.

4 Still let them counsel take
To frustrate his decree;
They cannot keep a blessing back,
By Heaven designed for me.

5 Here then I doubt no more,
But in his pleasure rest,
Whose wisdom, love, and truth, and power,
Engage to make me blest.

Charles Wesley

## 124 (DENNIS) S. M.

1 How gentle God's commands,
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 While Providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell;
That hand, which bears all nature up,
Shall guide his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Down to the present day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

Philip Doddridge

## 125 (HAYDN) S. M.

1 Thy way is in the sea;
Thy paths we cannot trace;
Nor solve, O Lord, the mystery
Of thy unbounded grace.

2 Here the dark veils of sense
Our captive souls surround;
Mysterious deeps of providence
Our wondering thoughts confound.

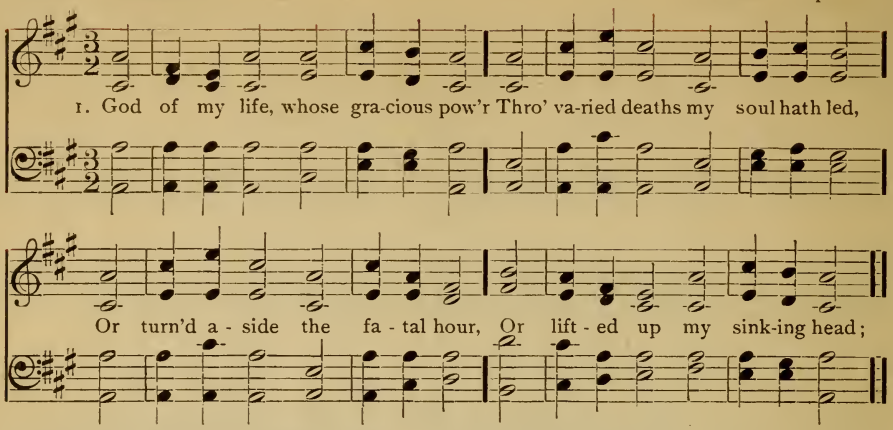
3 In part we know thy will,
And bless thee for the sight:
Soon will thy love the rest reveal
In glory's clearer light.

4 With joy shall we survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

John Fawcett

## 126 FOREST L. M.

Aaron Chapin


1. God of my life, whose gra-cious pow'r Thro' va-ried deaths my soul hath led,
Or turn'd a - side the fa - tal hour, Or lift - ed up my sink-ing head;

2 In all my ways thy hand I own,—
Thy ruling providence I see;
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

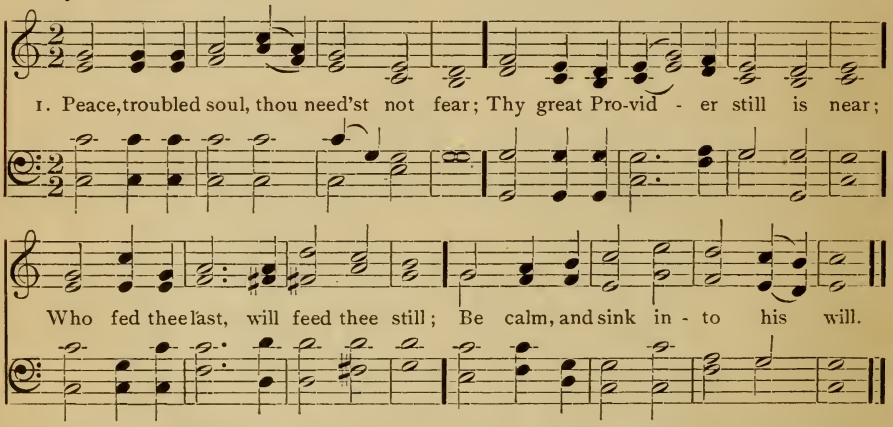
3 I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O Christ, my wisdom art;
I ever into ruin run,
But thou art greater than my heart.

4 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heaven may find,—
The heaven of loving thee alone.

Charles Wesley

## 127 ZEPHYR L. M.

W. B. Bradbury


1. Peace, troubled soul, thou need'st not fear; Thy great Pro-vid - er still is near;
Who fed thee last, will feed thee still; Be calm, and sink in - to his will.

2 The Lord, who built the earth and sky,
In mercy stoops to hear thy cry;
His promise all may freely claim:
Ask, and receive in Jesus' name.

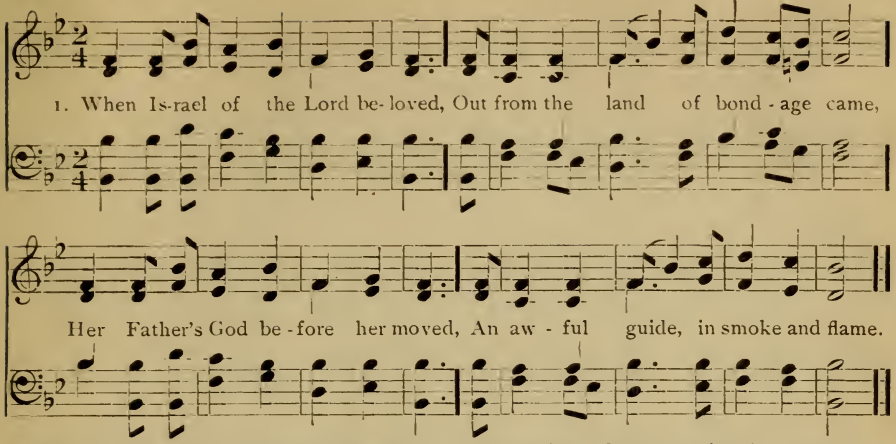
3 Without reserve give Christ your heart;
Let him his righteousness impart;
Then all things else he'll freely give;
With him you all things shall receive;

4 Thus shall the soul be truly blest,
That seeks in God his only rest;
May I that happy person be,
In time and in eternity.

Samuel Ecking, tr.

## 128 WARD L. M.

Old Scotch Melody. Arr. by Lowell Mason


1. When Is-rael of the Lord be-loved, Out from the land of bond-age came,
Her Father's God be-fore her moved, An aw-ful guide, in smoke and flame.

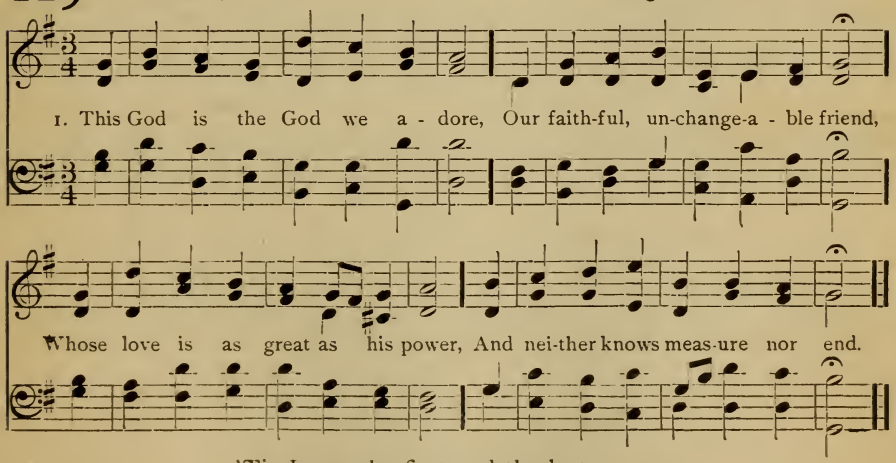
2 By day, along th' astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimson'd sands
Return'd the fiery column's glow.

3 Thus present still, tho' now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.

4 And O, when gathers on our path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be thou, long suff'ring, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.

Walter Scott

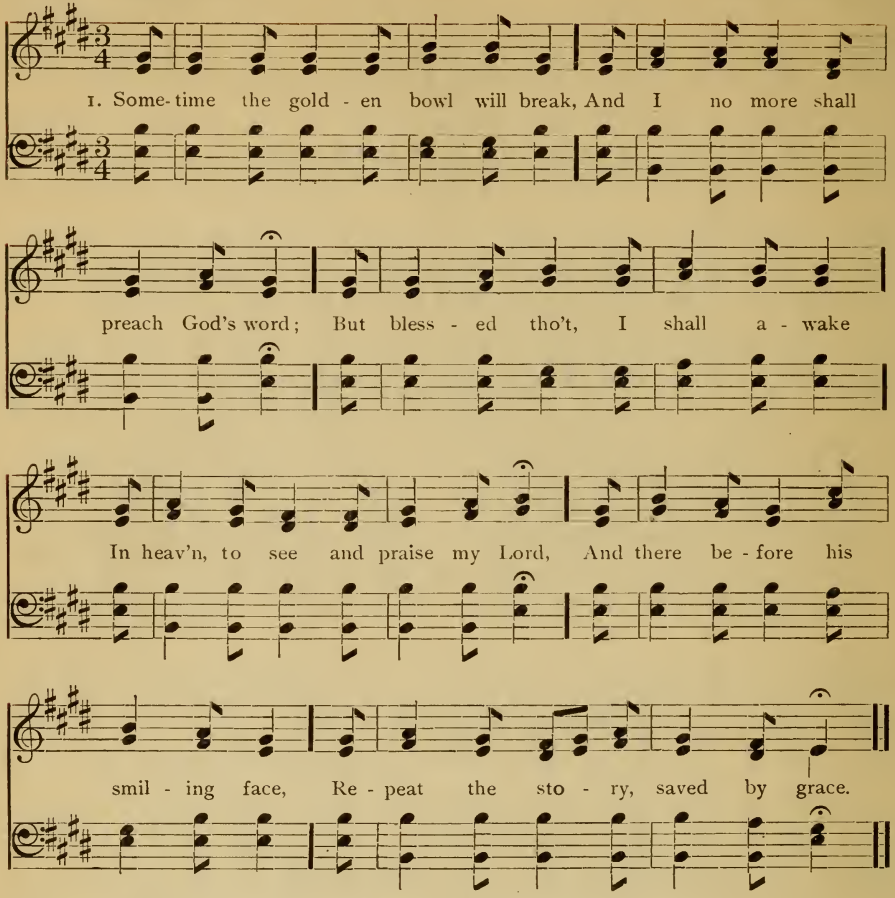
## 129 DAVID 8. 8. 8. 8

George Frederick Handel

1. This God is the God we a-dore, Our faith-ful, un-change-a-ble friend,
Whose love is as great as his power, And nei-ther knows meas-ure nor end.

2 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home:
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

Joseph Hart

## 130 SOMETIME

M. C. Baker

1. Some-time the gold - en bowl will break, And I no more shall
preach God's word; But bless - ed tho't, I shall a - wake
In heav'n, to see and praise my Lord, And there be - fore his
smil - ing face, Re - peat the sto - ry, saved by grace.

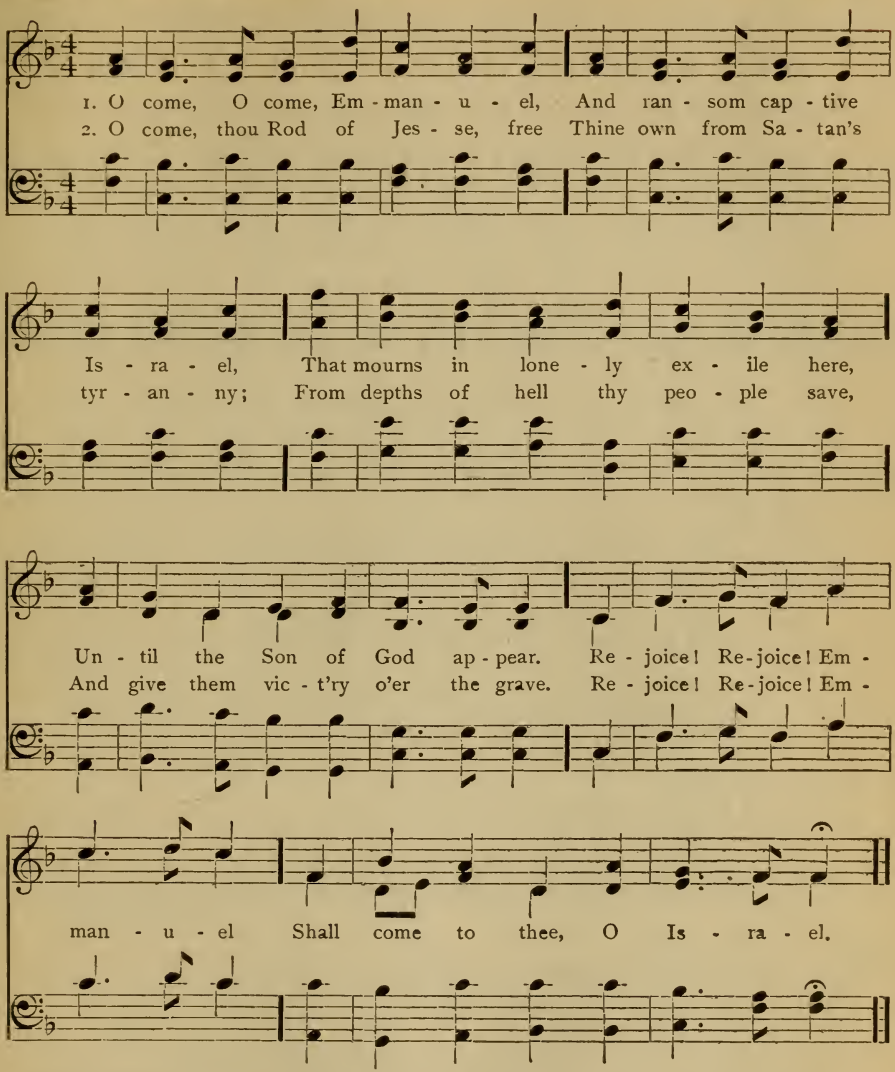
2 Sometime I know when I shall kneel
No more beside the sick to pray;
For body, soul, and spirit's weal,
I shall in heav'n, thro' endless day,
Behold the Saviour's smiling face,
And tell the story, saved by grace.

3 Sometime my tongue will silent be,
And I on earth no more shall sing;
But, bless the Lord, I know I'll see
In heav'n my Saviour, Priest, and King,
And there before him face to face,
I'll sing of his redeeming grace.

4 Sometime I hope in heav'n to meet
With many whom on earth I've led
To Christ for pardon, there to greet
The Saviour where no tears are shed;
And there before his smiling face,
Repeat the story, saved by grace.

M. C. Baker P

## 131 BENISON 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8 — John Hullah


1. O come, O come, Em - man - u - el, And ran - som cap - tive
2. O come, thou Rod of Jes - se, free Thine own from Sa - tan's
Is - ra - el, That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here,
tyr - an - ny; From depths of hell thy peo - ple save,
Un - til the Son of God ap - pear. Re - joice! Re-joice! Em -
And give them vic - t'ry o'er the grave. Re - joice! Re-joice! Em -
man - u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el.

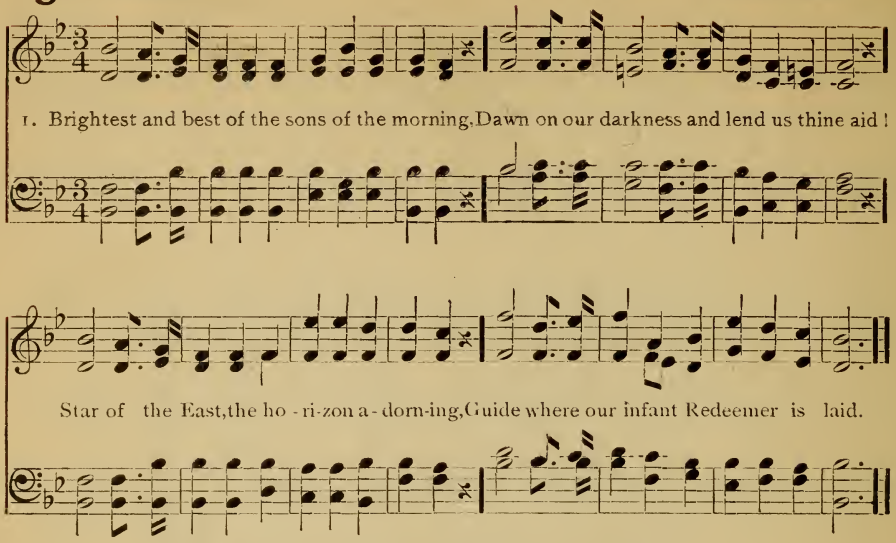
3 O come, thou Day-Spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by thine advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

4 O come, thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

J. M. Neale, tr.

## 132 WESLEY 11. 10. 11. 10

Lowell Mason


1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning. Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the ho - ri-zon a - dorn-ing, Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall,
Angels adore him in slumber reclining, —
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and off'rings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor!

Reginald Heber

## 133 (STOCKWELL) 8. 7. 8. 7

1 Come, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us;
Let us find our rest in thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

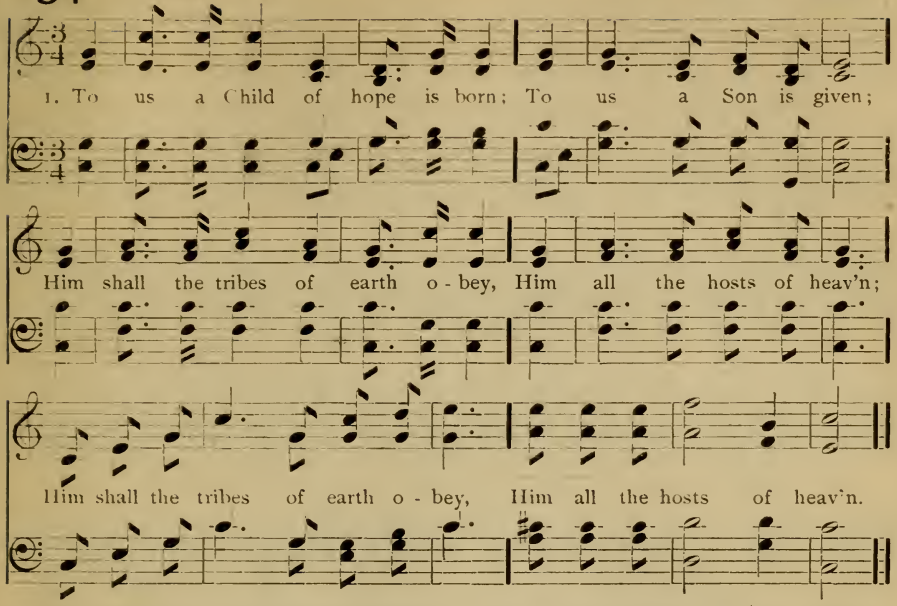
3 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a king,
Born to reign in us forever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

Charles Wesley

## 134 ZERAH C. M.

Lowell Mason


1. To us a Child of hope is born; To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth o - bey, Him all the hosts of heav'n;
Him shall the tribes of earth o - bey, Him all the hosts of heav'n.

2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The great and mighty Lord.

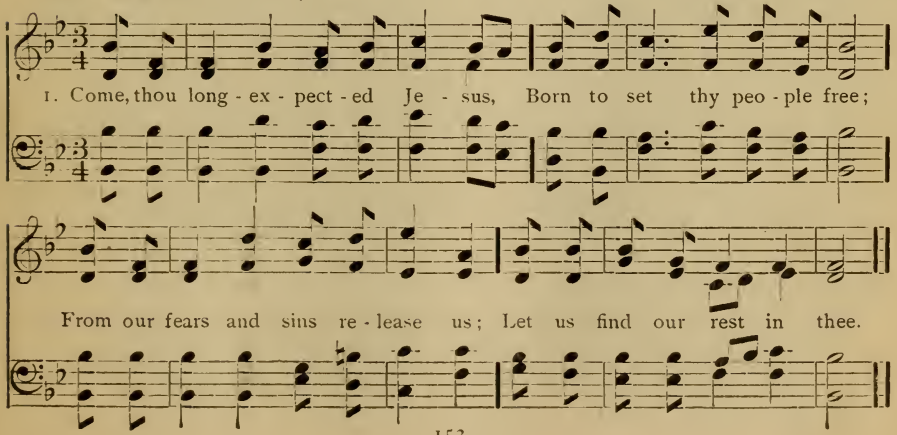
3 His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

4 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The mighty Lord of heaven.

John Morrison

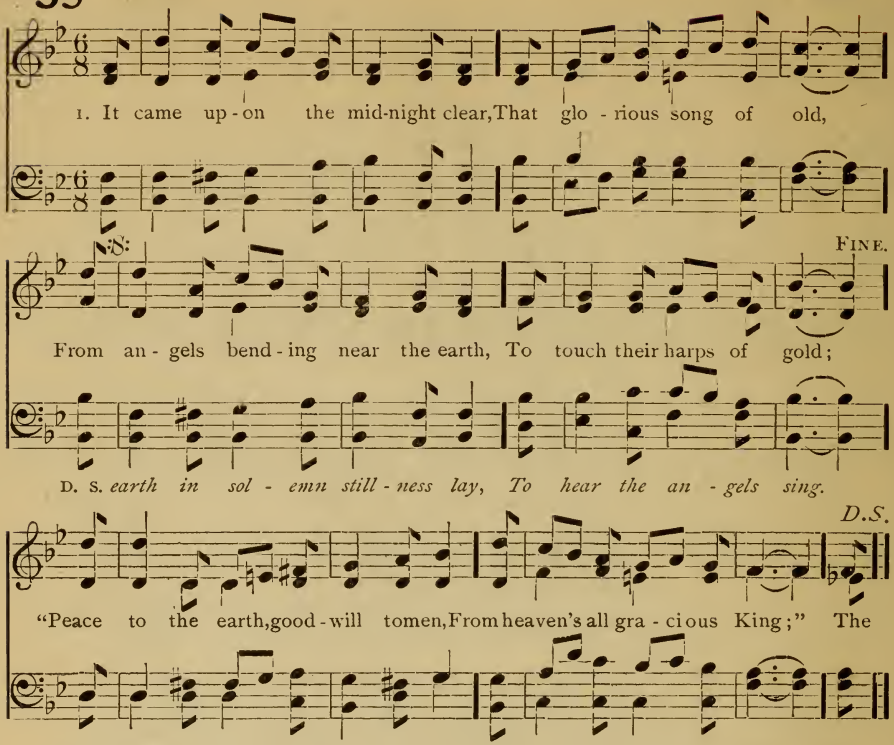
## STOCKWELL 8. 7. 8. 7

Darius E. Jones



## 135 CAROL C. M. D.

R. S. Willis


1. It came up-on the mid-night clear, That glo-rious song of old,
FINE.
From an-gels bend-ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold;
D. S. earth in sol-emn still-ness lay, To hear the an-gels sing.
D.S.
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men, From heaven's all gra-cious King;" The

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still celestial music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds,
The blessèd angels sing.

3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow;—
Look up! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

4 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold!
When peace shall over all the earth
Its final splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing!

Edwin H. Sears

## 136 (CAROL) C. M. D.

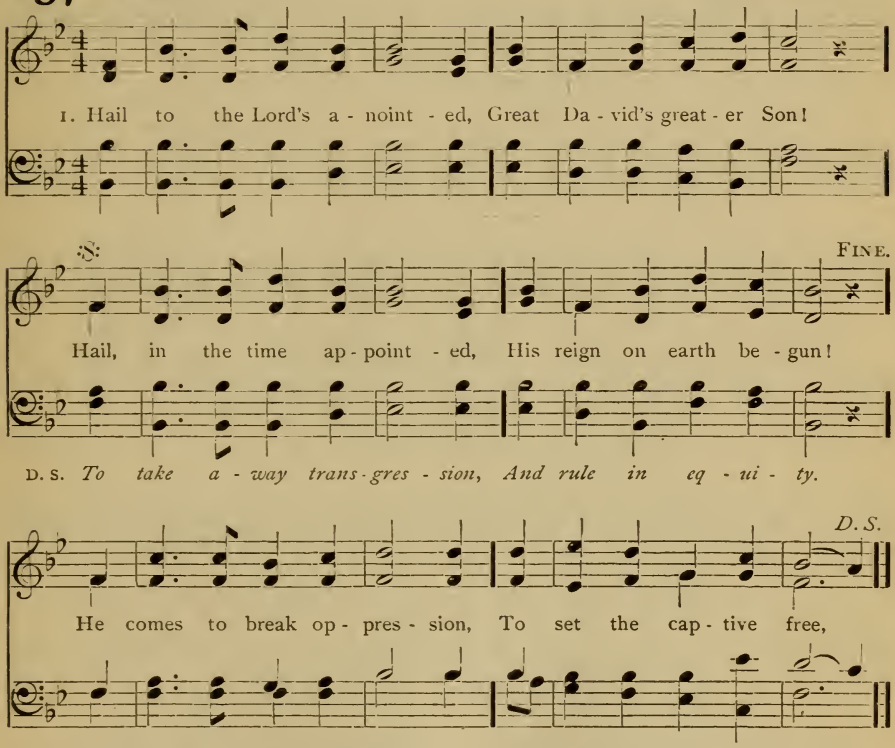
1 While shepherds watched their flocks
All seated on the ground; [by night,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
"Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.

2 "To you, in David's town this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord,
And this shall be the sign;—
The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

3 Thus spake the seraph — and forth-
Appeared a shining throng [with
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:—
"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease!"

Nahum Tate

**137** WEBB 7. 6. 7. 6. D. George J. Webb


1. Hail to the Lord's a - noint - ed, Great Da - vid's great - er Son!
:S:
FINE.
Hail, in the time ap - point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun!
D. S. To take a - way trans - gres - sion, And rule in eq - ui - ty.
D. S.
He comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the cap - tive free,

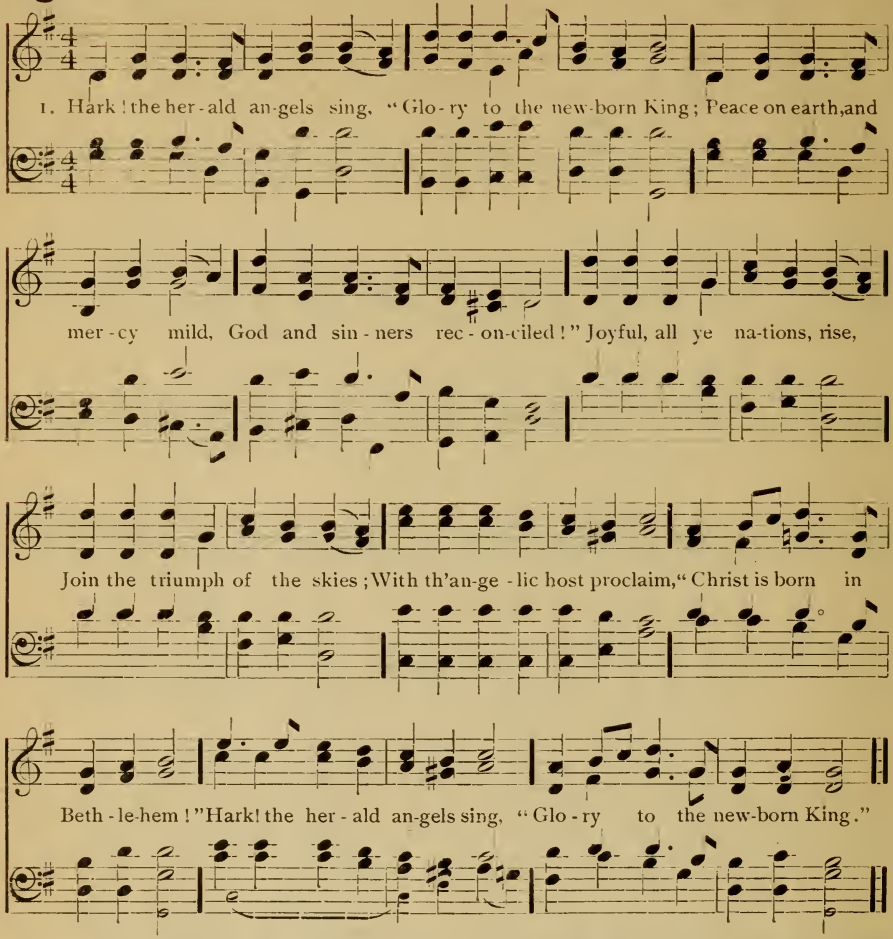
2 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth;
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace the herald go,
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

3 Kings shall fall down before him,
And gold and incense bring:
All nations shall adore him;
His praise all people sing;
For he shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

James Montgomery

## 138 MENDELSSOHN 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Arr. from Mendelssohn


1. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and
mer-cy mild, God and sin-ners rec-on-ciled!" Joyful, all ye na-tions, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies; With th'an-ge-lic host proclaim, "Christ is born in
Beth-le-hem!" Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King."

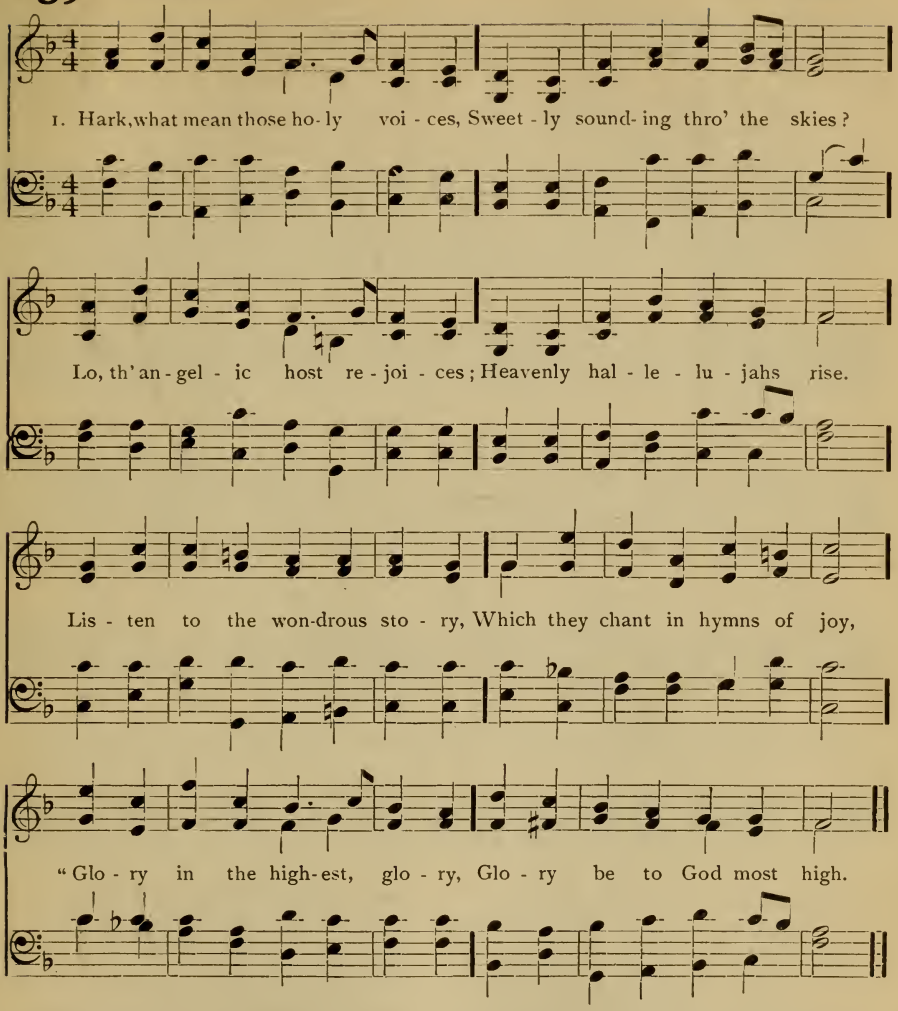
2 Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ, the Everlasting Lord!
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb:
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the Incarnate Deity,
Pleased as man with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King."

3 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King."

Charles Wesley

## 139 CRUCIFER 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Henry Smart


1. Hark, what mean those ho - ly voi - ces, Sweet - ly sound- ing thro' the skies?
Lo, th' an - gel - ic host re - joi - ces; Heavenly hal - le - lu - jahs rise.
Lis - ten to the won-drous sto - ry, Which they chant in hymns of joy,
"Glo - ry in the high-est, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God most high.

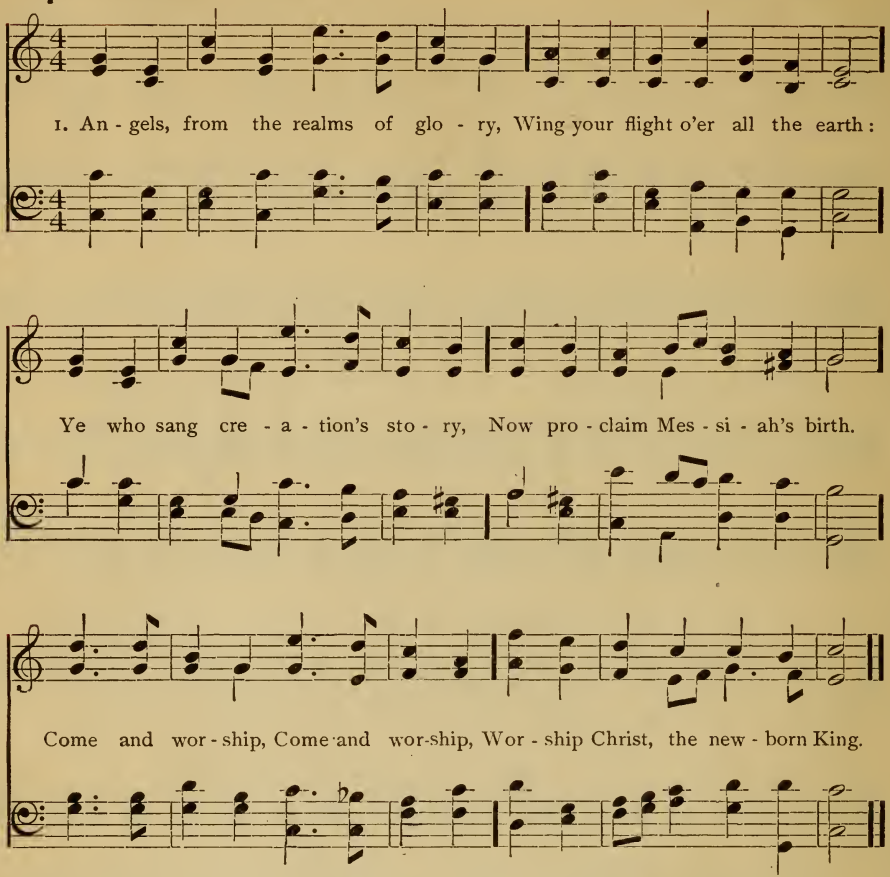
2 "Peace on earth, goodwill from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven;
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Christ is born, the great Annointed;
Heaven and earth his glory sing;
Glad, receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

3 "Haste, ye mortals, to adore him,
Learn his name, and taste his joy,
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
Glory be to God most high."
Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth,
Spread the brightness of his glory,
Till it covers all the earth.

John Cawood

## 140 REGENT SQUARE 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7

Henry Smart


1. An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth:
Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth.
Come and wor - ship, Come and wor-ship, Wor - ship Christ, the new - born King.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the infant light:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen his natal star:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

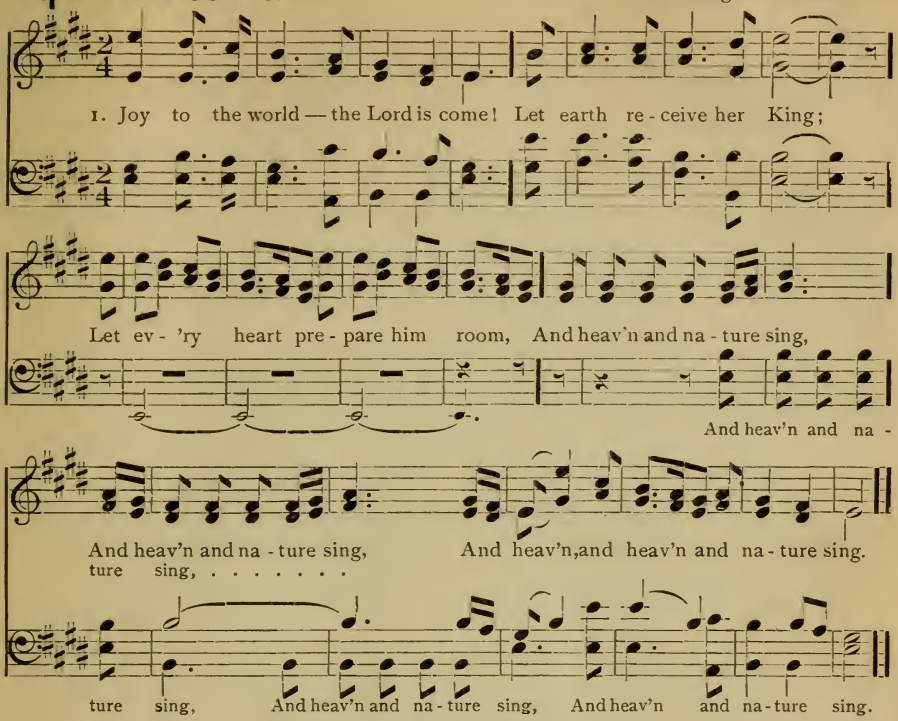
4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you—break your chains:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

James Montgomery

## 141 ANTIOCH C. M.

From George F. Handel


1. Joy to the world — the Lord is come! Let earth re - ceive her King;
Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing,
And heav'n and na -
And heav'n and na - ture sing,
ture sing, . . . . . .
And heav'n,and heav'n and na - ture sing.
ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing.

2 Joy to the earth—the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground:
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

Isaac Watts

## 142 (ANTIOCH) C. M.

1 Hark! the glad sound! the Saviour comes!
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held:
The gates of brass before him burst;
The iron fetters yield!

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eyes oppressed with night
To pour celestial day.

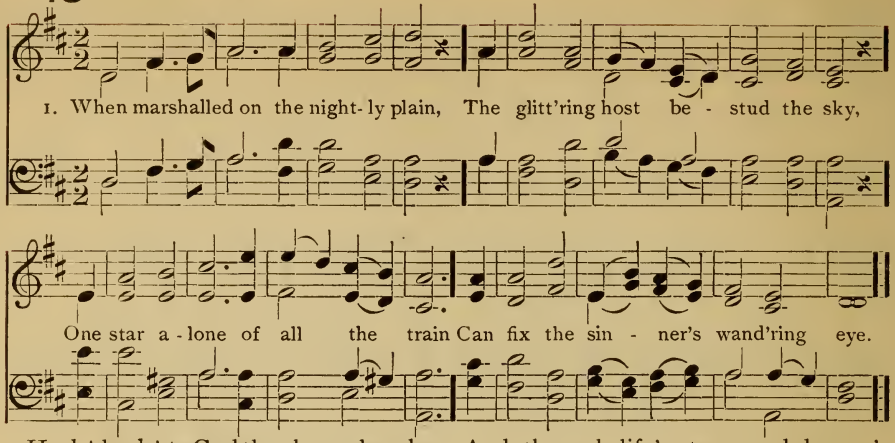
4 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The wounded soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

Philip Doddridge

## 143 TRURO L. M.

Charles Burney


1. When marshalled on the night-ly plain, The glitt'ring host be - stud the sky,
One star a-lone of all the train Can fix the sin - ner's wand'ring eye.

2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

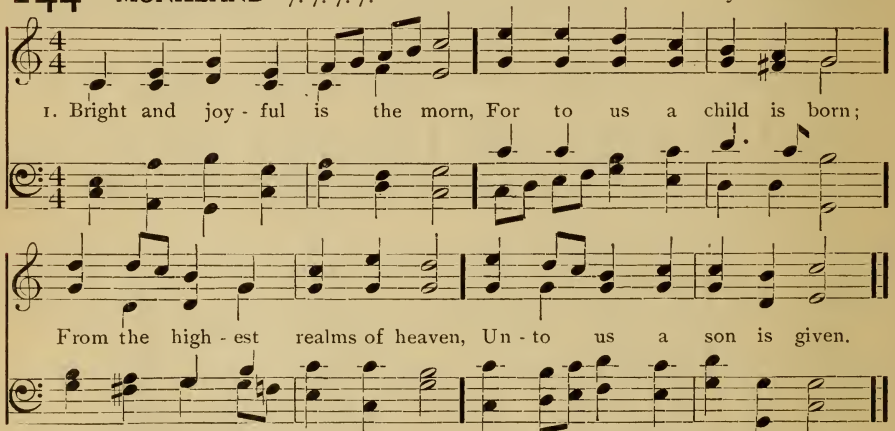
3 It is my guide, my light, my all;
It bids my dark forebodings cease;
And, through life's storm and danger's thrall,
It leads me to the port of peace.

4 Thus, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever, and for evermore,
The Star!—the Star of Bethlehem!

Henry Kirke White

## 144 MONKLAND 7. 7. 7. 7.

J. B. Wilkes




2 Wonderful in counsel he,
The incarnate Deity;
Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
King of kings, and Prince of Peace.

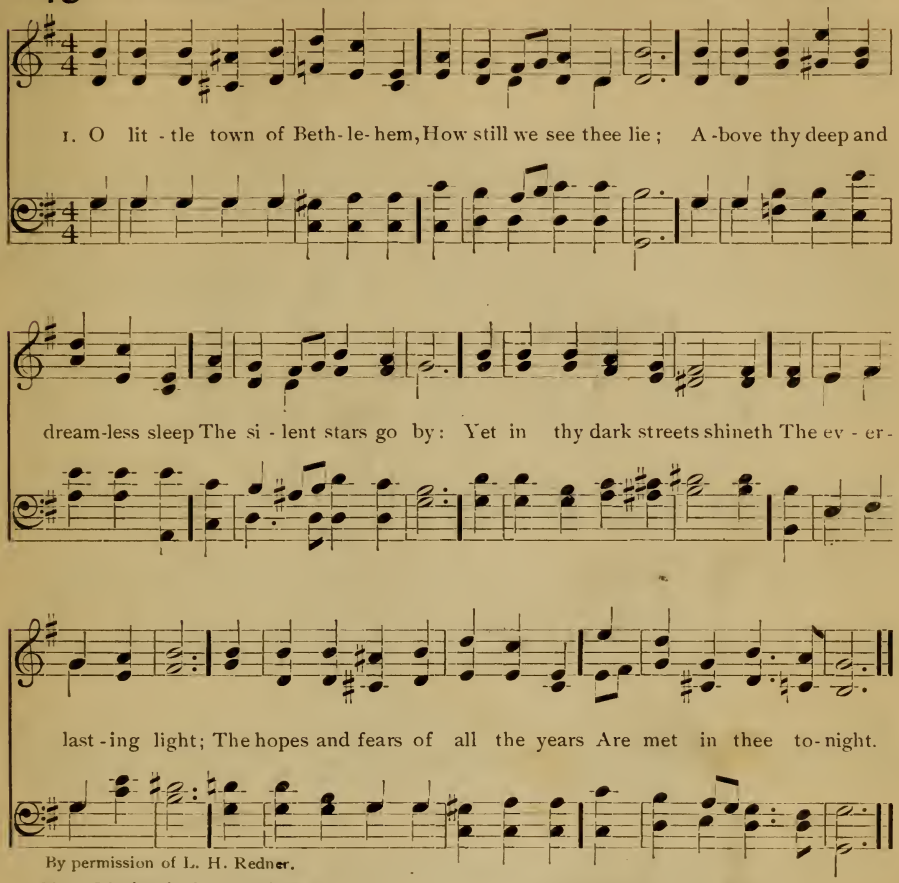
3 Come and worship at his feet,
Yield to Christ the homage meet:
From his manger to his throne,
Homage due to God alone.

4 Glory be to God on high!
Earth, uplift the joyful cry;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

James Montgomery

## 145 BETHLEHEM S. 6. 8. 6. 7. 6. 8. 6

Lewis H. Redner


1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie; A - bove thy deep and
dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by: Yet in thy dark streets shineth The ev - er -
last - ing light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.

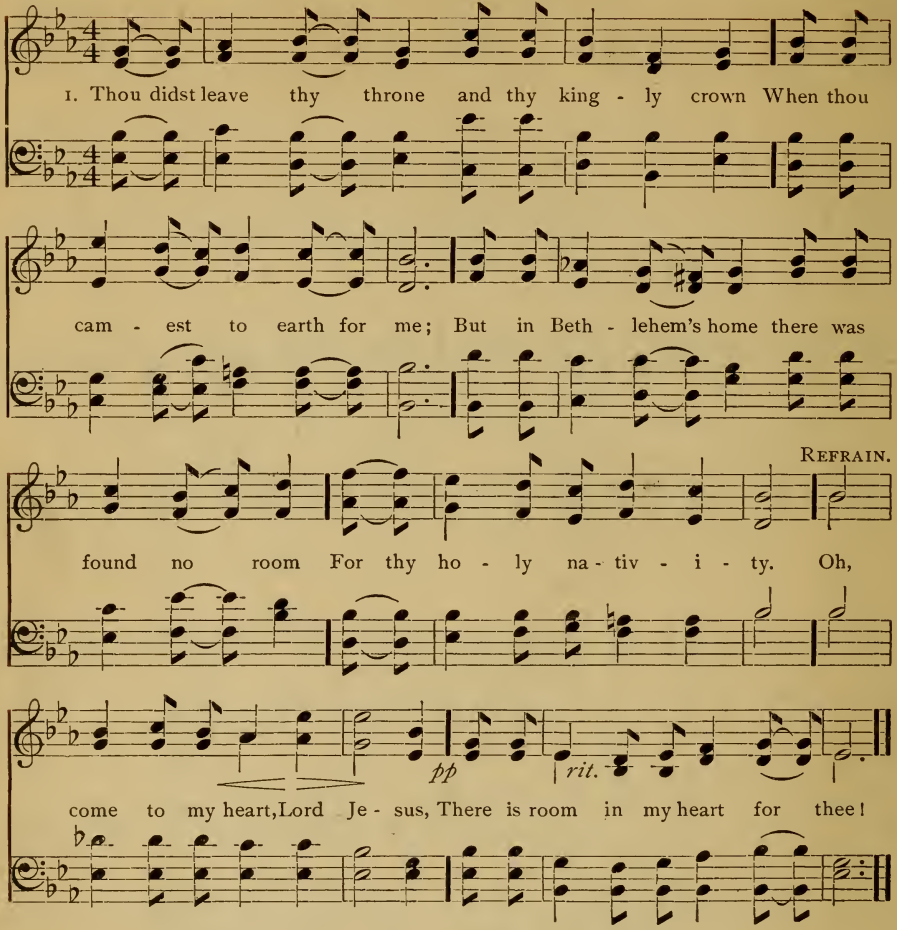
By permission of L. H. Redner.

2 For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth;
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heaven.
No ear may hear his coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

4 O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel.

Phillips Brooks

## 146 VENI, DOMINE JESU 10. 8. 10. 8. with Ref., 8. 8. (Irregular) J. Barnby

1. Thou didst leave thy throne and thy king - ly crown When thou
cam - est to earth for me; But in Beth - lehem's home there was
REFRAIN.
found no room For thy ho - ly na - tiv - i - ty. Oh,
pp
rit.
come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, There is room in my heart for thee!

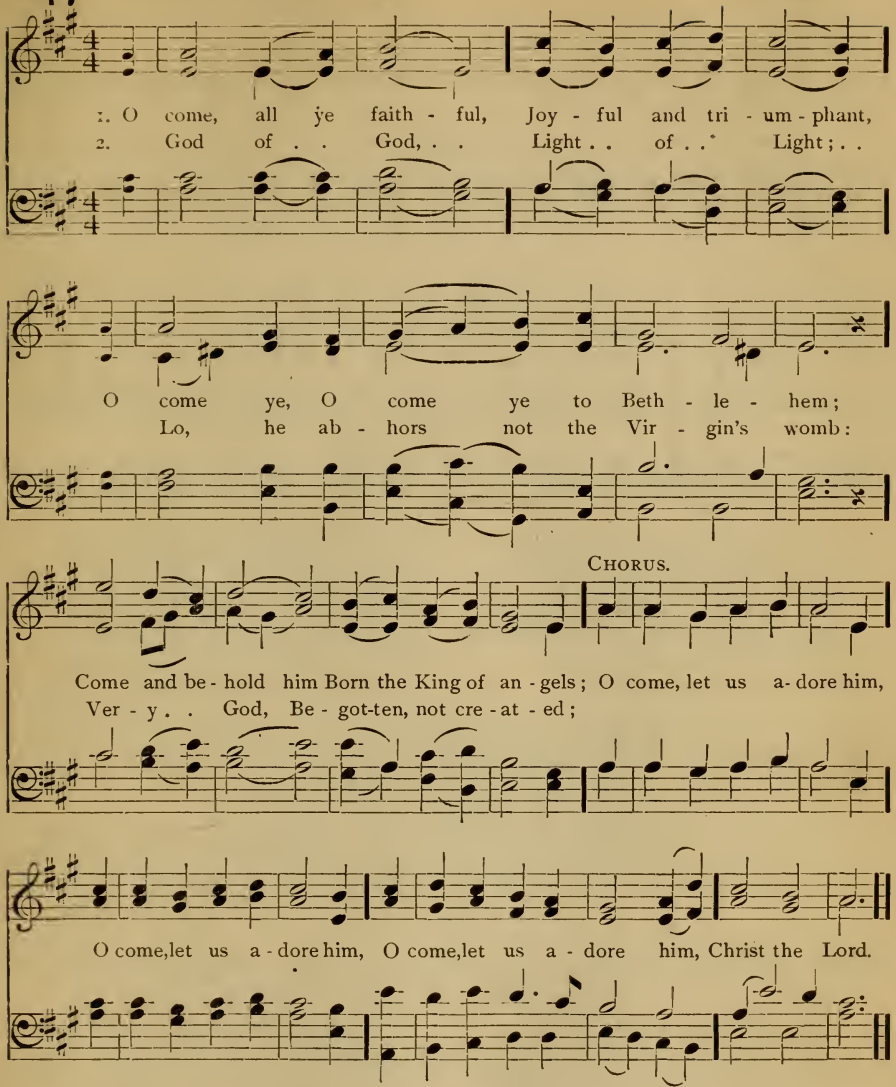
2 Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word,
That should set thy people free;
But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,
They bore thee to Calvary.
Oh, come, etc.

3 When heaven's arches shall ring, and her choirs shall sing,
At thy coming to victory,
Let thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet there is room,
There is room at my side for thee."
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When thou comest and callest for me.

 Emily E. S. Elliott

## 147 ADESTE FIDELES Irregular

Portuguese

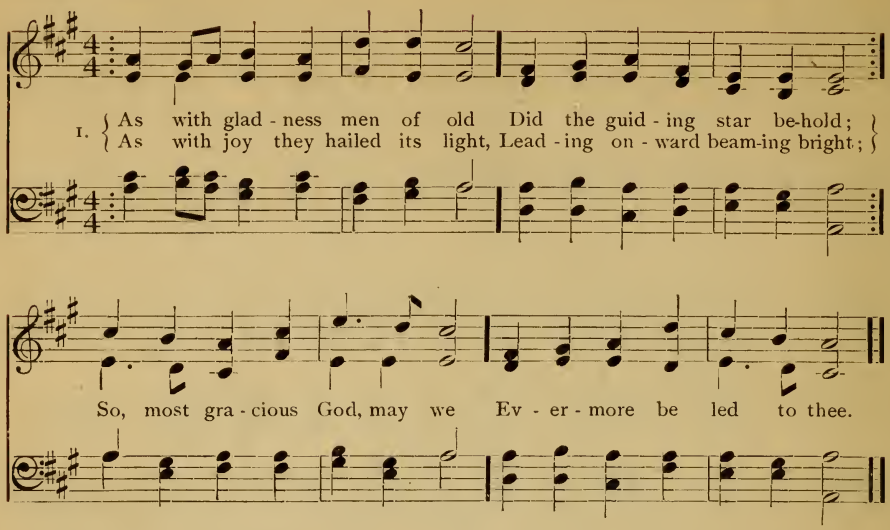

1. O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri - um - phant,
2. God of . . God, . . Light . . of . . Light; . .
O come ye, O come ye to Beth - le - hem;
Lo, he ab - hors not the Vir - gin's womb:
Chorus.
Come and be - hold him Born the King of an - gels; O come, let us a - dore him,
Ver - y . . God, Be - got-ten, not cre - at - ed;
O come, let us a - dore him, O come, let us a - dore him, Christ the Lord.

3 Sing, choirs of angels;
Sing in exultation;
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above;
Glory to God
In the highest; — Cho.

4 Yea, Lord, we greet thee,
Born this happy morning;
Jesus, to thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
Late in flesh appearing; — Cho.

(Latin) Frederick Oakeley, tr.

## 148 DIX 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7

Arr. from Conrad Kocher

1. As with glad - ness men of old Did the guid - ing star be-hold;
As with joy they hailed its light, Lead - ing on - ward beam-ing bright;
So, most gra - cious God, may we Ev - er - more be led to thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to thy manger bed,
There to bend the knee before
Thee whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At thy cradle rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to thee our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

William C. Dix

## 149 (DIX) 7. 7. 7. 7

1 God with us! oh, glorious name!
Let it shine in endless fame;
God and man in Christ unite;
Oh, mysterious depth and height!

2 God with us! the eternal Son
Took our soul, our flesh, and bone;
Now, ye saints, his grace admire,
Swell the song with holy fire.

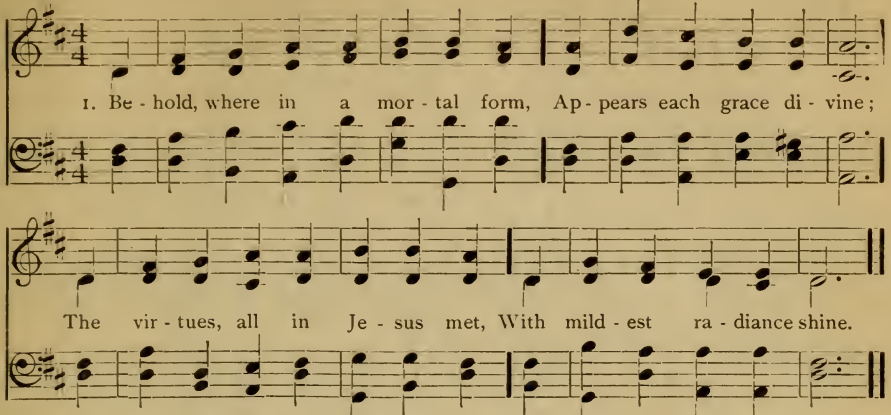
3 God with us! but tainted not
With the first transgressor's blot;
Yet did he our sins sustain,
Bear the guilt, the curse, the pain.

4 God with us! oh, wondrous grace!
Let us see him face to face;
That we may Immanuel sing,
As we ought, our God and King!

Sarah Slinn

## 150 TALLIS' ORDINAL C. M.

T. Tallis




2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

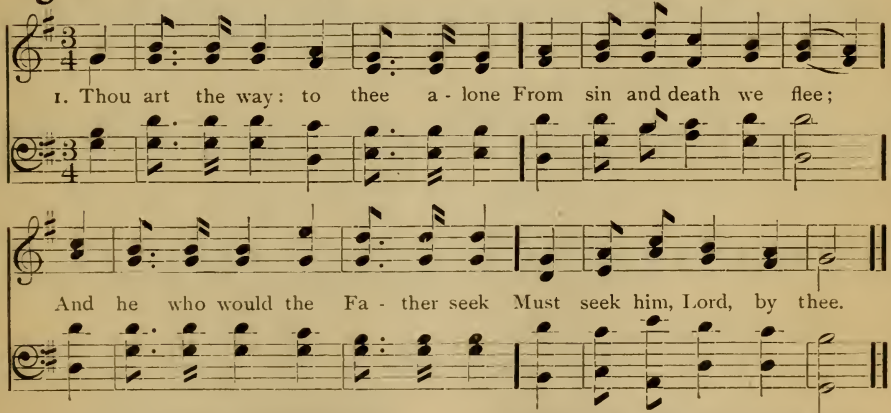
3 'Mid keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life;
He labored for their good.

4 Be Christ our pattern and our guide;
His image may we bear;
Oh, may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share!

W. Enfield

## 151 ARLINGTON C. M.

Arr. from Thomas A. Arne




2 Thou art the truth: thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

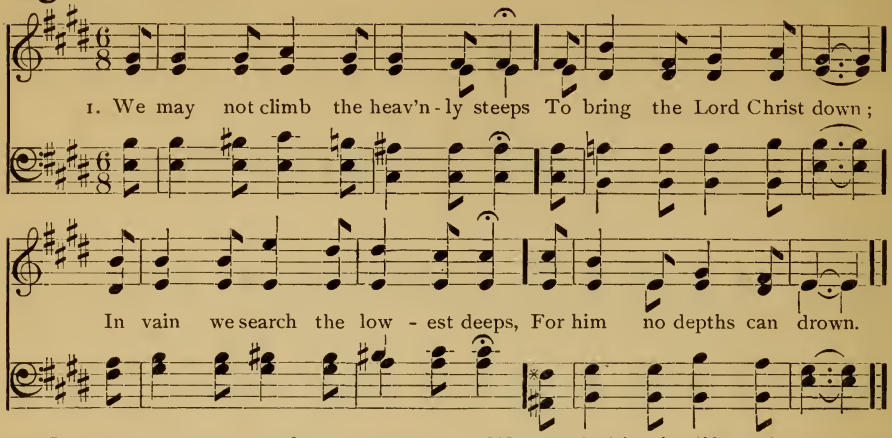
3 Thou art the life: the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the way, the truth, the life:
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

George W. Doane

## 152 SERENITY C. M.

W. V. Wallace


1. We may not climb the heav'n-ly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the low-est deeps, For him no depths can drown.

2 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he;
And faith has yet its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

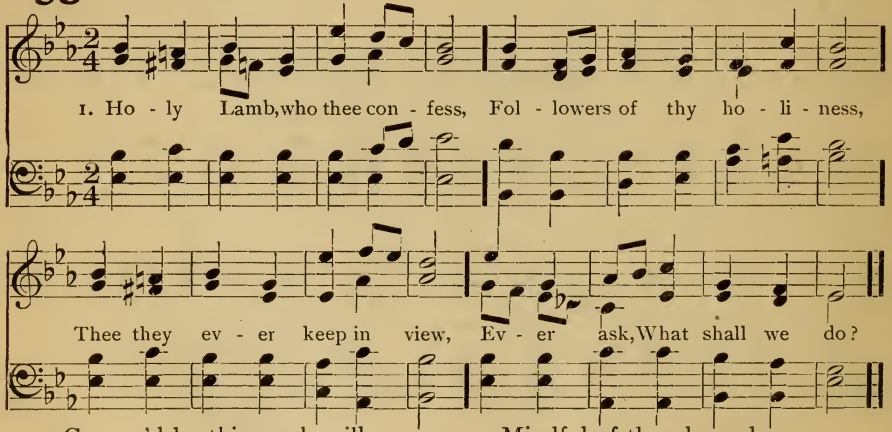
3 The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

4 O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine!

John G. Whittier

## 153 SOLITUDE 7. 7. 7. 7

Lewis T. Downes




2 Govern'd by thine only will,
All thy words we would fulfil,
Would in all thy footsteps go,
Walk as Jesus walked below.

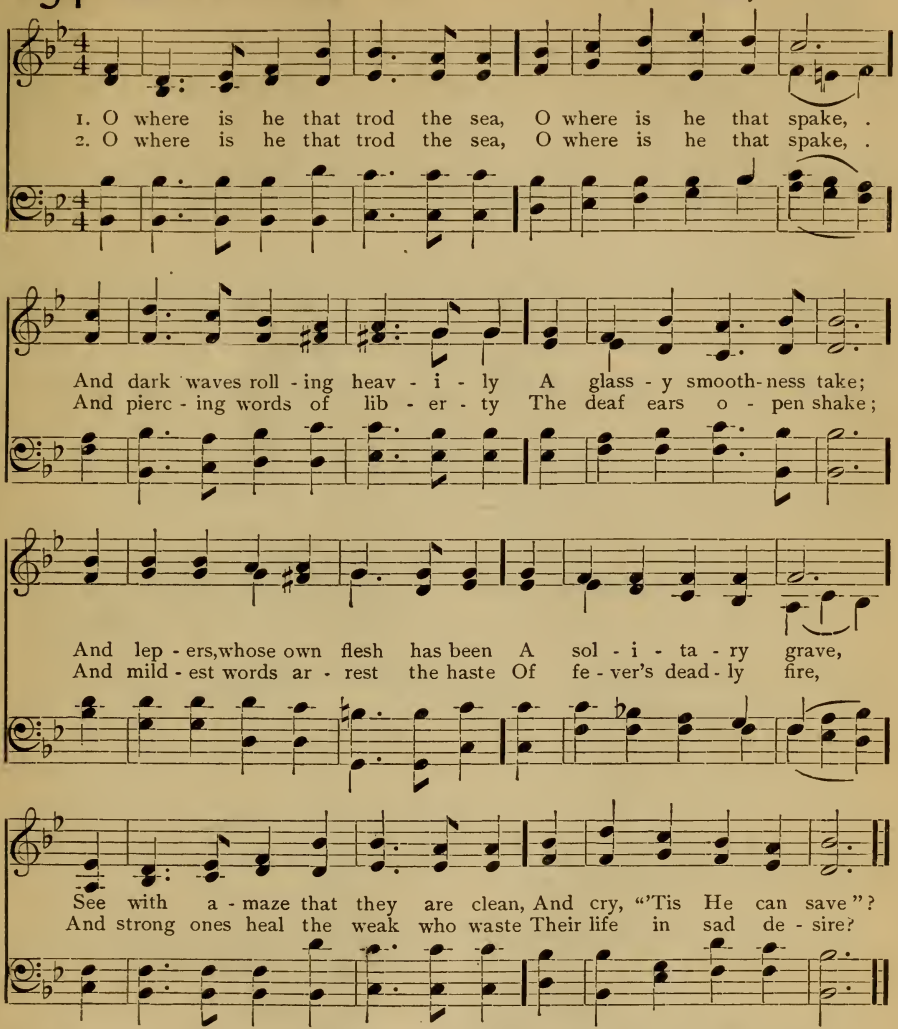
3 While thou didst on earth appear,
Servant to thy servants here,
Mindful of thy place above,
All thy life was prayer and love.

4 Such our whole employment be,
Works of faith and charity,
Works of love on man bestow'd,
Secret intercourse with God.

Charles Wesley

## 154 ALL SAINTS NEW C. M. D.

Henry S. Cutler


1. O where is he that trod the sea, O where is he that spake, .
2. O where is he that trod the sea, O where is he that spake, .
And dark waves roll - ing heav - i - ly A glass - y smooth - ness take;
And pierc - ing words of lib - er - ty The deaf ears o - pen shake;
And lep - ers, whose own flesh has been A sol - i - ta - ry grave,
And mild - est words ar - rest the haste Of fe - ver's dead - ly fire,
See with a - maze that they are clean, And cry, "'Tis He can save"?
And strong ones heal the weak who waste Their life in sad de - sire?

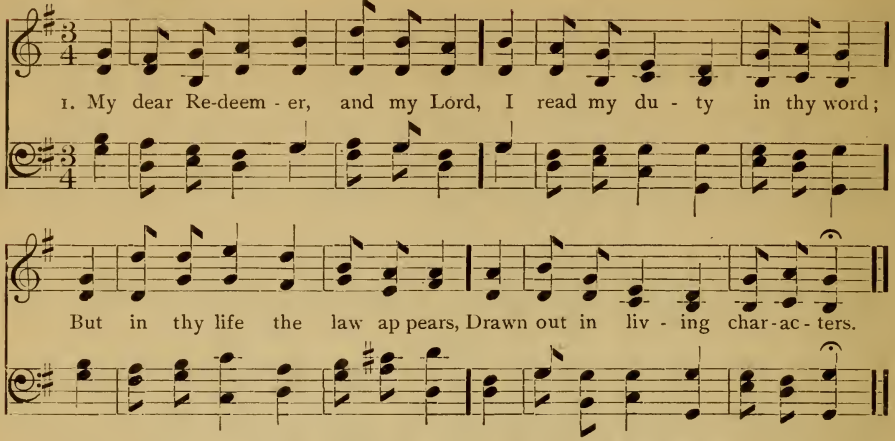
3 O where is he that trod the sea?
'Tis only he can save;
To thousands hungering wearily
A wondrous meal he gave;
Full soon, celestially fed,
Their rustic fare they take;
'Twas springtide when he blest the bread,
And harvest when he brake.

4 O where is he that trod the sea?
My soul, the Lord is here:
Let all thy fears be hushed in thee;
To leap, to look, to hear
Be thine: thy needs he'll satisfy.
Art thou diseased or dumb,
Or dost thou in thine hunger cry?
"I come," saith Christ, "I come."

Thomas T. Lynch

## 155 ROCKINGHAM L. M.

Lowell Mason




2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts

## 156 (ROCKINGHAM) L. M.

1 When the blind suppliant in the way,
By friendly hands to Jesus led,
Prayed to behold the light of day,
"Receive thy sight," the Saviour said.

2 At once he saw the pleasant rays
That lit the glorious firmament;
And, with firm step and words of praise,
He followed where the Master went.

3 Look down in pity, Lord, we pray,
On eyes oppressed by moral night,
And touch the darkened lids, and say
The gracious words, "Receive thy sight."

4 Then, in clear daylight, shall we see
Where walked the sinless Son of God;
And, aided by new strength from thee,
Press onward in the path he trod.

William Cullen Bryant

## 157 (SESSIONS) L. M.

1 How sweetly flowed the gospel sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
While listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place!

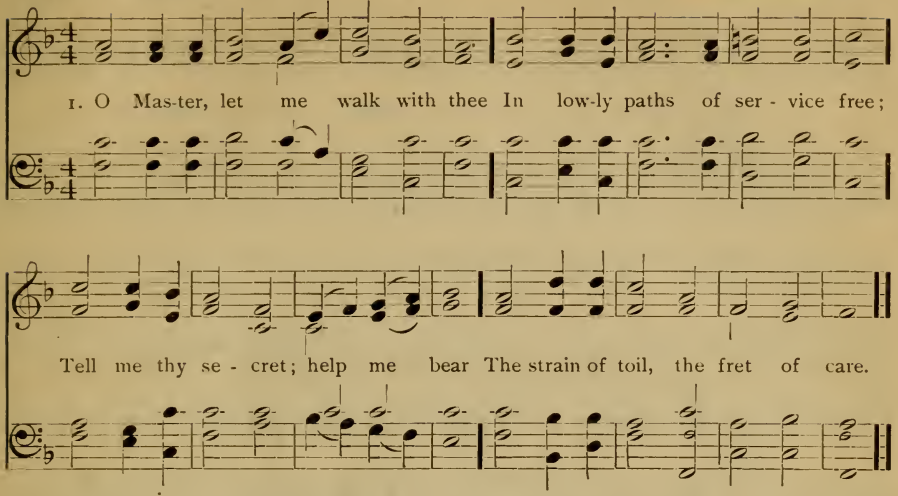
2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unvailing an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest:"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey and be forever blest!

4 Decay then, tenements of dust;
Pillars of earthly pride, decay:
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

John Bowring

## 158 FEDERAL STREET L. M.

Henry K. Oliver

1. O Mas-ter, let me walk with thee In low-ly paths of ser - vice free;
Tell me thy se - cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.

2 Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

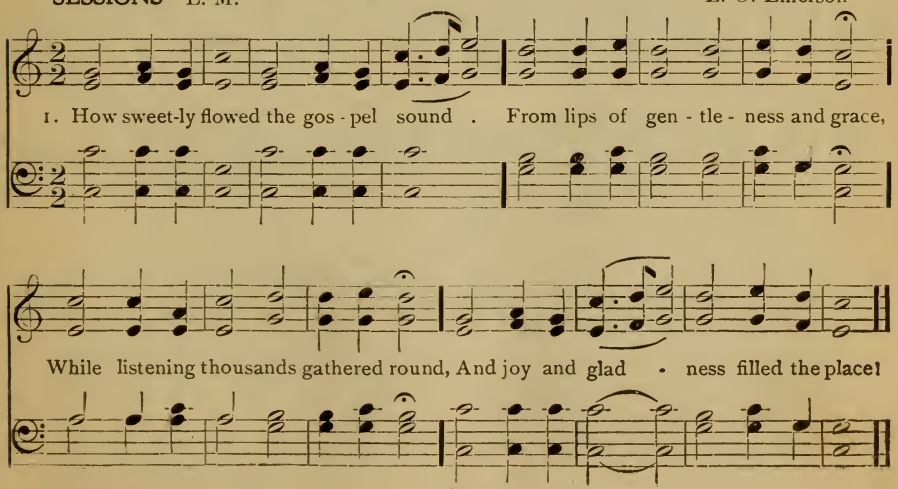
3 Teach me thy patience; still with thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong;

4 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way;
In peace that only thou canst give,
With thee, O Master, let me live.

Washington Gladden

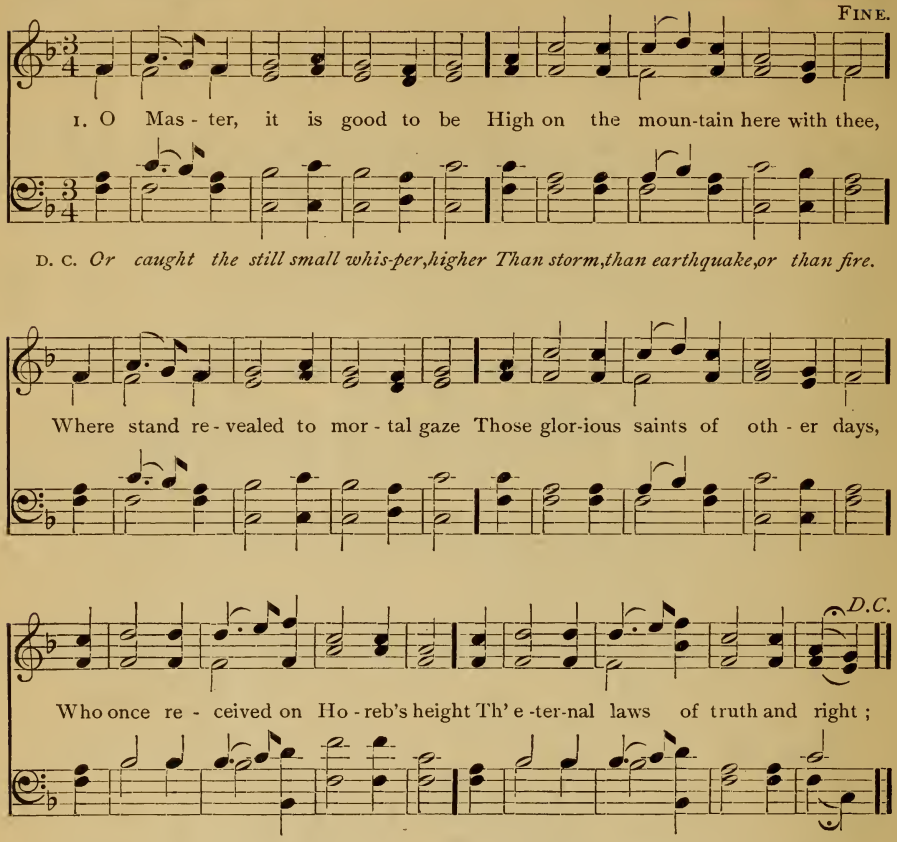
## SESSIONS L. M.

L. O. Emerson


1. How sweet-ly flowed the gos - pel sound . From lips of gen - tle - ness and grace,
While listening thousands gathered round, And joy and glad - ness filled the place!

## 159 FILLMORE L. M. D.

Jeremiah Ingalls


FINE.
1. O Mas - ter, it is good to be High on the moun-tain here with thee,
D. C. Or caught the still small whis-per,higher Than storm,than earthquake,or than fire.
Where stand re - vealed to mor - tal gaze Those glor-ious saints of oth - er days,
D.C.
Who once re - ceived on Ho - reb's height Th' e -ter-nal laws of truth and right ;

2 O Master, it is good to be
With thee, and with thy faithful three,
Here, where the apostle's heart of rock
Is nerved against temptation's shock;
Here, where the son of thunder learns
The thought that breathes, and word that burns;
Here, where on eagle's wings we move
With him whose last best creed is love.

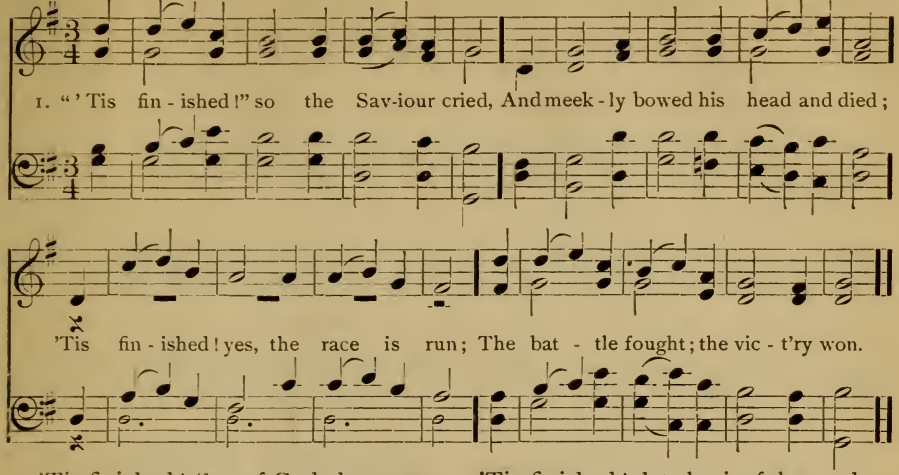
3 O Master, it is good to be
Entranced, enwrapt, alone with thee;
And watch thy glistering raiment glow
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow,
The human lineaments that shine
Irradiant with a light divine,
Till we, too, change from grace to grace,
Gazing on that transfigured face.

4 O Master, it is good to be
Here on the holy mount with thee,
When darkling in the depths of night,
When dazzled with excess of light,
We bow before the heavenly voice
That bids bewildered souls rejoice,
Though love wax cold, and faith be dim,
"This is my Son, oh, hear ye him."

Arthur Penrhyn Stanley

## 160 WARNER L. M.

Rossini. Arr. by Geo. Kingsley


1. "'Tis fin - ished!" so the Sav-iour cried, And meek - ly bowed his head and died;
'Tis fin - ished! yes, the race is run; The bat - tle fought; the vic - t'ry won.

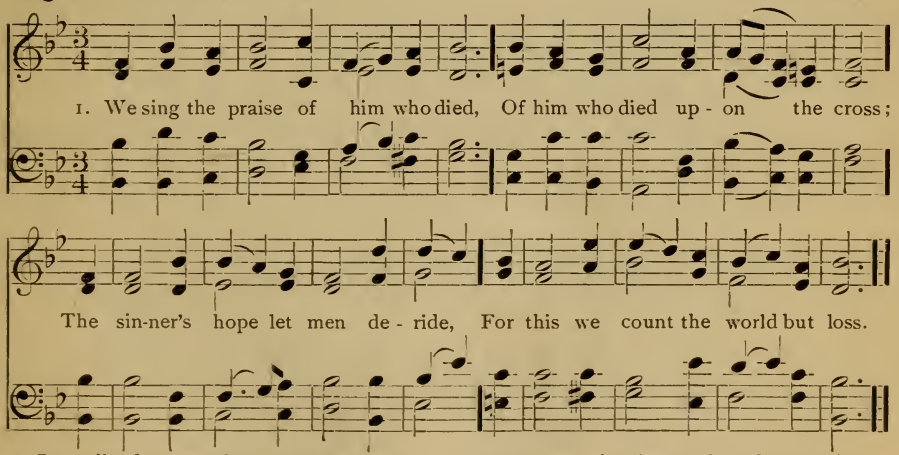
2 'Tis finished! Son of God, thy power
Hath triumphed in this awful hour;
And yet our eyes with sorrow see
That life to us was death to thee.

3 'Tis finished! let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round;
'Tis finished! let the triumph rise
And swell the chorus of the skies!

Samuel Stennett, alt.

## 161 GERMANY L. M.

Beethoven


1. We sing the praise of him who died, Of him who died up - on the cross;
The sin-ner's hope let men de - ride, For this we count the world but loss.

2 Inscribed upon the cross we see,
In shining letters, "God is love;"
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

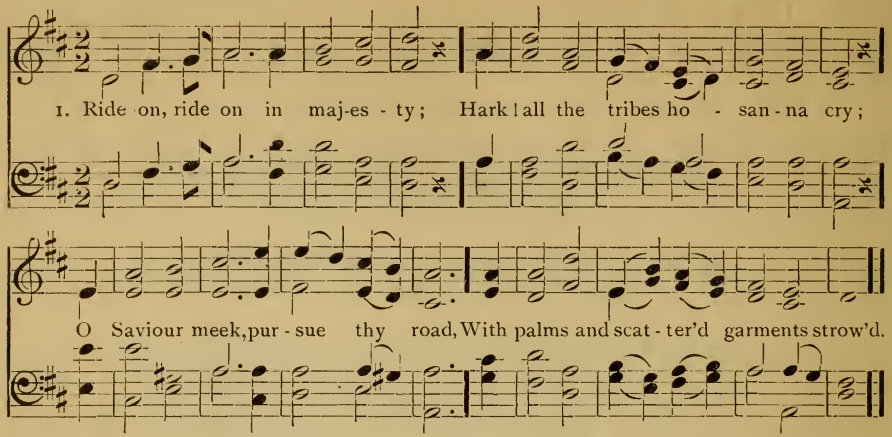
3 The cross! it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

4 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

Thomas Kelly

## 162 TRURO L. M.

Charles Burney


1. Ride on, ride on in maj-es - ty; Hark! all the tribes ho - san-na cry;
O Saviour meek, pur - sue thy road, With palms and scat - ter'd garments strow'd.

2 Ride on, ride on in majesty:
The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see th' approaching sacrifice.

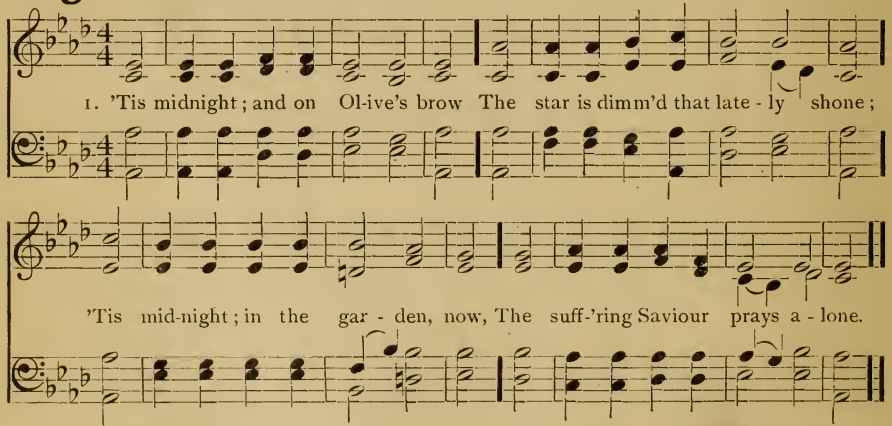
3 Ride on, ride on in majesty:
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father, on his sapphire throne,
Expects his own anointed Son.

4 Ride on, ride on in majesty,
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, thy power and reign.

H. H. Milman

## 163 OLIVE'S BROW L. M.

W. B. Bradbury


1. 'Tis midnight; and on Ol-ive's brow The star is dimm'd that late - ly shone;
'Tis mid-night; in the gar - den, now, The suff-'ring Saviour prays a - lone.

2 'Tis midnight; and from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
E'en that disciple whom he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

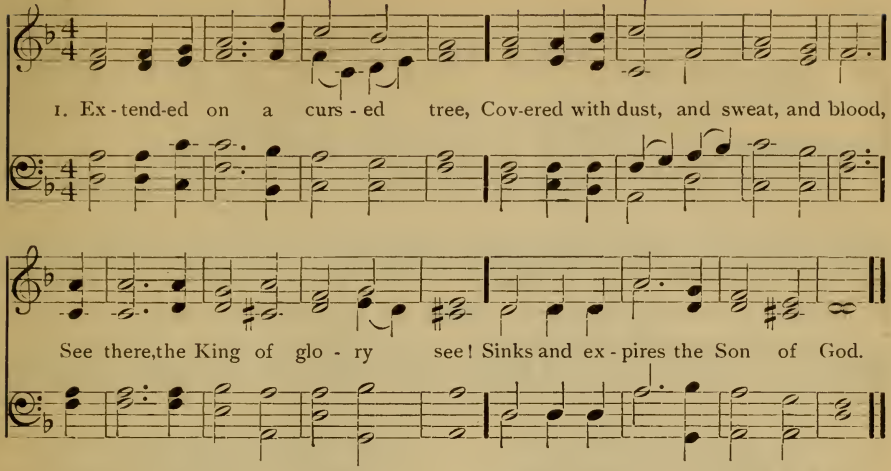
3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
The Man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'Tis midnight; and from ether-plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

W. B. Tappan

## 164 ST. CROSS L. M.

J. B. Dykes


1. Ex - tend-ed on a curs - ed tree, Cov-ered with dust, and sweat, and blood,
See there, the King of glo - ry see! Sinks and ex - pires the Son of God.

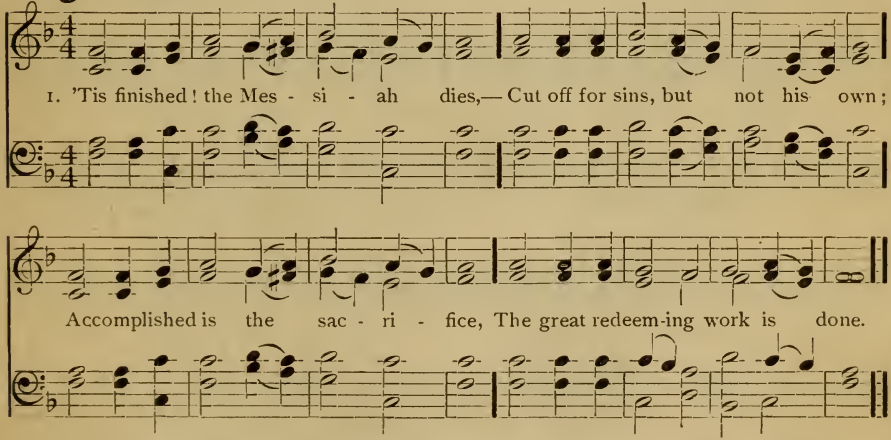
2 For me the burden to sustain
Too great, on thee, my Lord, was laid:
To heal me, thou hast borne my pain;
To bless me, thou a curse wast made.

3 My Saviour, how shall I proclaim,
How pay the mighty debt I owe?
Let all I have, and all I am,
Ceaseless, to all, thy glory show.

Paul Gerhardt. Tr. by J. Wesley

## 165 HAMBURG L. M.

Lowell Mason


1. 'Tis finished! the Mes - si - ah dies,— Cut off for sins, but not his own;
Accomplished is the sac - ri - fice, The great redeem-ing work is done.

2 'Tis finished! all the debt is paid;
Justice divine is satisfied;
The grand and full atonement made;
Christ for a guilty world hath died.

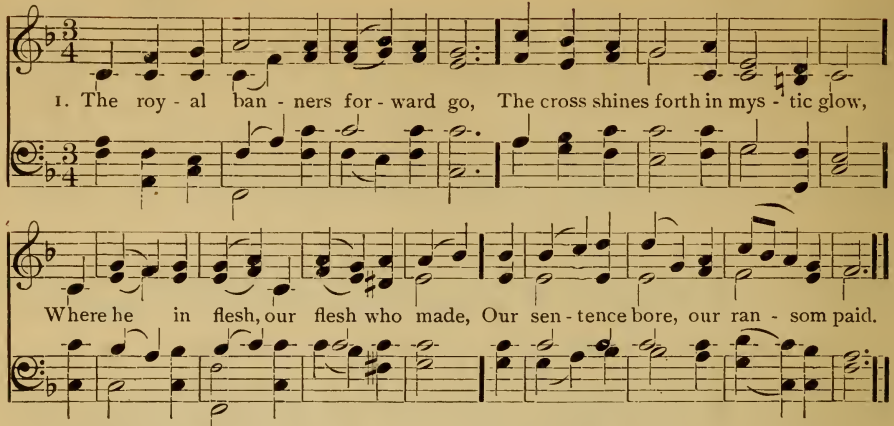
3 The veil is rent; in him alone
The living way to heaven is seen;
The middle wall is broken down,
And all mankind may enter in.

4 The types and figures are fulfilled;
Exacted is the legal pain;
The precious promises are sealed;
The spotless Lamb of God is slain.

Charles Wesley

## 166 ALSACE L. M.

Arr. from Beethoven


1. The roy - al ban - ners for - ward go, The cross shines forth in mys - tic glow,
Where he in flesh, our flesh who made, Our sen - tence bore, our ran - som paid.

2 Fulfilled is all that David told
In true prophetic song of old,
How God the nations' king should be;
For God is reigning from the tree.

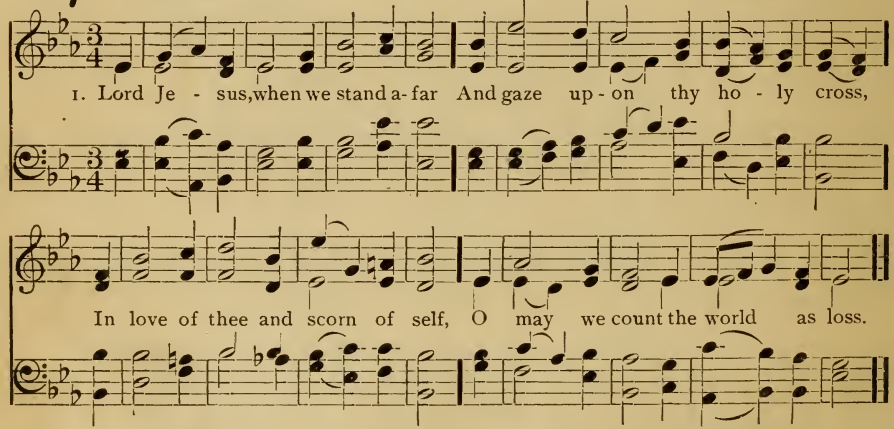
3 O tree of glory, tree most fair,
Ordained those holy limbs to bear,
How bright in purple robe it stood,
The purple of a Saviour's blood!

4 Upon its arms so widely flung,
The weight of this world's ransom
The ransom he alone could pay, [hung,
Despoiling Satan of his prey.

V. Fortunatus. Tr. J. M. Neale

## 167 CATON L. M.

Edward Miller




2 When we behold thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that thou hast
Make us to hate the load of sin [trod,
That lay so heavy on our God.

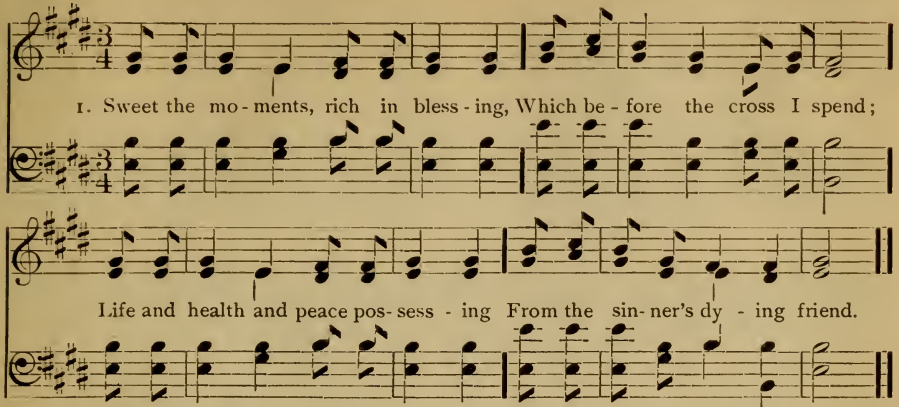
3 O holy Lord! uplifted high [woe,
With outstretched arms, in mortal
Embracing in thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below!

4 Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see;
And in the mystery of thy death
Draw us and all men after thee!

William W. How

## 168 DORRNANCE 8. 7. 8. 7

I. B. Woodbury


1. Sweet the mo - ments, rich in bless - ing, Which be - fore the cross I spend;
Life and health and peace pos- sess - ing From the sin- ner's dy - ing friend.

2 Truly blessèd is this station,
Low before his cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.

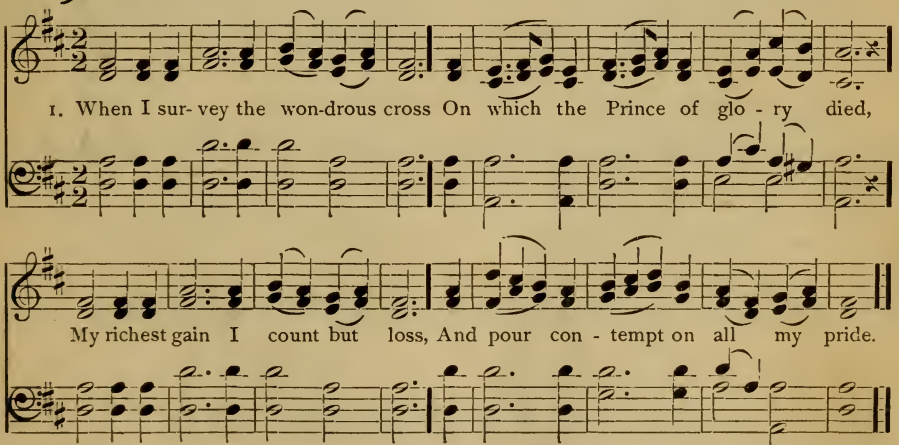
3 Here it is I find my heaven
While upon the cross I gaze;
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

4 Here in tender, grateful sorrow
With my Saviour will I stay;
Here new hope and strength will bor-
Here will love my fears away. [row;

James Allen. Alt. by Walter Shirley

## 169 EUCHARIST L. M.

I. B. Woodbury


1. When I sur- vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
My richest gain I count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

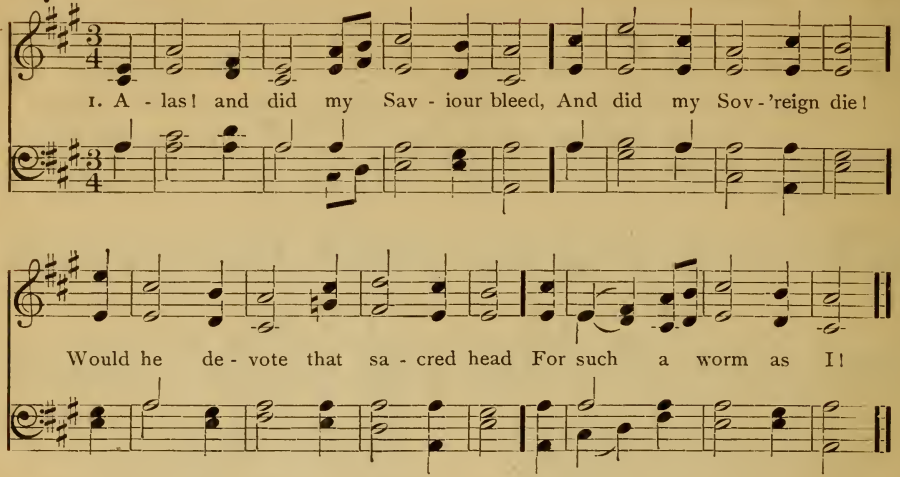
3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts

## 170 MARTYRDOM C. M.

Hugh Wilson




2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree!
Amazing pity! Grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.

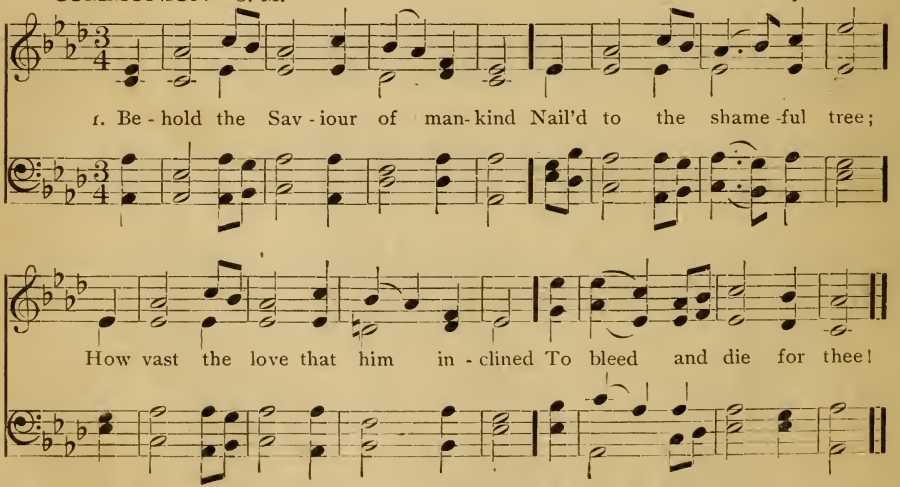
4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

Isaac Watts

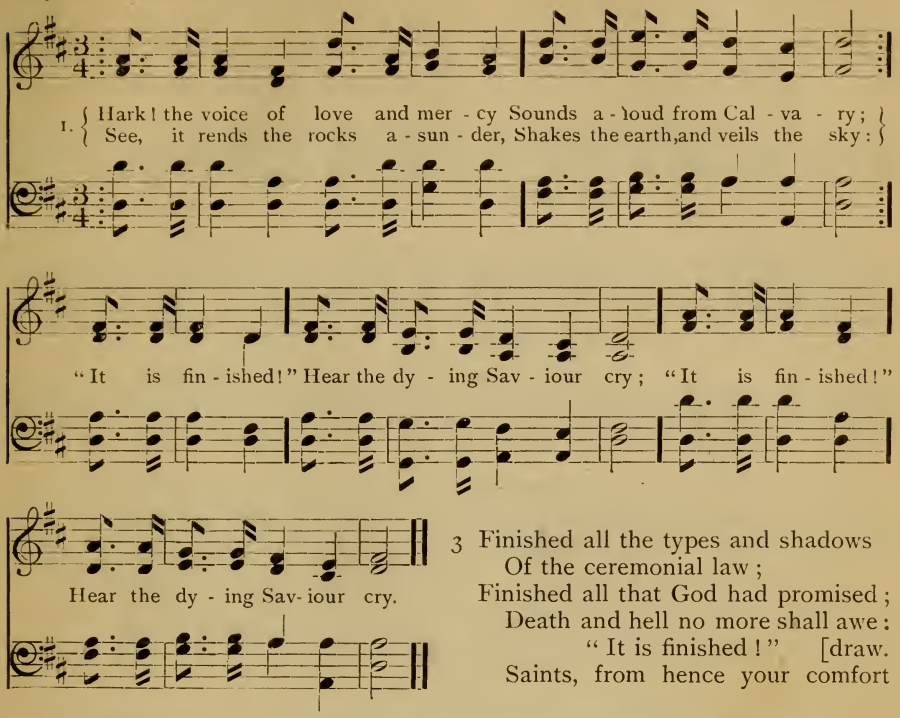
## COMMUNION C. M.

S. Jenks



## 171 ZION 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7

Thomas Hastings


1. Hark! the voice of love and mer - cy Sounds a - loud from Cal - va - ry;
See, it rends the rocks a - sun - der, Shakes the earth, and veils the sky:
"It is fin - ished!" Hear the dy - ing Sav - iour cry; "It is fin - ished!"
Hear the dy - ing Sav - iour cry.

1. Hark! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky:
"It is finished!" Hear the dying Saviour cry;
"It is finished!" Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 "It is finished!"—O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford;
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
"It is finished!"
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe:
"It is finished!" [draw.
Saints, from hence your comfort

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All in earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Emmanuel's name:
Alleluia!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

Jonathan Evans

## 172 (COMMUNION) C. M.

1 Behold the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark! how he groans while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend:
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,—
The solid marbles rend.

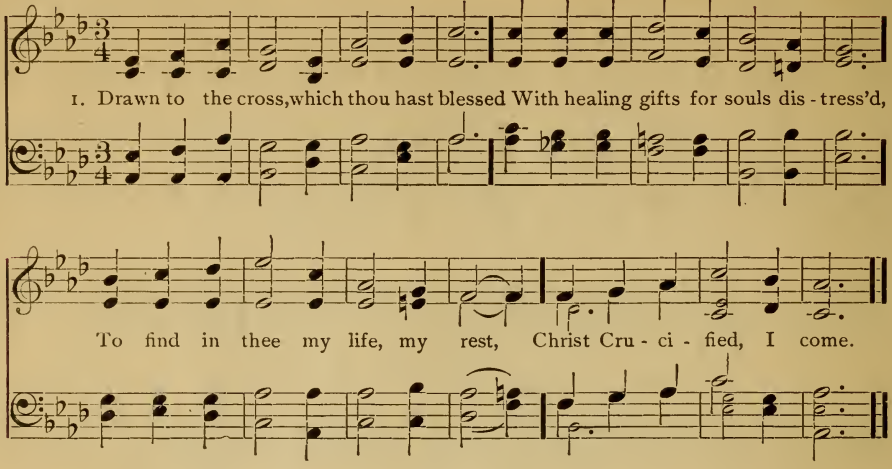
3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid!
"Receive my soul!" he cries:
See where he bows his sacred head;
He bows his head and dies.

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine?

Samuel Wesley

## 173 JUST AS I AM 8. 8. 8. 6

J. Barnby


1. Drawn to the cross, which thou hast blessed With healing gifts for souls dis - tress'd,
To find in thee my life, my rest, Christ Cru - ci - fied, I come.

2 Thou knowest all my griefs and fears,
Thy grace abused, my misspent years;
Yet now to thee, with contrite tears,
Christ Crucified, I come.

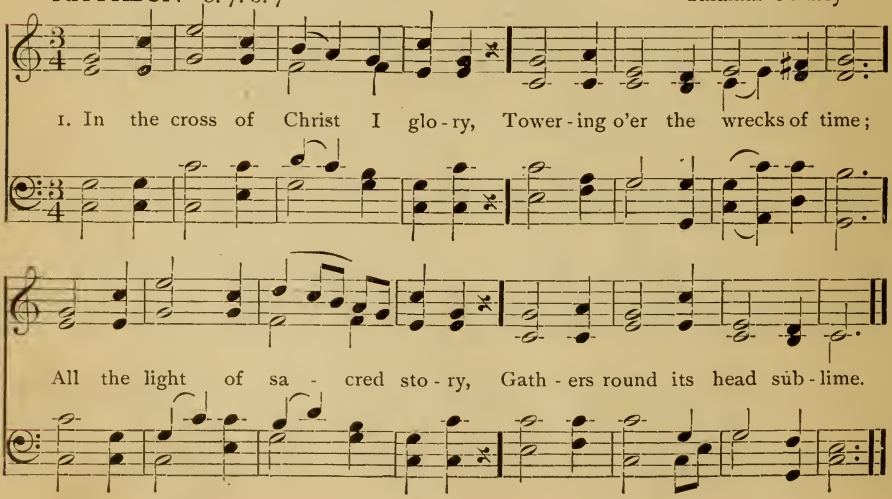
3 Wash me, and take away each stain;
Let nothing of my sin remain;
For cleansing, though it be through pain,
Christ Crucified, I come.

4 And then for work to do for thee,
Which shall so sweet a service be
That angels well might envy me,
Christ Crucified, I come.

G. M. Irons

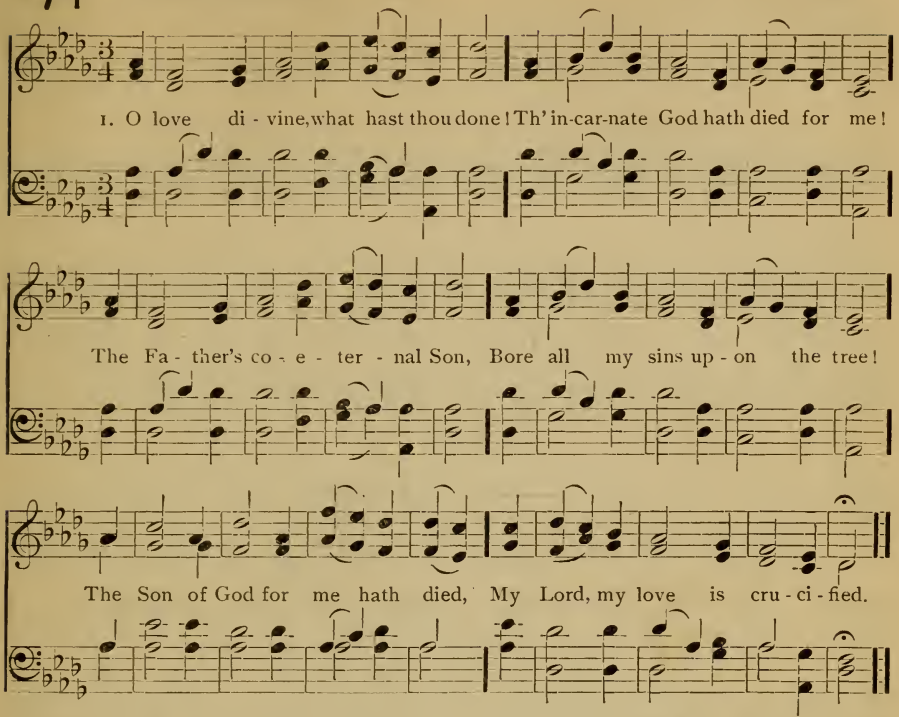
## RATHBUN 8. 7. 8. 7

Ithamar Conkey


1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tower - ing o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry, Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.

## 174 ST. PETERSBURG L. M. 61.

D. S. Bortnianski


1. O love di - vine, what hast thou done! Th' in-car-nate God hath died for me!
The Fa - ther's co - e - ter - nal Son, Bore all my sins up - on the tree!
The Son of God for me hath died, My Lord, my love is cru - ci - fied.

2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,—
The bleeding Prince of life and peace!
Come see, ye worms, your Saviour die,
And say was ever grief like his?
Come, feel with me his blood applied:
My Lord, my love, is crucified:—

3 Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God:
Believe, believe the record true,—
Ye all are bought with Jesus' blood;
Pardon for all flows from his side:
My Lord, my love, is crucified.

4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream;
All things for him account but loss,
And give up all our hearts to him:
Of nothing think or speak beside,—
My Lord, my love, is crucified.

Charles Wesley

## 175 (RATHBUN) 8. 7. 8. 7

1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

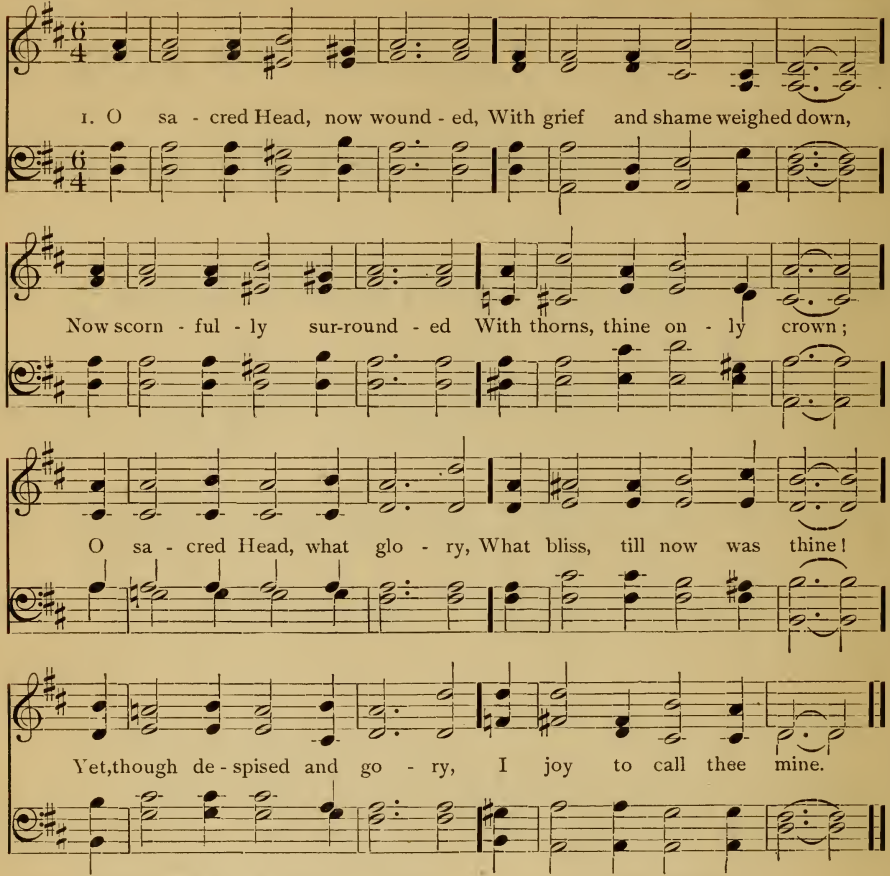
2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

John Bowring

## 176 THALBERG 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

S. Thalberg

1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scorn - ful - ly sur-round - ed With thorns, thine on - ly crown;
O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss, till now was thine!
Yet,though de - spised and go - ry, I joy to call thee mine.

2 What thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve thy place;
Look on me with thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

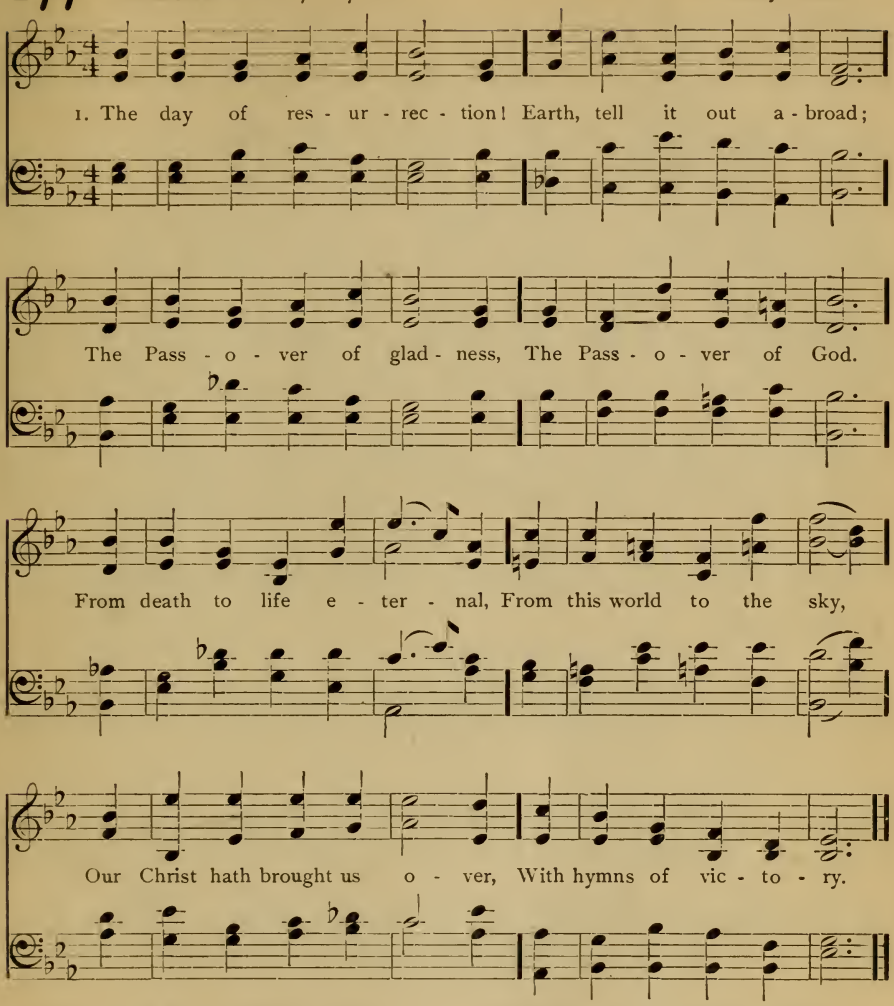
3 The joy can ne'er be spoken,
Above all joys beside,
When in thy body broken
I thus with safety hide.
My Lord of life, desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside the cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to thee.

4 What language shall I borrow
To thank thee, dearest friend,
For this thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me thine forever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to thee.

Bernard of Clairvaux. Tr. James W. Alexander

## 177 LANCASHIRE 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Henry Smart

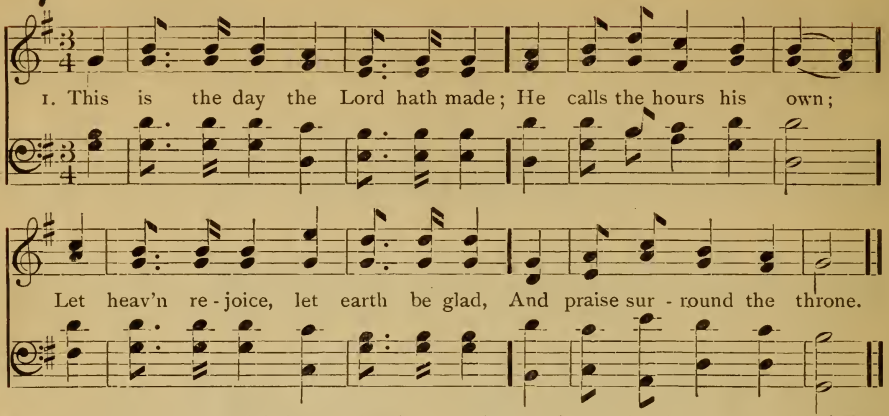

1. The day of res - ur - rec - tion! Earth, tell it out a - broad;
The Pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God.
From death to life e - ter - nal, From this world to the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us o - ver, With hymns of vic - to - ry.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light;
And, listening to his accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "All hail!" and hearing,
May raise the victor-strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin;
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein;
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our joy that hath no end.

John of Damascus. Tr. John M. Neale

## 178 ARLINGTON C. M.

Thomas A. Arne

1. This is the day the Lord hath made; He calls the hours his own;
Let heav'n re-joice, let earth be glad, And praise sur-round the throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

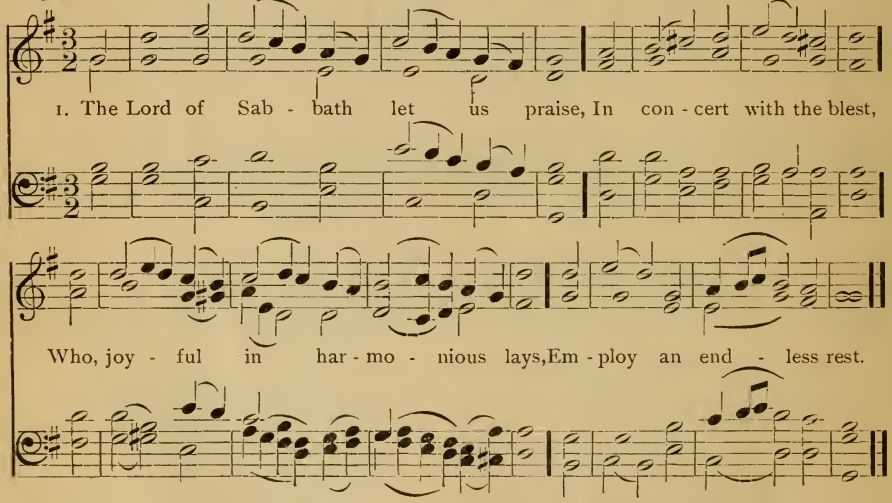
3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord; descend and bring
Salvation from the throne.

4 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise!
The highest heavens in which he reigns
Shall give him nobler praise.

Isaac Watts

## 179 LEACH C. M.

Old English Melody



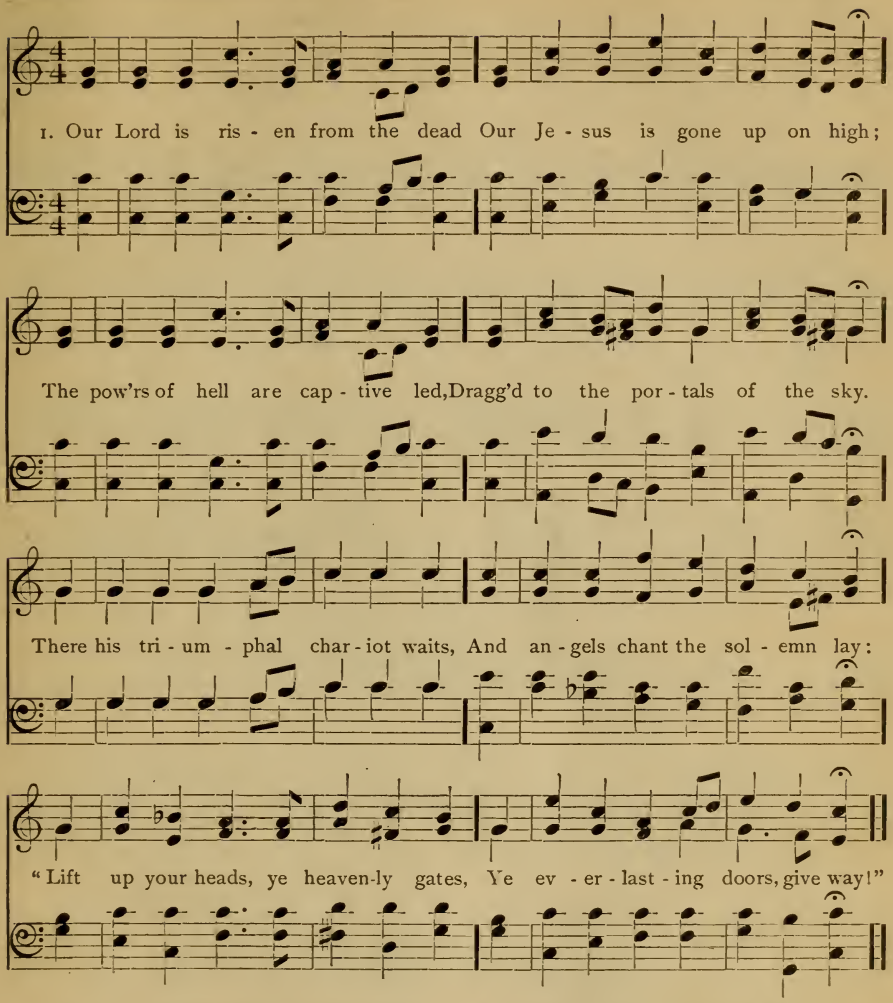

2 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd,
By the eternal word, than when
This universe was made.

3 He rises, who mankind has bought,
With grief and pain extreme:
'Twas great to speak the world from naught;
'Twas greater to redeem.

Samuel Wesley, Jr.

## 180 PETERBOROUGH L. M. D.

John Goss


1. Our Lord is ris - en from the dead Our Je - sus is gone up on high;
The pow'rs of hell are cap - tive led, Dragg'd to the por - tals of the sky.
There his tri - um - phal char - iot waits, And an - gels chant the sol - emn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heaven-ly gates, Ye ev - er - last - ing doors, give way!"

2 "Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as his right;
Receive the King of glory in!"
"Who is the King of glory? Who?"
"The Lord, that all our foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew:
And Jesus is the conqueror's name."

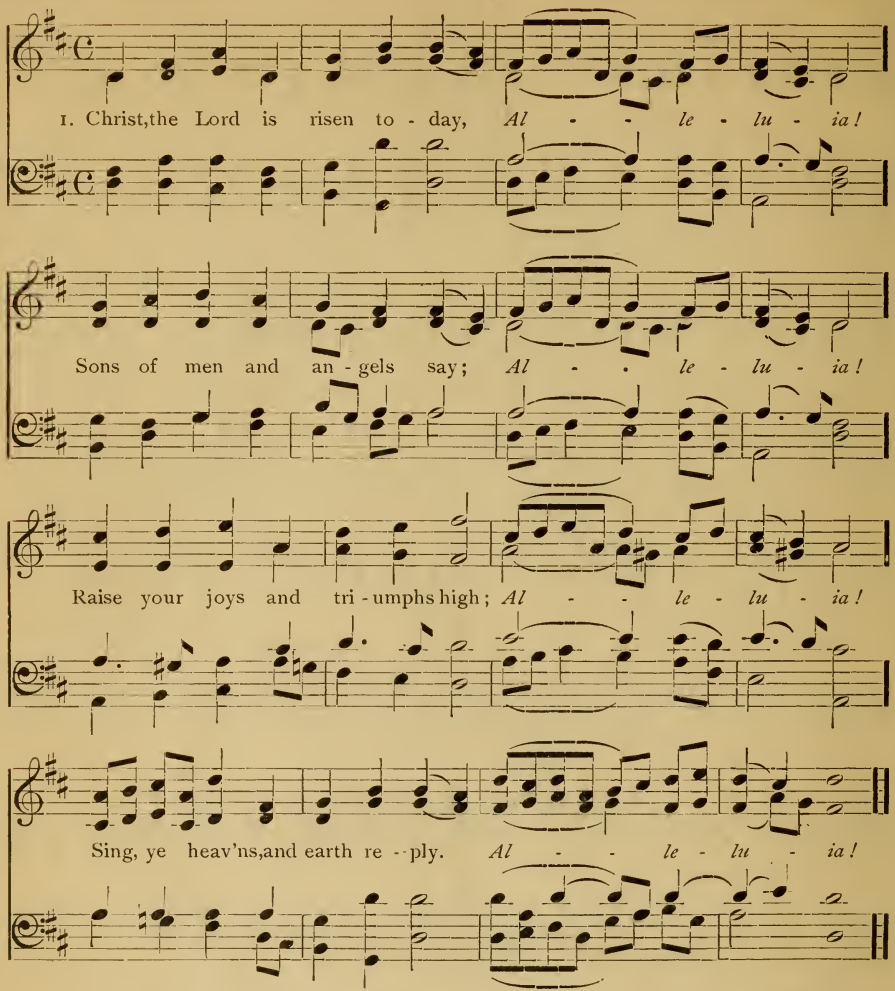
3 Lo, his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way!"
"Who is the King of glory? Who?"
"The Lord, of glorious power possessed;
The King of saints and angels too;
God over all, forever blest!"

183

Charles Wesley

## 181 WORGAN 7. 7. 7. 7. with Refrain

Henry Carey


1. Christ, the Lord is risen to - day, Al - - le - lu - ia!
Sons of men and an - gels say; Al - - le - lu - ia!
Raise your joys and tri - umphs high; Al - - le - lu - ia!
Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth re - ply. Al - - le - lu - ia!

2 Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

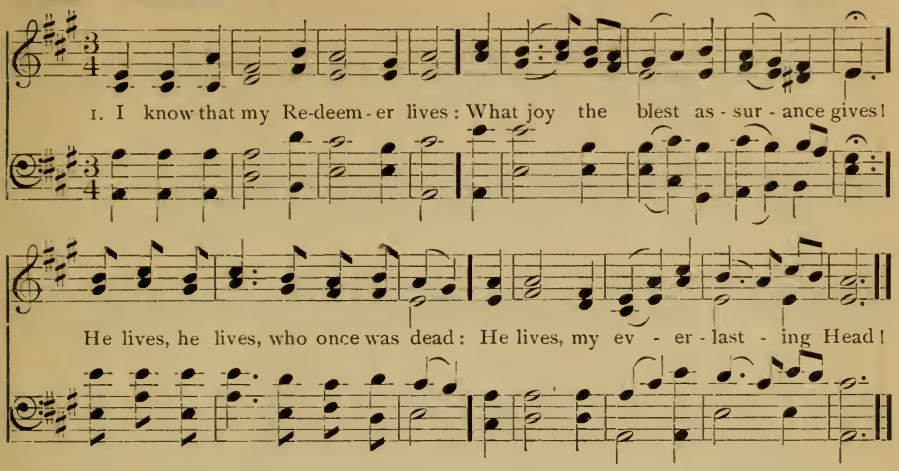
3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

Charles Wesley

## 182 MIGDOL L. M.

Lowell Mason


1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives: What joy the blest as-sur-ance gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead: He lives, my ev-er-last-ing Head!

2 He lives, to bless me with his love;
He lives, to plead for me above;
He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
He lives, to help in time of need.

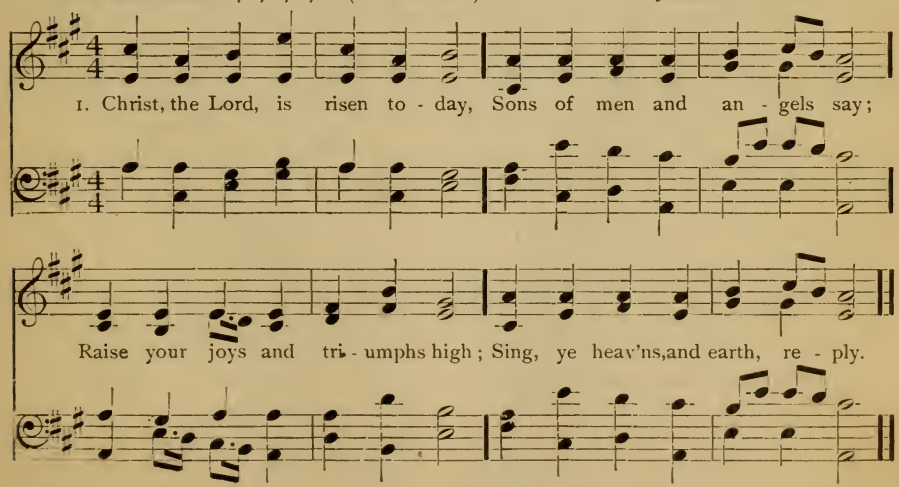
3 He lives, and grants me daily breath;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives, my mansion to prepare;
He lives, to bring me safely there.

4 He lives, all glory to his name;
He lives, my Saviour, still the same;
What joy the blest assurance gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives!

Samuel Medley

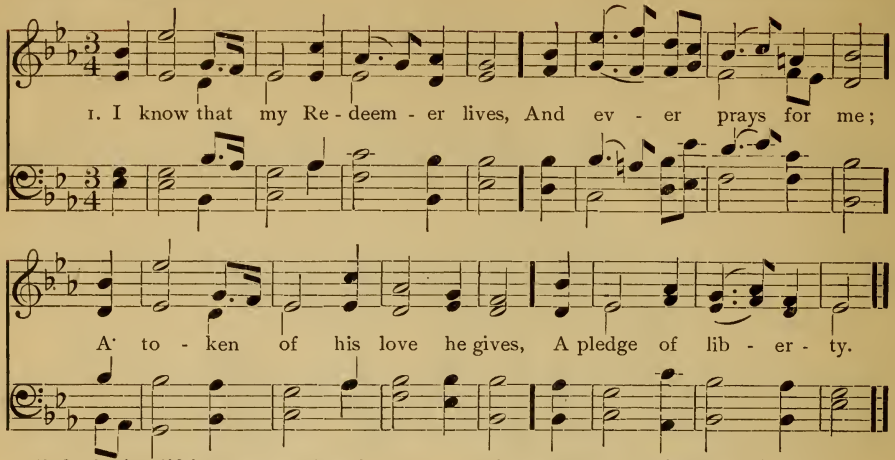
## NUREMBERG 7. 7. 7. 7. (*Second Tune*)

Johann Rudolf Ahle


1. Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day, Sons of men and an-gels say;
Raise your joys and tri-umphs high; Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth, re-ply.

## 183 MESSIAH C. M.

Arr. from George F. Handel




2 I find him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.

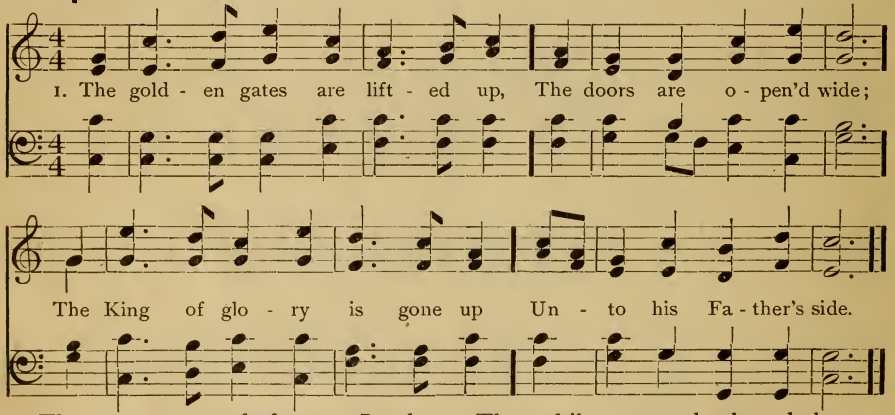
3 He wills that I should holy be:
Who can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfil.

4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word:
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

Charles Wesley

## 184 BROWN C. M.

W. B. Bradbury




2 Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
To make for us a place,
That we may be where now thou art,
And look upon thy face.

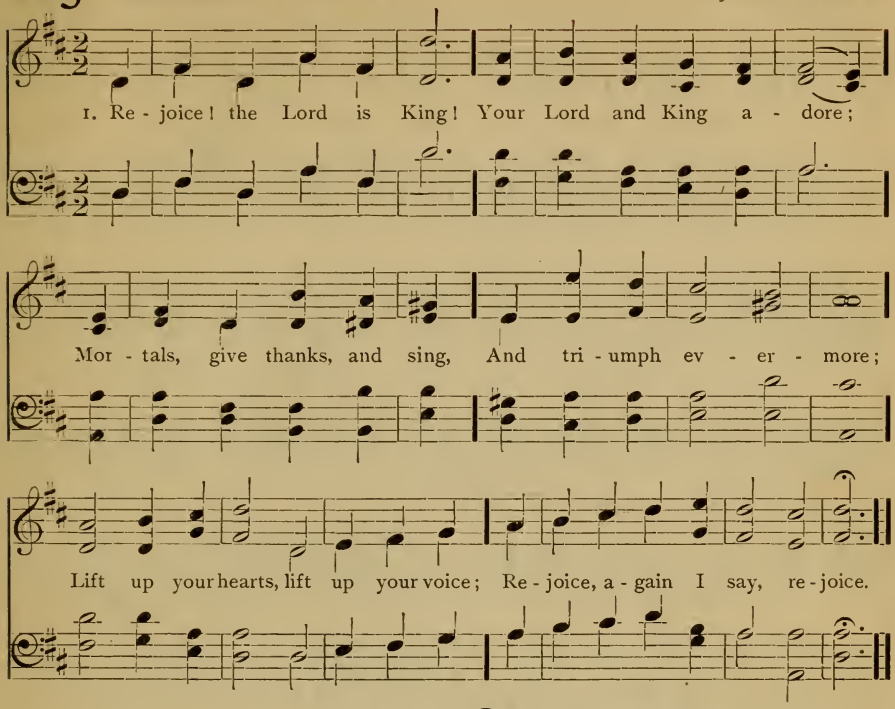
3 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,
Let thy dear grace be given,
That while we wander here below,
Our treasure be in heaven;

4 That where thou art at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be:
Dwell thou in us, that we may dwell
For evermore in thee.

C. F. Alexander

## 185 DARWALL 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8

John Darwall


1. Re - joice! the Lord is King! Your Lord and King a - dore;
Mor - tals, give thanks, and sing, And tri - umph ev - er - more;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice; Re - joice, a - gain I say, re - joice.

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4 He sits at God's right hand
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

Charles Wesley

## 186 (DARWALL) 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8

1 Awake, ye saints, awake!
And hail this sacred day:
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay:
Come, bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

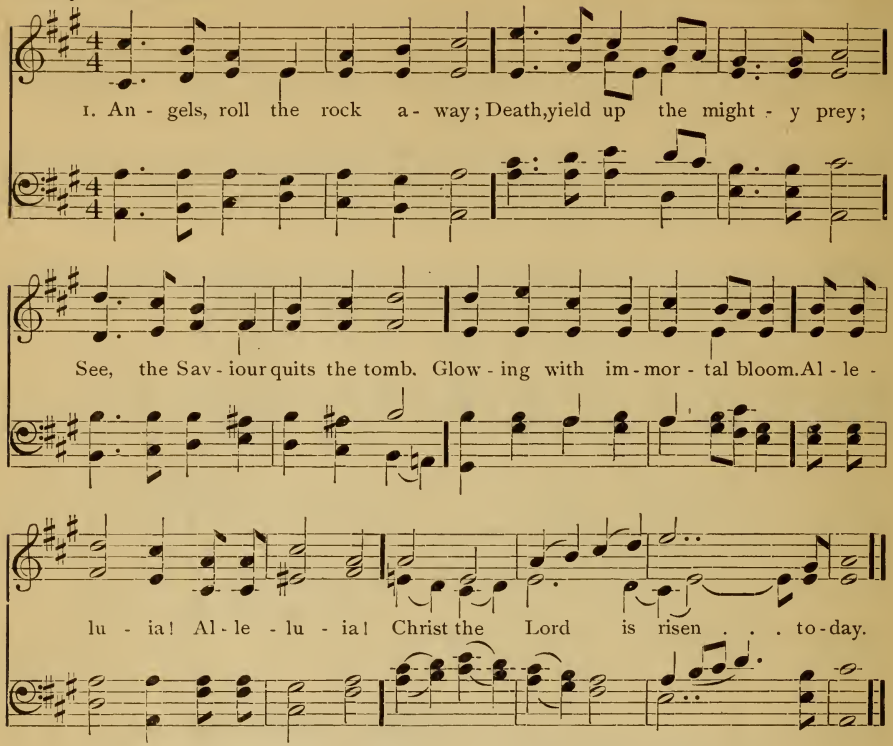
2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose;
He burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes;
And now he pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all his love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings,
And earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.

Elizabeth Scott. Alt. by T. Cotterill

## 187 EASTER 7. 7. 7. 7. 8. 7

J. B. Dykes


1. An - gels, roll the rock a - way; Death, yield up the might - y prey;
See, the Sav - iour quits the tomb. Glow - ing with im - mor - tal bloom. Al - le -
lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Christ the Lord is risen . . . to - day.

2 Shout, ye seraphs, angels, raise
Your eternal song of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo to the blissful sound.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

3 Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Glory as of old to thee,
Now and evermore shall be.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

T. Scott and T. Gibbons

## 188 (LISBON) S. M.

1 The Lord is risen indeed;
The grave hath lost its prey;
With him shall rise the ransom'd seed,
To reign in endless day.

2 The Lord is risen indeed;
He lives, to die no more;
He lives, his people's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.

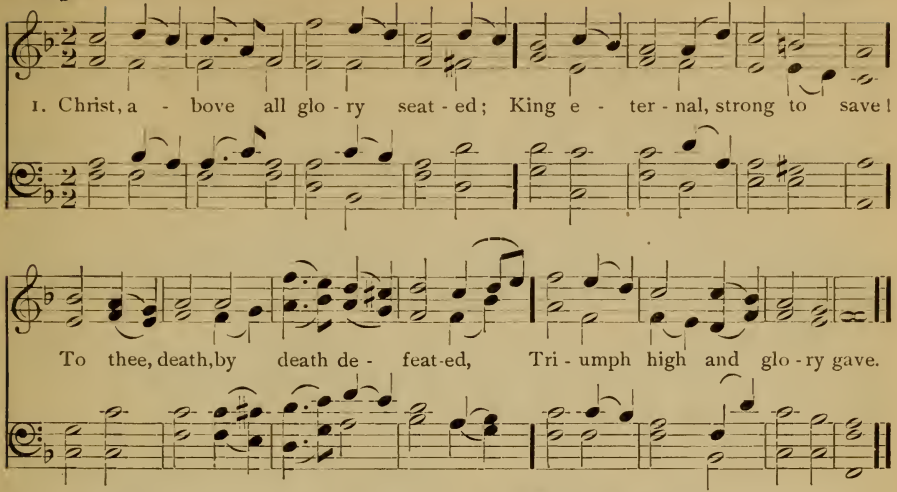
3 The Lord is risen indeed;
Attending angels, hear;
Up, to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear: —

4 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join, all ye bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

Thomas Kelly

## 189 CARTHAGE 8. 7. 8. 7

Arr. by G. F. Root




2 Thou art gone where now is given
What no mortal might could gain,
On the eternal throne of heaven,
In thy Father's power to reign.

3 There thy kingdoms all adore thee,
Heaven above and earth below,
While the depths of hell before thee,
Trembling and defeated bow.

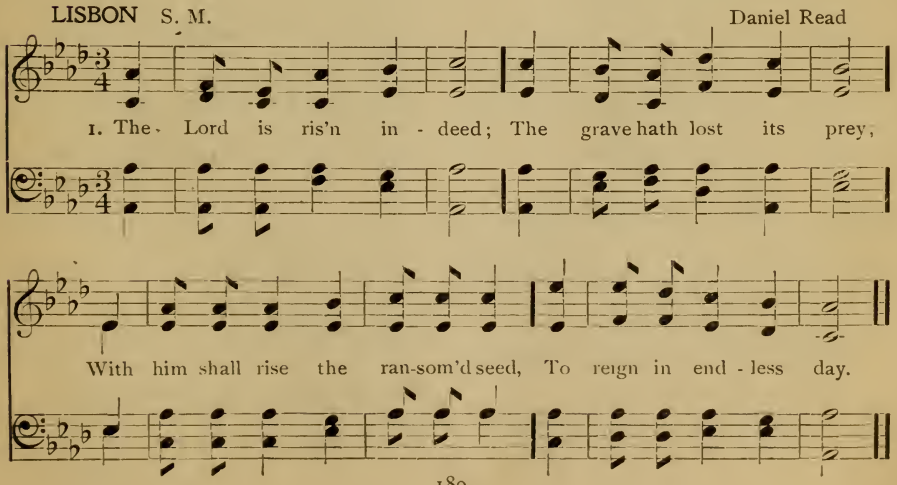
4 We, O Lord! with hearts adoring,
Follow thee above the sky:
Hear our prayers thy grace imploring,
Lift our souls to thee on high.

5 So when thou again in glory
On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,
We thy flock shall stand before thee,
Owned for evermore as thine.

J. R. Woodford, tr.

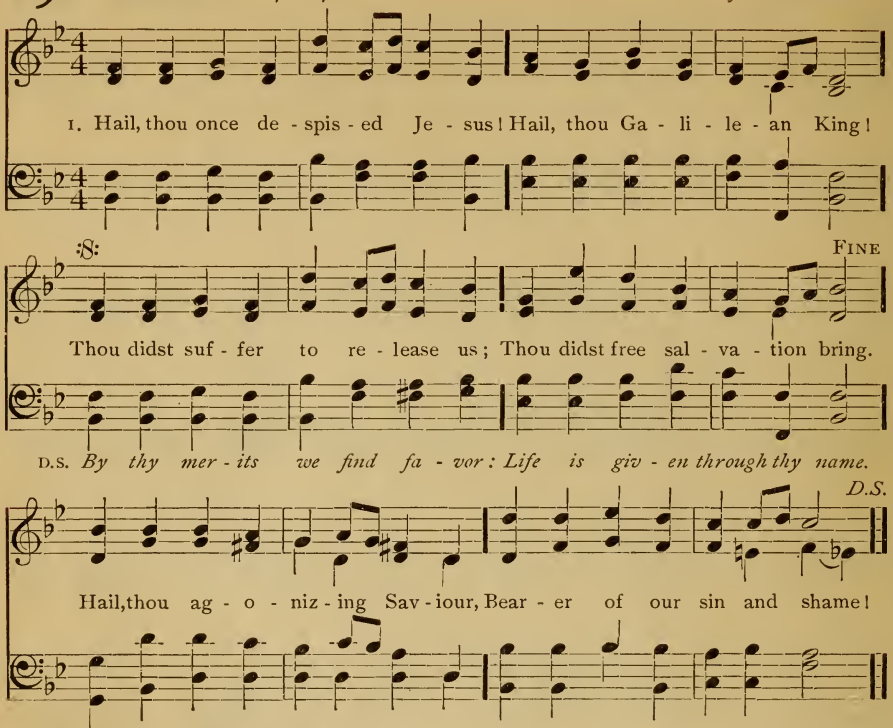
## LISBON S. M.

Daniel Read



## 190 BEECHER 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

John Zundel


1. Hail, thou once de - spis - ed Je - sus! Hail, thou Ga - li - le - an King!
:S:
FINE
Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us; Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring.
D.S. By thy mer - its we find fa - vor: Life is giv - en through thy name.
D.S.
Hail, thou ag - o - niz - ing Sav - iour, Bear - er of our sin and shame!

2 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:
There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare,
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honor, power, and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits;
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

John Bakewell

## 191 (NOTTINGHAM) C. M.

1 The head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now,
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is his by sovereign right;
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns in glory bright;

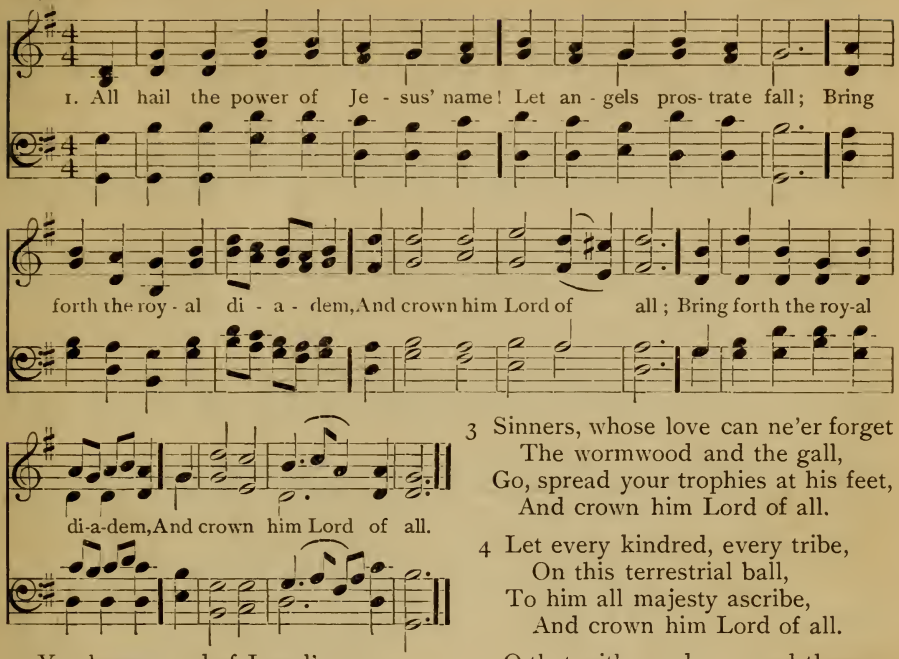
3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love
And grants his name to know.

4 The cross he bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to him:
His people's hopes, his people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

T. Kelly

## 192 CORONATION C. M.

Oliver Holden


1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros- trate fall; Bring
forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy-al
di-a-dem, And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

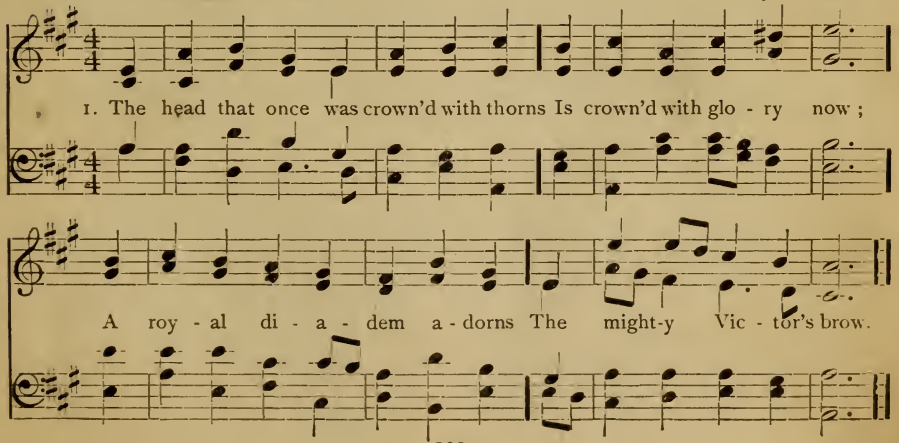
4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

Edward Perronet

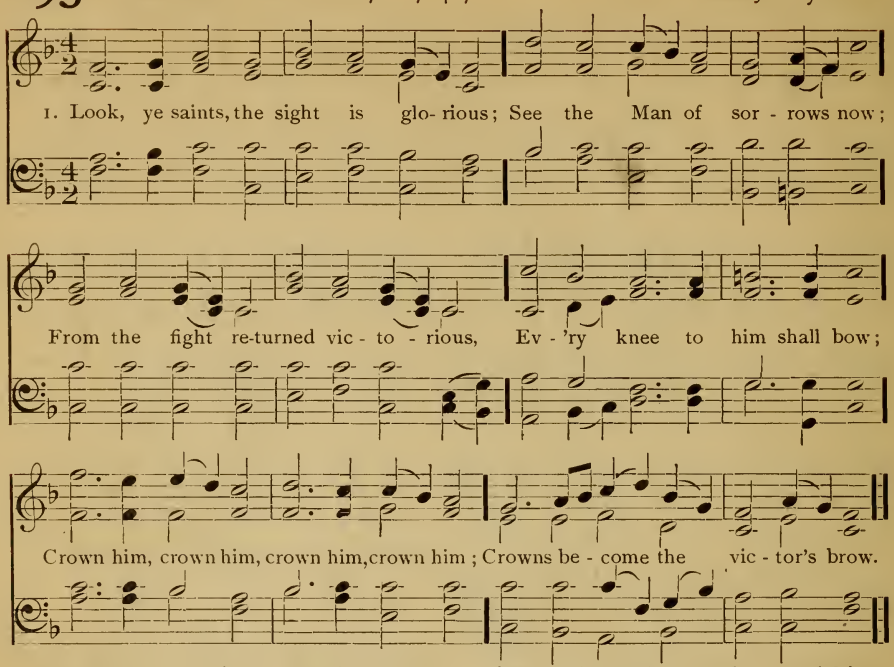
## NOTTINGHAM C. M.

J. Clarke



## 193 HAYDN'S HYMN 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7

From J. Haydn


1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo- rious; See the Man of sor - rows now;
From the fight re-turned vic - to - rious, Ev - 'ry knee to him shall bow;
Crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him; Crowns be - come the vic - tor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the vault of heaven rings:
Crown him, crown him;
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name;
Crown him, crown him;
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station:
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown him, crown him,
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

Thomas Kelly

## 194 (EASTON) L. M.

1 Here's love and grief beyond degree:
The Lord of glory dies for man!
But lo! what sudden joys we see:
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

2 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
(In vain the tomb forbids his rise;)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

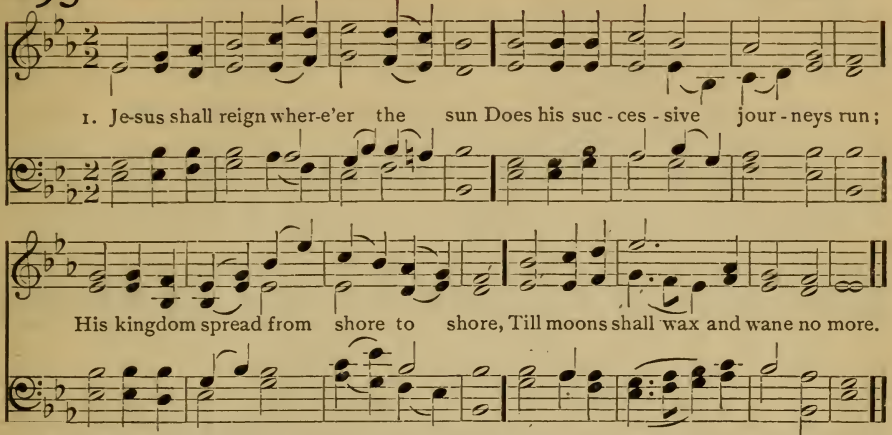
3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains:

4 Say, Live forever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save;
Then ask the monster, Where's thy sting,
And, Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?

192 Isaac Watts. Alt. by John Wesley

## 195 DUKE STREET L. M.

John Hatton


1. Je-sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive jour - neys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

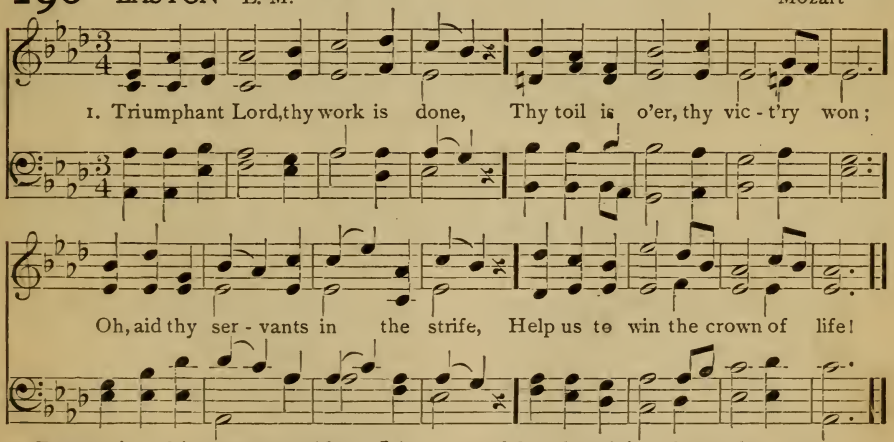
3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

Isaac Watts

## 196 EASTON L. M.

Mozart


1. Triumphant Lord, thy work is done, Thy toil is o'er, thy vic - t'ry won;
Oh, aid thy ser - vants in the strife, Help us to win the crown of life!

2 Presenting thine own sacrifice, [rise;
Our prayers like incense round thee
For thou art Priest forever, thou
Art interceding for us now.

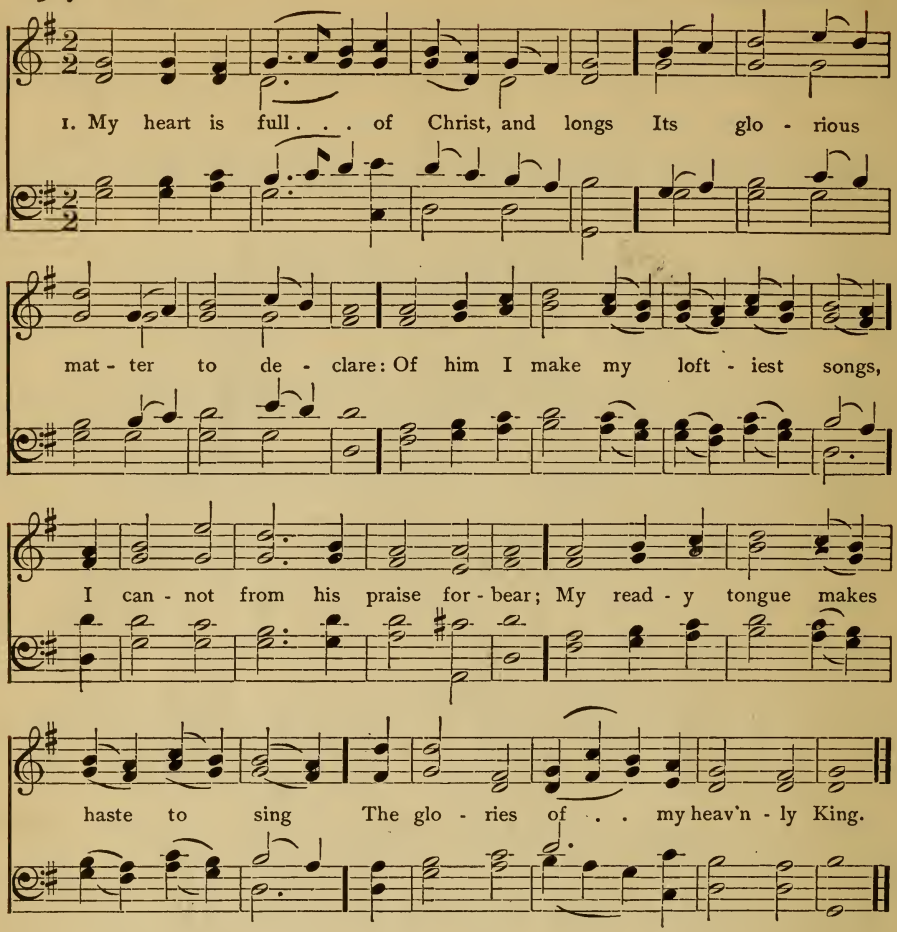
3 Oh, by thy spotless, wondrous birth,
And by thy bitter death on earth,
And by thy rising from the grave,
Ascended Lord, thy people save.

4 Thou art the King of glory, thine
All honor, praise and power divine:
One with the Father now confest,
And with the Spirit ever blest.

W. J. Irons

## 197 ADMAH L. M. 61.

Lowell Mason


1. My heart is full . . . of Christ, and longs Its glo - rious
mat - ter to de - clare: Of him I make my loft - iest songs,
I can - not from his praise for - bear; My read - y tongue makes
haste to sing The glo - ries of . . . my heav'n - ly King.

2 Fairer than all the earth-born race,
Perfect in comeliness thou art;
Replenished are thy lips with grace,
And full of love thy tender heart;
God ever blest, we bow the knee,
And own all fulness dwells in thee.

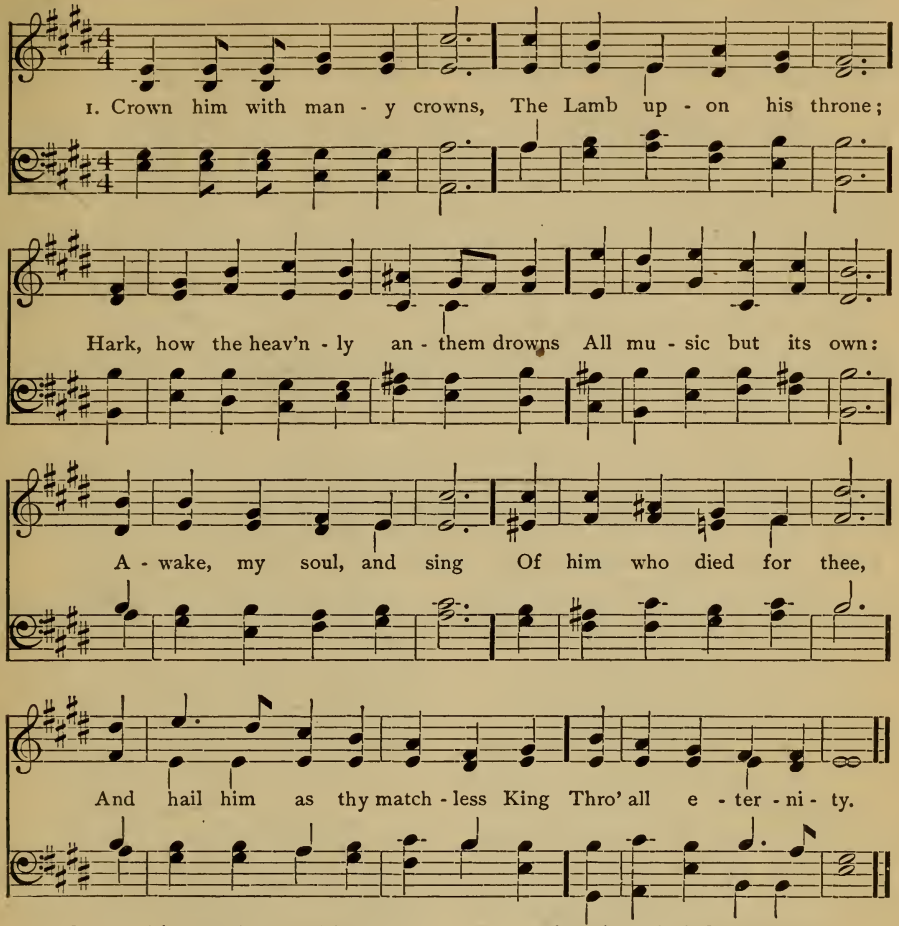
3 Gird on thy thigh the Spirit's sword,
And take to thee thy power divine;
Stir up thy strength, Almighty Lord.
All power and majesty are thine;
Assert thy worship and renown;
O all-redeeming God, come down.

4 Come and maintain thy righteous cause,
And let thy glorious toil succeed;
Dispread the victory of thy cross;
Ride on and prosper in thy deed;
Through earth triumphantly ride on,
And reign in every heart alone.

Charles Wesley

## 198 DIADEMATA S. M. D.

George J. Elvey


1. Crown him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on his throne;
Hark, how the heav'n - ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own:
A - wake, my soul, and sing Of him who died for thee,
And hail him as thy match - less King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

2 Crown him the Lord of love:
Behold his hands and side,
Rich wounds yet visible above,
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

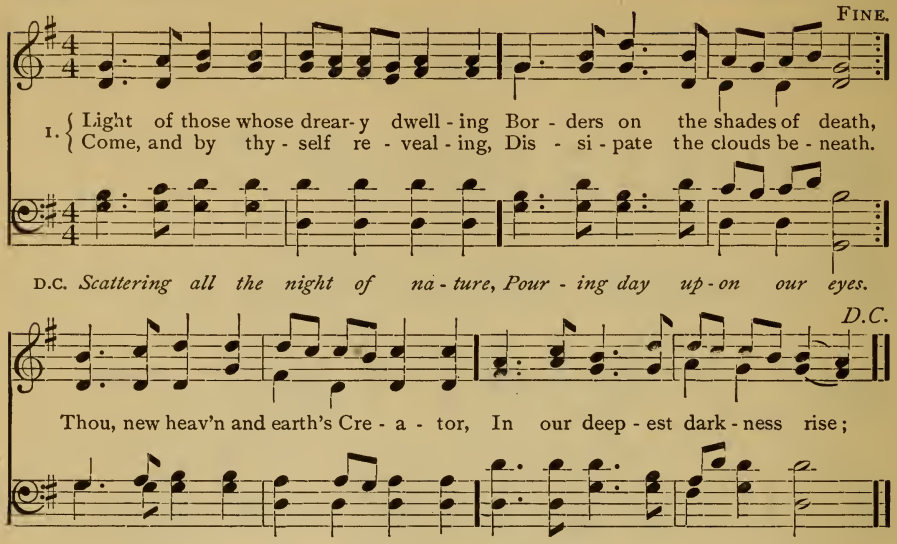
3 Crown him the Lord of peace:
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise:
His reign shall know no end,
And round his piercèd feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4 Crown him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime.
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

Matthew Bridges

## 199 MIDDLETON 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Arr. by J. Zundel


FINE.
1. Light of those whose drear-y dwell-ing Bor-ders on the shades of death,
Come, and by thy-self re-veal-ing, Dis-si-pate the clouds be-neath.
D.C. Scattering all the night of na-ture, Pour-ing day up-on our eyes.
D.C.
Thou, new heav'n and earth's Cre-a-tor, In our deep-est dark-ness rise;

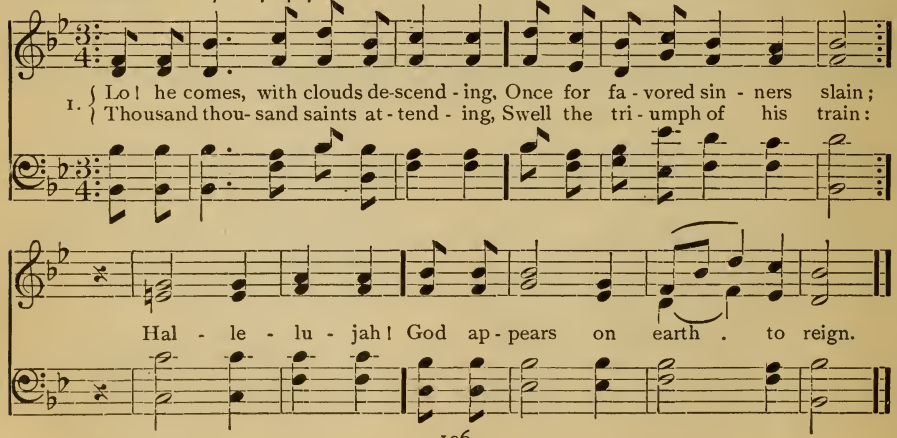
2 Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart.
Come, and manifest thy favor
To our ruined, guilty race;
Come, thou universal Saviour;
Come, and bring the gospel grace.

3 Save us in thy great compassion,
O thou mild, pacific Prince;
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins:
By thine all-atoning merit,
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit,
Guide into thy perfect peace.

Charles Wesley

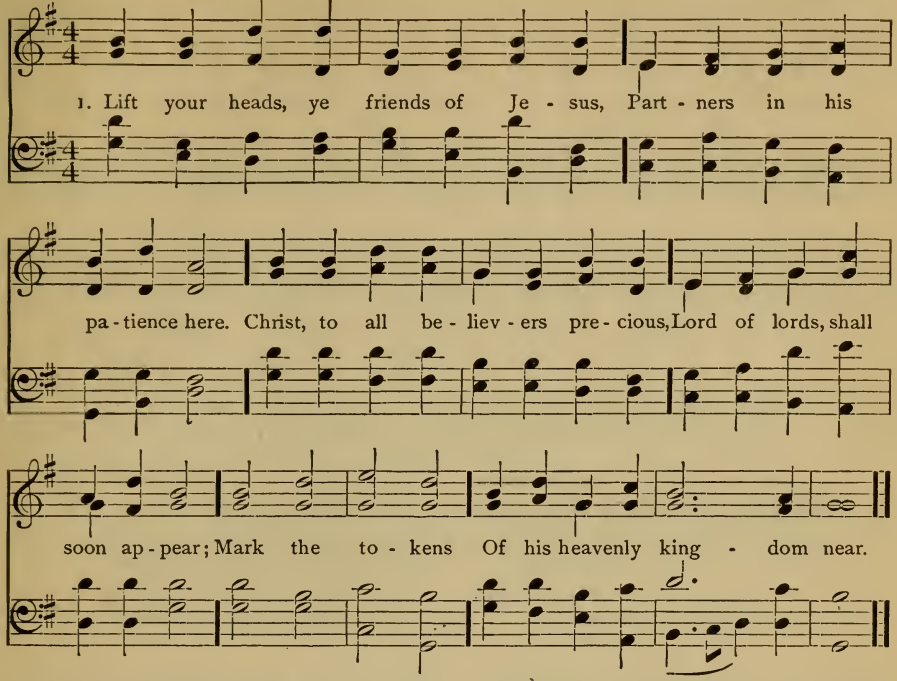
## HAMDEN 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7

Lowell Mason


1. Lo! he comes, with clouds de-scend-ing, Once for fa-vored sin-ners slain;
Thousand thou-sand saints at-tend-ing, Swell the tri-umph of his train:
Hal-le-lu-jah! God ap-pears on earth . to reign.

## 200 CORONÆ 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7

William H. Monk


1. Lift your heads, ye friends of Je - sus, Part - ners in his
pa - tience here. Christ, to all be - liev - ers pre - cious, Lord of lords, shall
soon ap - pear; Mark the to - kens Of his heavenly king - dom near.

2 Sun and moon are both confounded,
Darkened into endless night,
When, with angel-hosts surrounded,
In his Father's glory bright,
Beams the Saviour,
Shines the everlasting light.

3 See the stars from heaven falling;
Hark, on earth the doleful cry,
Men on rocks and mountains calling,
While the frowning Judge draws
"Hide us, hide us, [nigh,
Rocks and mountains, from his eye."

4 With what different exclamation
Shall the saints his banner see!
By the tokens of his passion,
By the marks received for me,
All discern him;
All with shouts cry out, "'Tis he!"

Charles Wesley

## 201 (HAMDEN) 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7

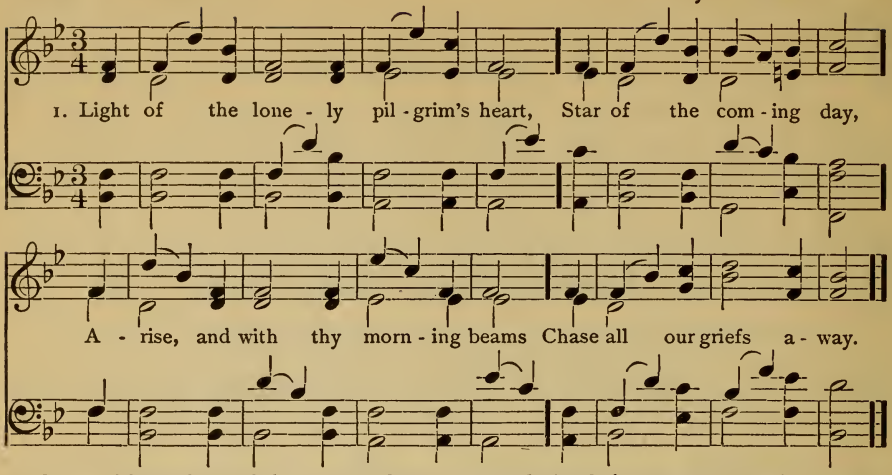
1 Lo! he comes, with clouds descend-
Once for favored sinners slain; [ing,
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 All the tokens of his passion
Still his dazzling body bears,
Cause of endless exultation
To his ransomed worshipers;
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars!

Charles Wesley

## 202 GEER C. M.

Henry W. Greatorex

2 Come, blessed Lord, let every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of thy royal name,
And own thee as their King.

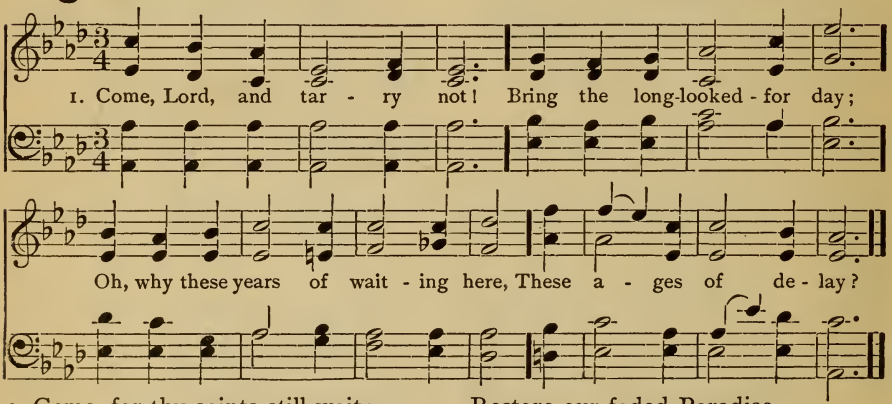
3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in sweetest strains of joy,
In memory of thy love.

4 Jesus, thy fair creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for thee.

Edward Denny

## 203 GREENWOOD S. M.

Joseph E. Sweetser




2 Come, for thy saints still wait;
Daily ascends their sigh;
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!
Dost thou not hear the cry?

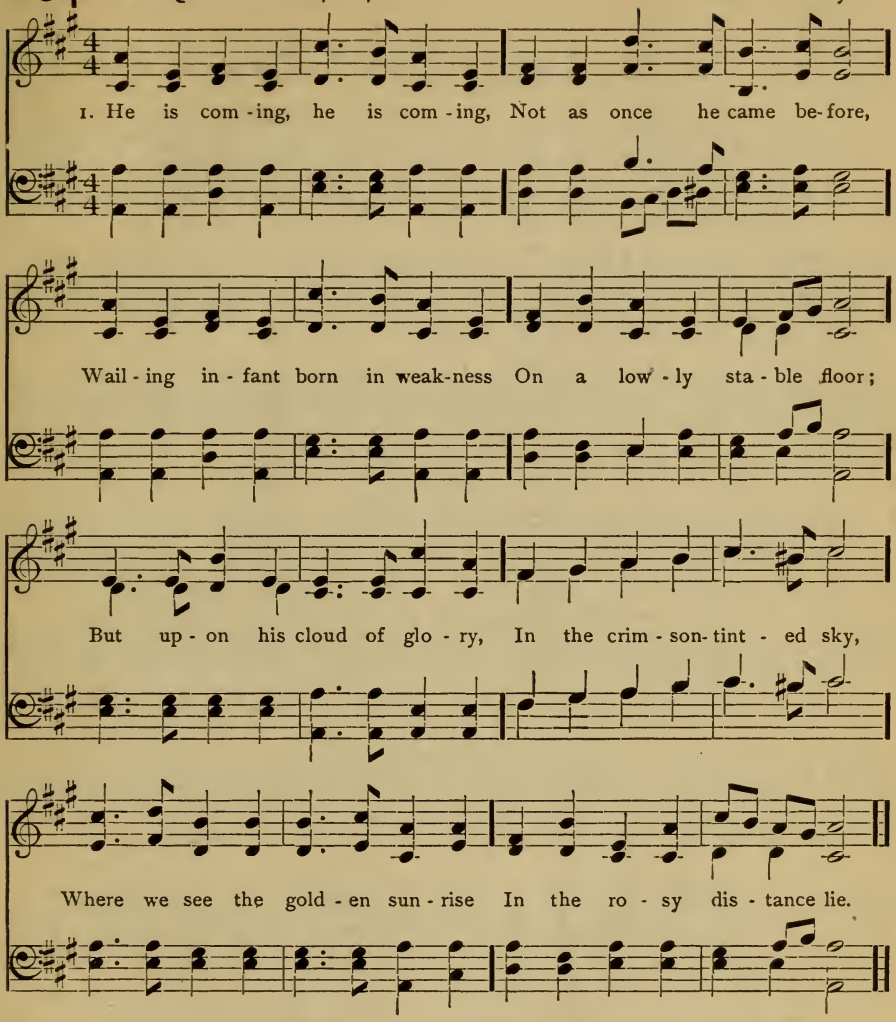
3 Come, and make all things new,
Build up this ruined earth,
Restore our faded Paradise,—
Creation's second birth.

4 Come, and begin thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to thyself,
Great King of righteousness!

Horatius Bonar

## 204 CONQUEROR 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

H. F. Hemy


1. He is com-ing, he is com-ing, Not as once he came be-fore,
Wail-ing in-fant born in weak-ness On a low-ly sta-ble floor;
But up-on his cloud of glo-ry, In the crim-son-tint-ed sky,
Where we see the gold-en sun-rise In the ro-sy dis-tance lie.

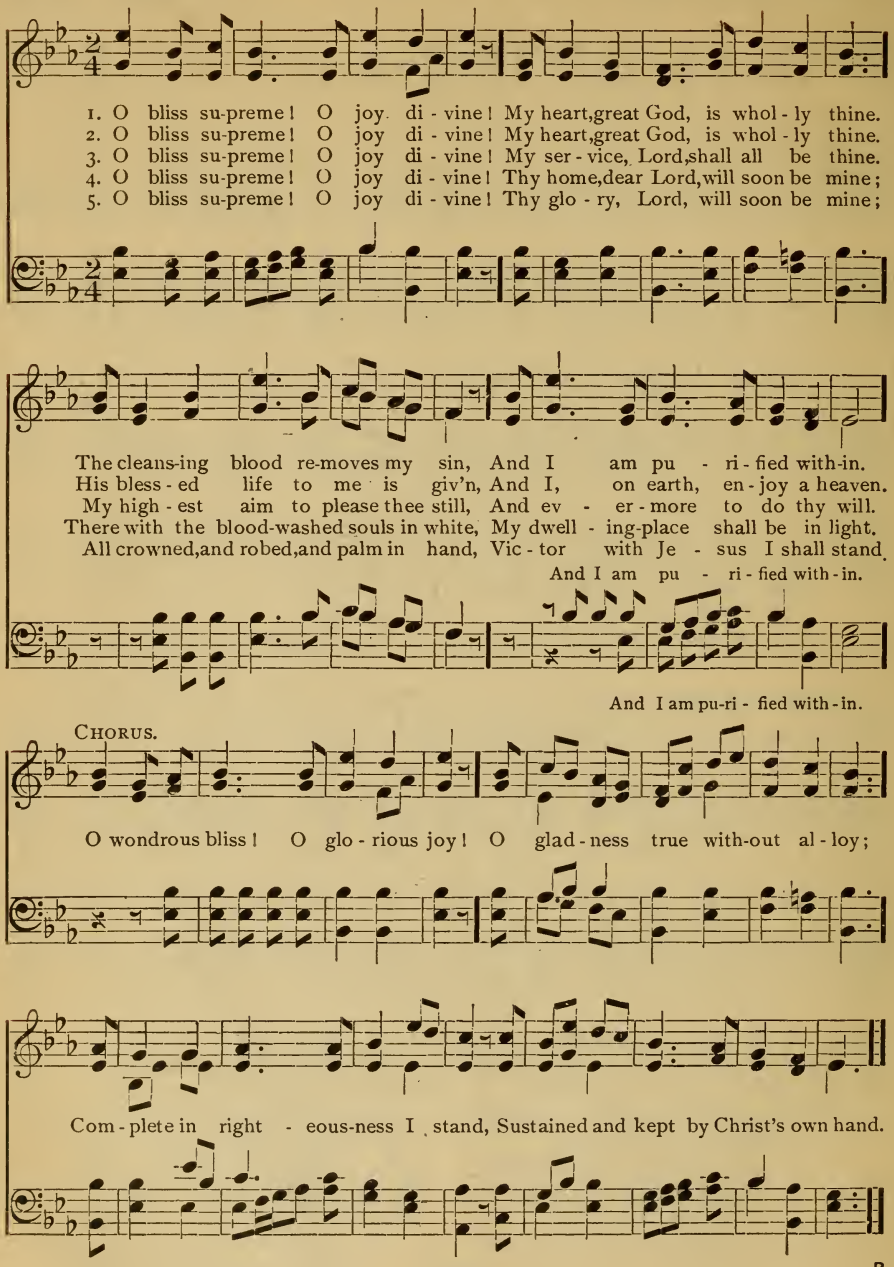
2 He is coming, he is coming,
Not as once he wandered through
All the hostile land of Judah,
With his followers poor and few;
But with all the holy angels
Waiting round his judgment-seat,
And the chosen twelve apostles
Sitting crownèd at his feet.

3 He is coming, he is coming,
Let his lowly first estate,
And his tender love, so teach us
That in faith and hope we wait,
Till in glory eastward burning,
Our redemption draweth near,
And we see the sign in heaven
Of our Judge and Saviour dear.

C. F. Alexander

## 205 METHUEN

Words by W. B. Taylor. Rev. Wm. H. Acornley


1. O bliss su-preme! O joy di - vine! My heart,great God, is whol - ly thine.
2. O bliss su-preme! O joy di - vine! My heart,great God, is whol - ly thine.
3. O bliss su-preme! O joy di - vine! My ser - vice, Lord,shall all be thine.
4. O bliss su-preme! O joy di - vine! Thy home,dear Lord,will soon be mine;
5. O bliss su-preme! O joy di - vine! Thy glo - ry, Lord, will soon be mine;
The cleans-ing blood re-moves my sin, And I am pu - ri - fied with-in.
His bless - ed life to me is giv'n, And I, on earth, en - joy a heaven.
My high - est aim to please thee still, And ev - er - more to do thy will.
There with the blood-washed souls in white, My dwell - ing-place shall be in light.
All crowned,and robed,and palm in hand, Vic - tor with Je - sus I shall stand.
And I am pu - ri - fied with - in.
And I am pu-ri - fied with - in.
Chorus.
O wondrous bliss! O glo - rious joy! O glad - ness true with-out al - loy;
Com - plete in right - eous-ness I stand, Sustained and kept by Christ's own hand.

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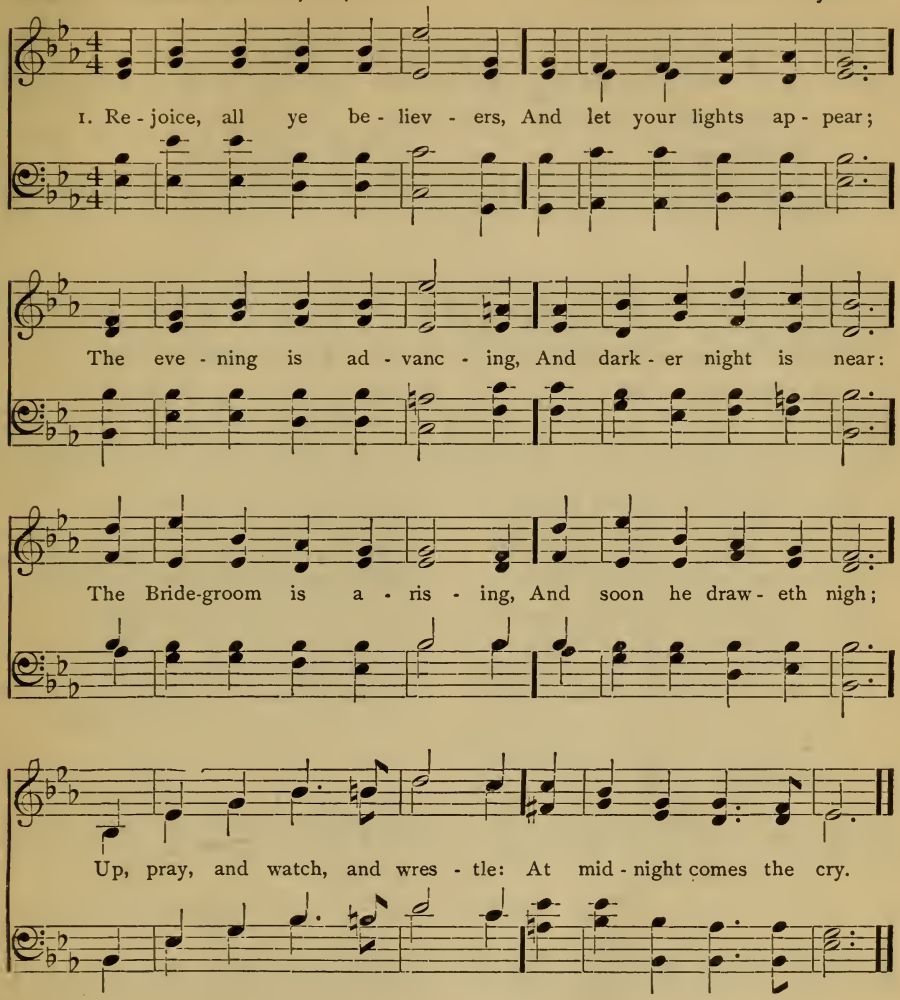
P

## 206 GREENLAND 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Arr. from Michael Haydn


1. Re - joice, all ye be - liev - ers, And let your lights ap - pear;
The eve - ning is ad - vanc - ing, And dark - er night is near:
The Bride-groom is a - ris - ing, And soon he draw - eth nigh;
Up, pray, and watch, and wres - tle: At mid - night comes the cry.

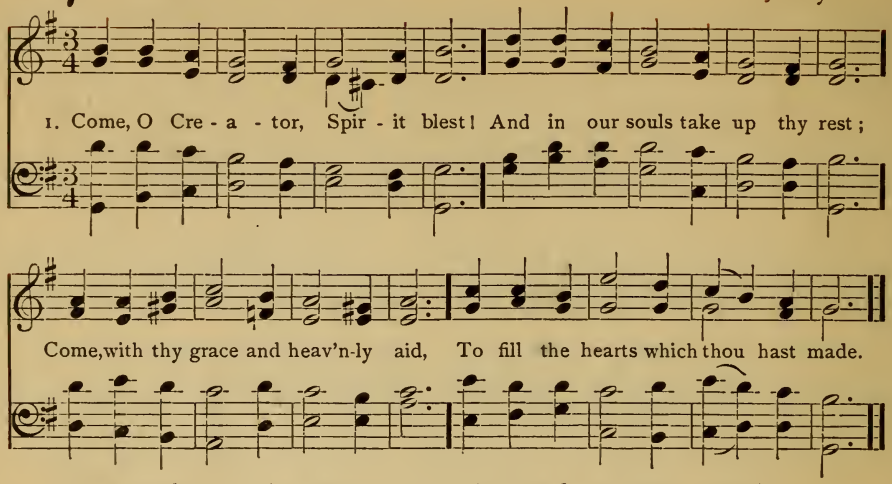
2 See that your lamps are burning;
Replenish them with oil;
And wait for your salvation,
The end of earthly toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near,
Go meet him as he cometh,
With alleluias clear.

3 Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus, now appear;
Arise, thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere.
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption
That brings us unto thee.

Laurentius Laurenti. Tr. Sarah B. Findlater

## 207 GRACE CHURCH L. M.

I. J. Pleyel


1. Come, O Cre - a - tor, Spir - it blest! And in our souls take up thy rest;
Come, with thy grace and heav'n-ly aid, To fill the hearts which thou hast made.

2 Great Paraclete! to thee we cry:
O highest gift of God most high!
O fount of life! O fire of love!
And sweet anointing from above!

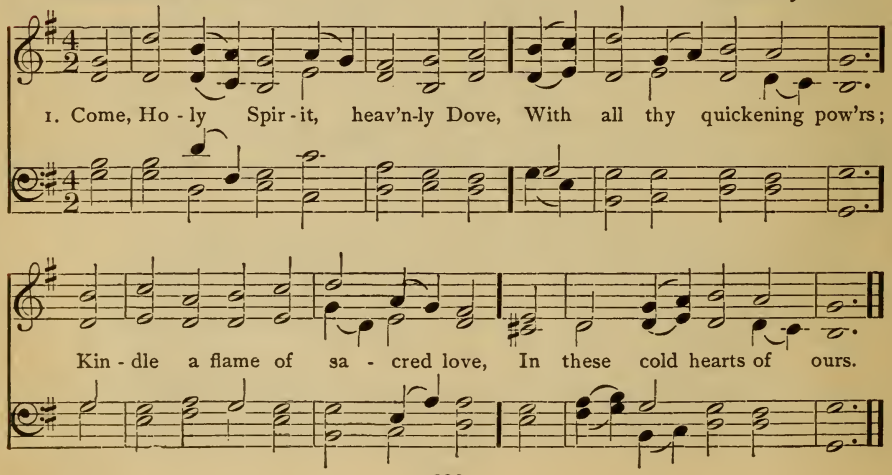
3 Our senses touch with light and fire;
Our hearts with charity inspire;
And with endurance from on high
The weakness of our flesh supply.

4 Far back our enemy repel,
And let thy peace within us dwell;
So may we, having thee for guide,
Turn from each hurtful thing aside.

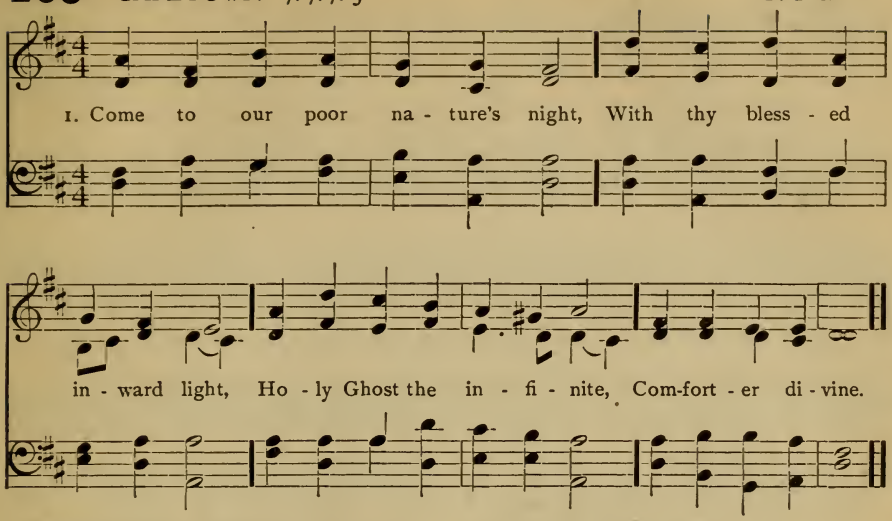
5 O may thy grace on us bestow
The Father and the Son to know,
And evermore to hold confessed
Thyself of each the Spirit blest.

Tr. E. Caswall

## STEPHENS C. M.

William Jones

## 208 CAPETOWN 7. 7. 7. 5

F. Filitz




2 We are sinful, cleanse us, Lord;
Sick and faint, thy strength afford;
Lost, until by thee restored,
Comforter divine.

3 Like the dew thy peace distil;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter divine.

4 With us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter divine.

5 In us, "Abba, Father," cry;
Earnest of the bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
Comforter divine.

6 Search for us the depths of God;
Upwards, by the starry road,
Bear us to thy high abode,
Comforter divine.

G. Rawson

## 209 (STEPHENS) C. M.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look — how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

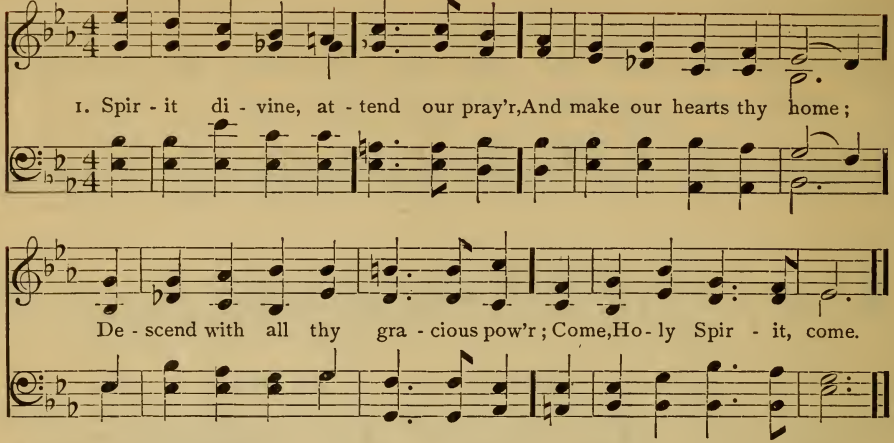
4 Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Isaac Watts

## 210 HOLY TRINITY C. M.

Joseph Barnby




2 Come as the light: to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

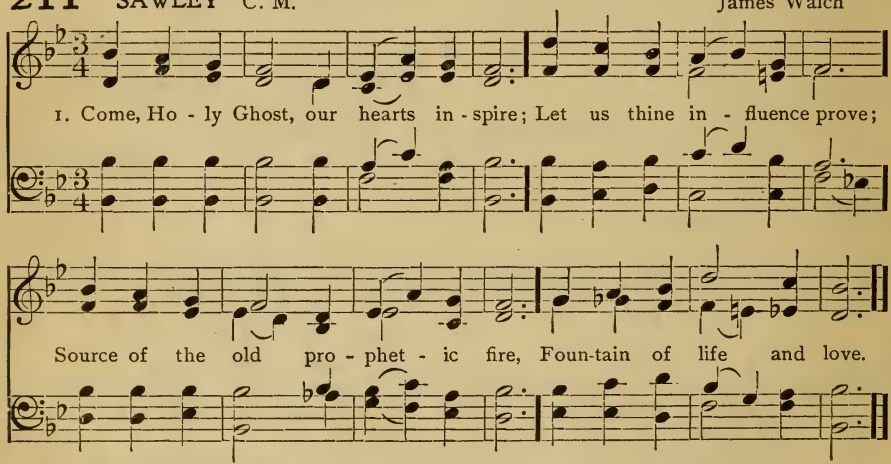
3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the dove, and spread thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let thy church on earth become
Blest as thy church above.

Andrew Reed

## 211 SAWLEY C. M.

James Walch

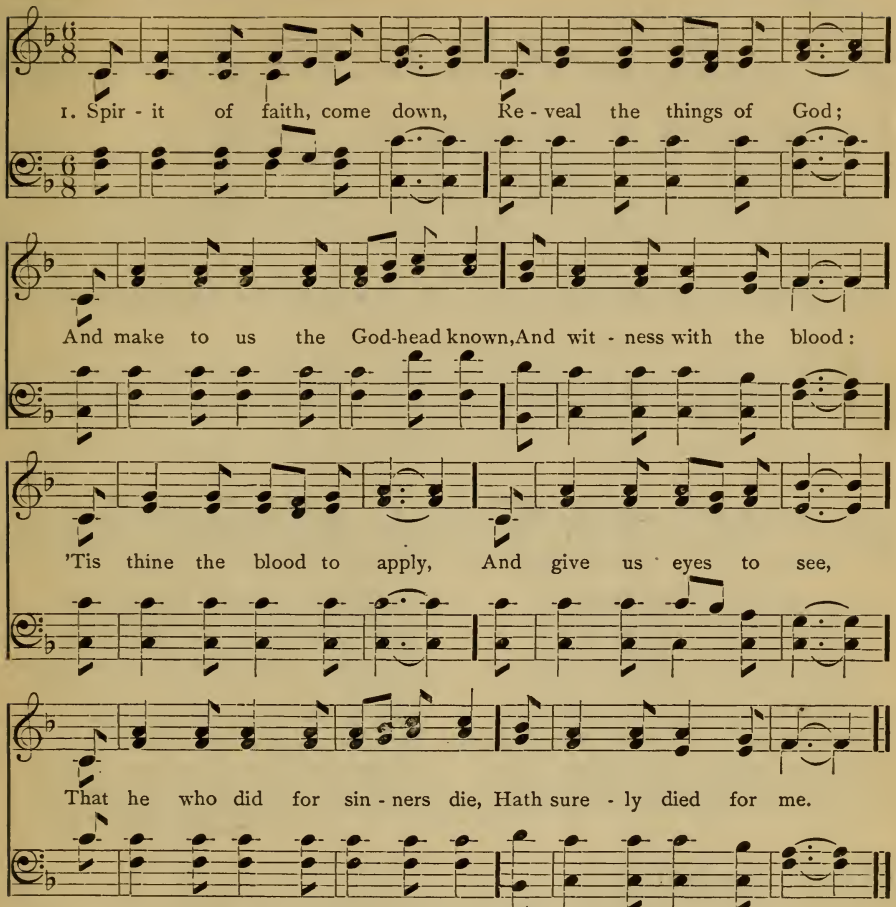

1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, our hearts in - spire; Let us thine in - fluence prove;
Source of the old pro - phet - ic fire, Foun-tain of life and love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, for, moved by thee,
The prophets wrote and spoke —
Unlock the truth, thyself the key:
Unseal the sacred book.

3 Expand thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.

Charles Wesley

## 212 LEBANON S. M. D.

John Zundel

1. Spir - it of faith, come down, Re - veal the things of God;
And make to us the God-head known, And wit - ness with the blood:
'Tis thine the blood to apply, And give us eyes to see,
That he who did for sin - ners die, Hath sure - ly died for me.

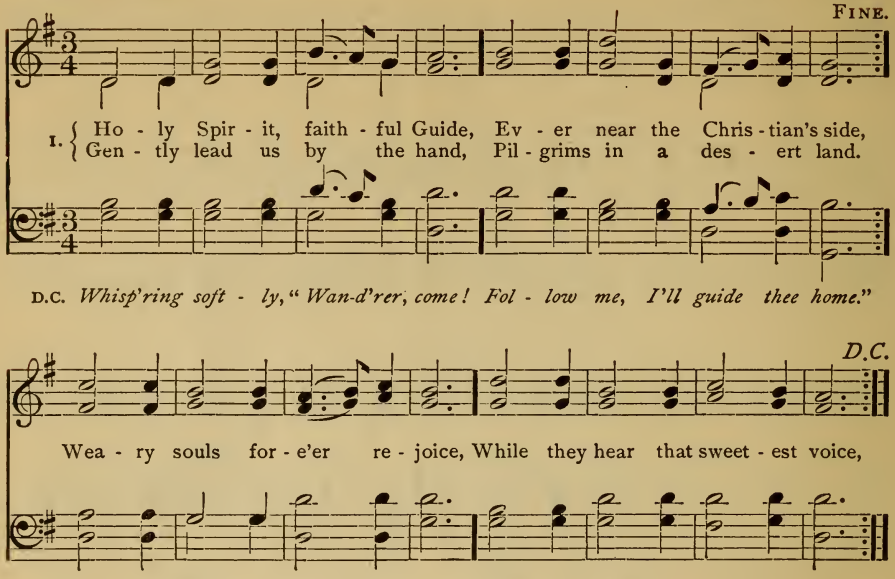
2 No man can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless thou take the veil away,
And breathe the living word.
Then, only then, we feel
Our interest in his blood,
And cry, with joy unspeakable,
"Thou art my Lord, my God!"

3 O that the world might know
The all-atoning Lamb!
Spirit of faith, descend, and show
The virtue of his name.
The grace which all may find,
The saving power, impart;
And testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart.

4 Inspire the living faith,
Which whosoe'er receives,
The witness in himself he hath,
And consciously believes;
The faith that conquers all,
And doth the mountain move,
And saves whoe'er on Jesus call,
And perfects them in love.

Charles Wesley

## 213 GUIDE 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Marcus M. Wells

FINE.
1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Chris - tian's side,
Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land.
D.C. Whisp'ring soft - ly, "Wan-d'rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."
D.C.
Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice,

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear;
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er—
Whisper softly, "Wand'rer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Trusting that our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading nought but Jesus' blood—
Whisper softly, "Wand'rer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

Marcus M. Wells

## 214 (QUEBEC) L. M.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, raise our songs
To reach the wonders of that day,
When, with thy fiery cloven tongues [play.
Thou didst such glorious scenes dis-

2 Lord, we believe to us and ours,
The apostolic promise given;
We wait the pentecostal powers, [ven.
The Holy Ghost sent down from hea-

3 Assembled here with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promised grace,
The purchase of our dying Lord;
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place.

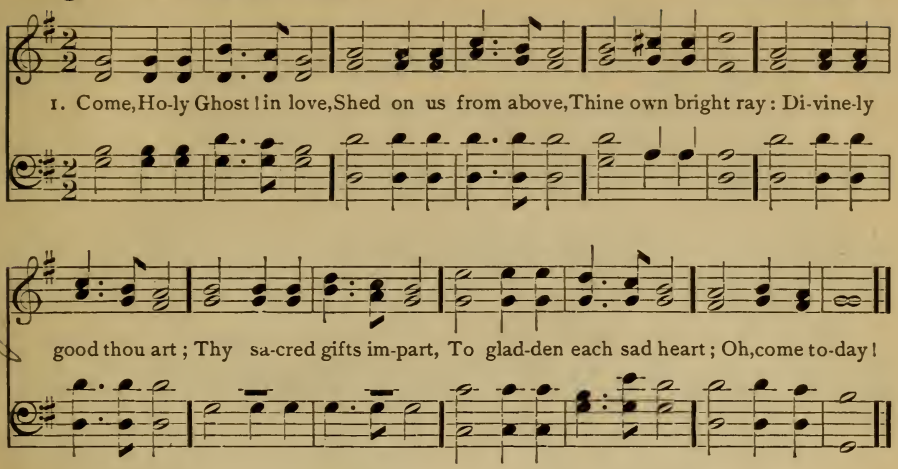
4 If every one that asks may find,
If still thou dost on sinners fall,
Come as a mighty rushing wind;
Great grace be now upon us all.

5 O leave us not to mourn below,
Or long for thy return to pine;
Now, Lord, the Comforter bestow,
And fix in us the Guest divine.

Charles Wesley

## 215 NEW HAVEN 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4

Thomas Hastings


1. Come, Ho-ly Ghost! in love, Shed on us from above, Thine own bright ray: Di-vine-ly
good thou art; Thy sa-cred gifts im-part, To glad-den each sad heart; Oh, come to-day!

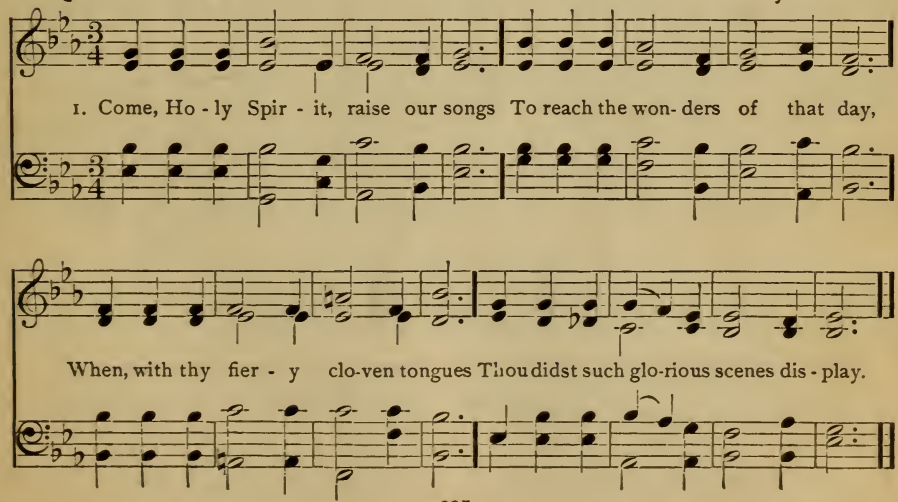
2 Come, Light serene! and still,
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast:
We know no dawn but thine;
Send forth thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest.

3 Come, all the faithful bless;
Let all, who Christ confess,
His praise employ:
Give virtue's rich reward;
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy!

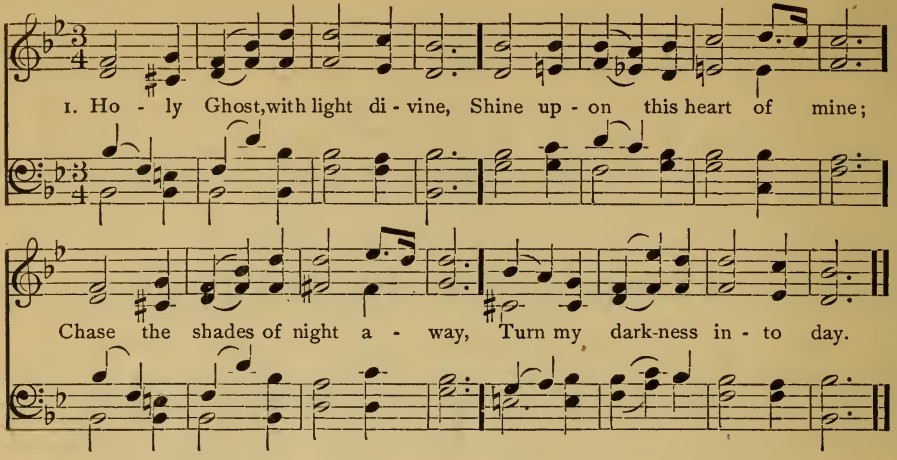
Ray Palmer, tr.

## QUEBEC L. M.

Henry Baker


1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, raise our songs To reach the won- ders of that day,
When, with thy fier - y clo-ven tongues Thou didst such glo-rious scenes dis - play.

## 216 MERCY 7. 7. 7. 7

Arr. from Louis M. Gottschalk

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

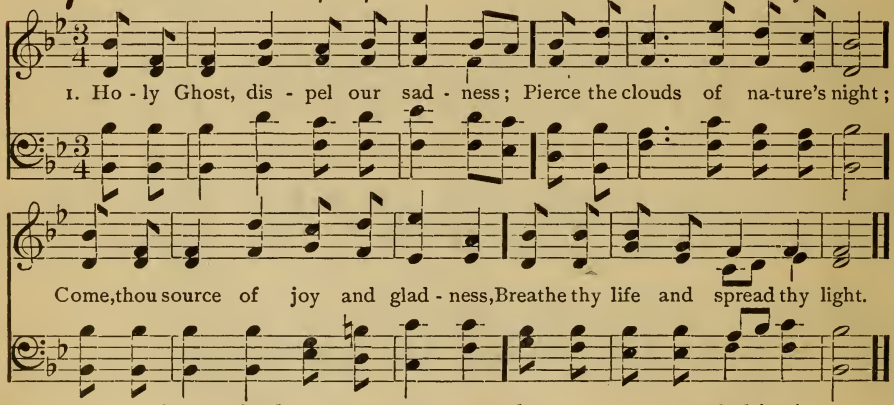
3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme — and reign alone.

Andrew Reed

## 217 STOCKWELL 8. 7. 8. 7

Darius E. Jones


1. Ho - ly Ghost, dis - pel our sad - ness; Pierce the clouds of na-ture's night;
Come, thou source of joy and glad - ness, Breathe thy life and spread thy light.

2 From the height which knows no meas-
As a gracious shower descend, [ure,
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send.

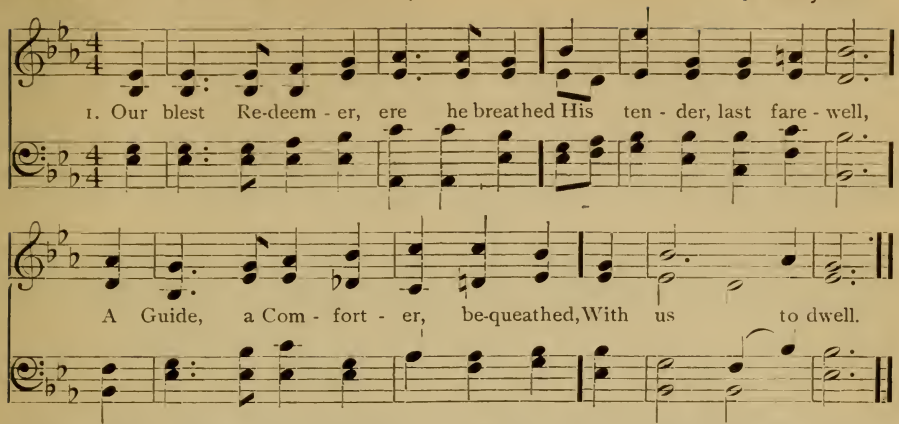
3 Author of the new creation,
Come with unction and with power;
Make our hearts thy habitation;
On our souls thy graces shower.

4 Hear, O hear our supplication,
Blessed Spirit, God of peace!
Rest upon this congregation,
With the fullness of thy grace.

Paul Gerhardt

## 218 ST. CUTHBERT 8. 6. 8. 4

J. B. Dykes




2 He came in semblance of a dove,
With sheltering wings outspread,
The holy balm of peace and love
On earth to shed.

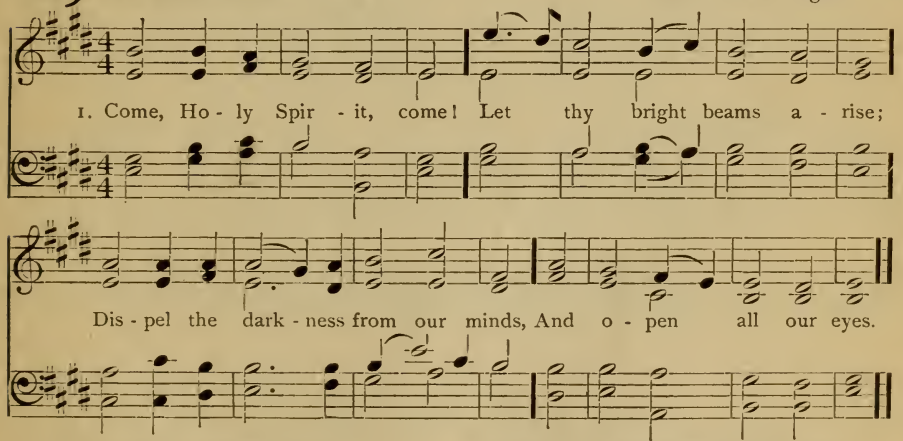
3 He came, sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

4 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his alone.

Harriet Auber

## 219 MORNINGTON S. M.

Earl of Mornington




2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

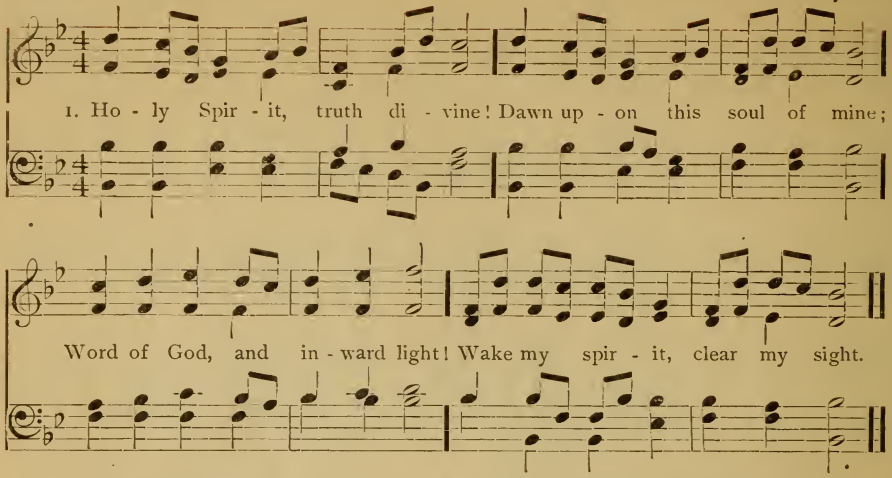
3 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new create the whole.

Joseph Hart

## 220 FULTON 7. 7. 7. 7

W. B. Bradbury




2 Holy Spirit, love divine,
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in thy pure fire!

3 Holy Spirit, power divine,
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive.

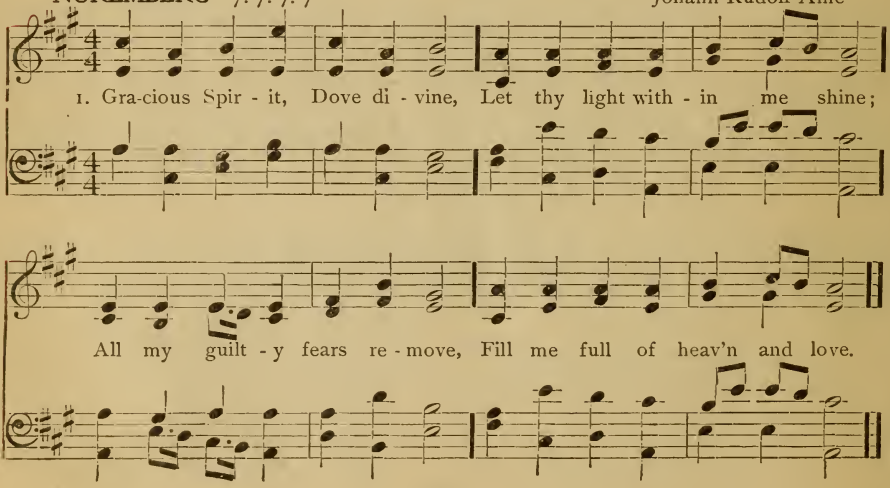
4 Holy Spirit, peace divine,
Still this restless heart of mine;
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in thy tranquillity.

5 Holy Spirit, joy divine,
Gladden thou this heart of mine;
In the desert ways I sing,
"Spring, O Well, forever spring."

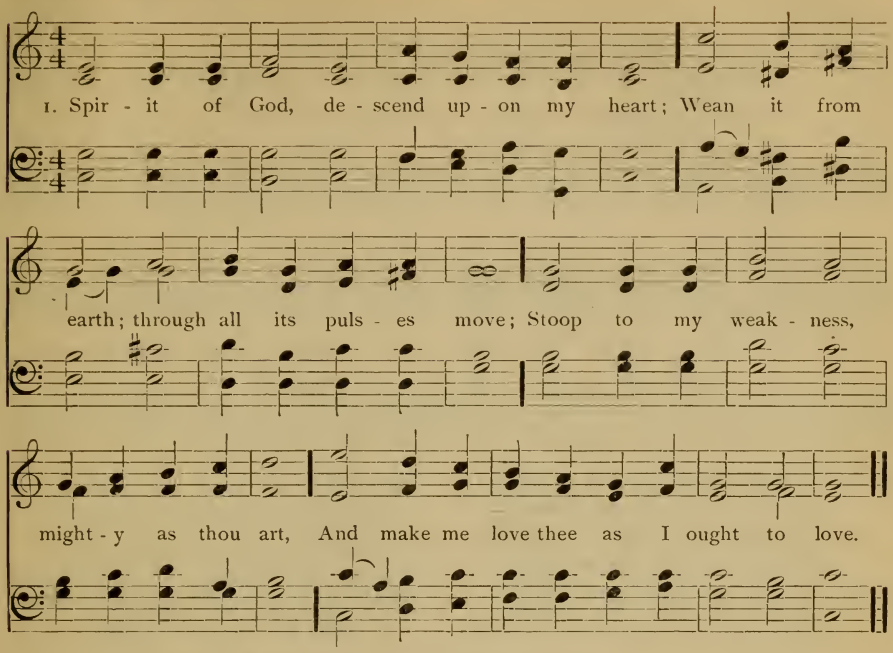
Samuel Longfellow

## NUREMBERG 7. 7. 7. 7

Johann Rudolf Ahle



## 221 MORECAMBE 10. 10. 10. 10


1. Spir - it of God, de - scend up - on my heart; Wean it from
earth; through all its puls - es move; Stoop to my weak - ness,
might - y as thou art, And make me love thee as I ought to love.

2 I ask no dream, no prophet-ecstasies;
No sudden rending of the veil of clay;
No angel-visitant, no opening skies;
But take the dimness of my soul away.

3 Teach me to feel that thou art always nigh;
Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear,
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;
Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.

4 Teach me to love thee as thine angels love,
One holy passion filling all my frame;
The baptism of the heaven-descended Dove,
My heart an altar, and thy love the flame.

George Croly

## 222 (NUREMBERG) 7. 7. 7. 7

1 Gracious Spirit, Dove divine,
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me full of heaven and love.

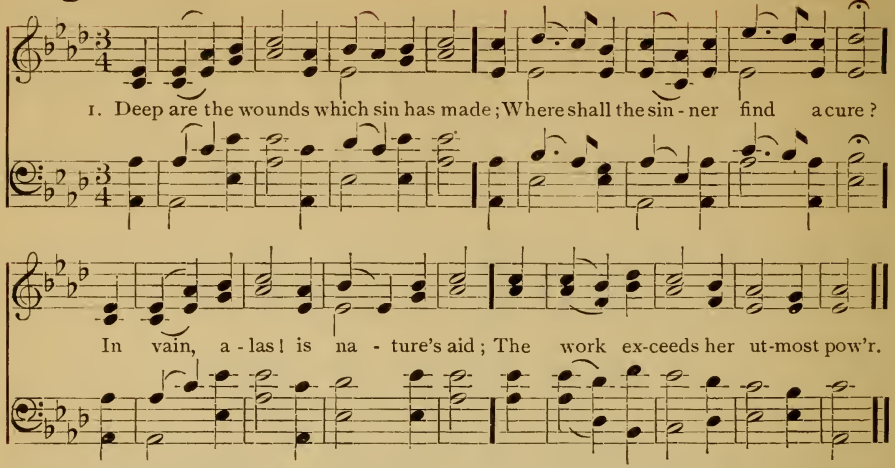
2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

John Stocker

## 223 LOUVAN L. M.

V. C. Taylor


1. Deep are the wounds which sin has made; Where shall the sin - ner find a cure?
In vain, a - las! is na - ture's aid; The work ex-ceeds her ut-most pow'r.

2 But can no sovereign balm be found,
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope forever fly?

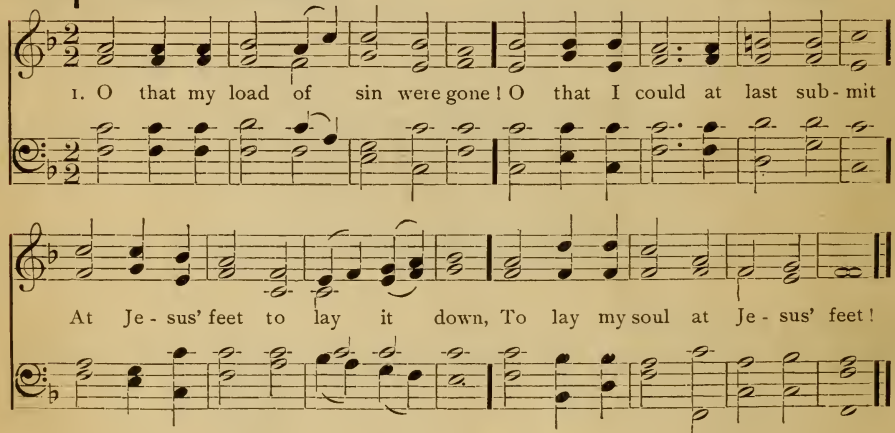
3 There is a great Physician near;
Look up, O fainting soul, and live;
See, in his heavenly smiles appear
Such help as nature cannot give.

4 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow;
And in that sacrificial flood
A balm for all thy grief and woe.

Anne Steele

## 224 FEDERAL STREET L. M.

H. K. Oliver



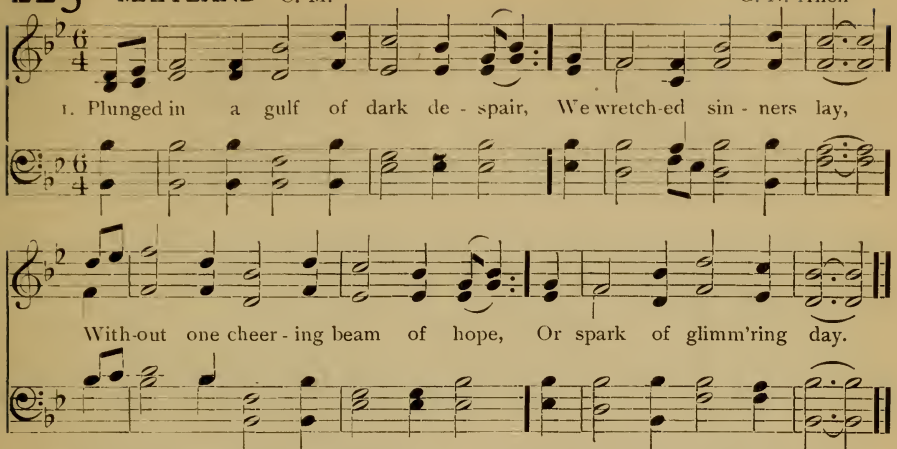

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross, all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

Charles Wesley

## 225 MAITLAND C. M.

G. N. Allen




2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief:
He saw, and (O amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.

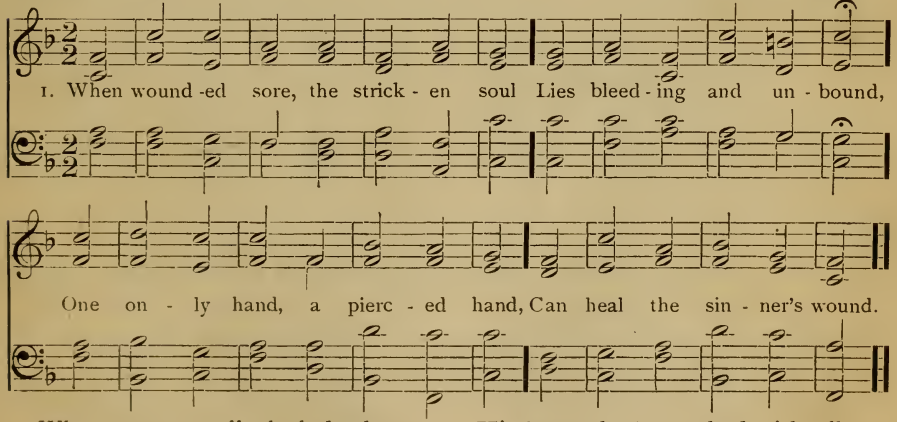
3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break!
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

Isaac Watts

## 226 MEAR C. M.

Old American Tune




2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

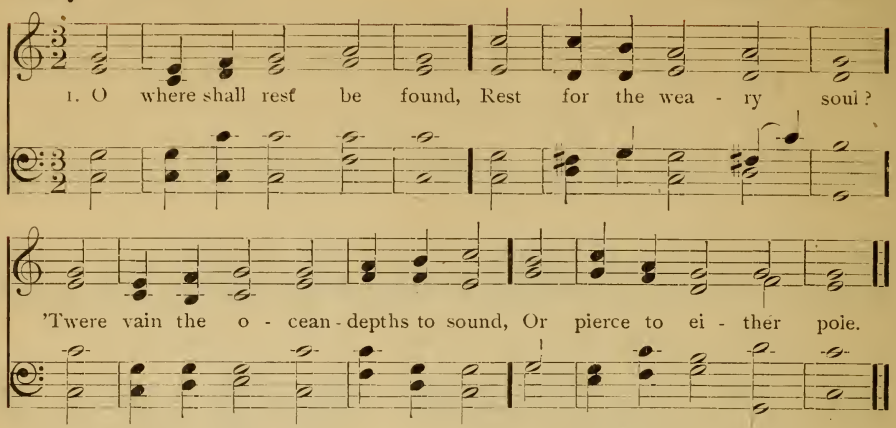
3 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief;
His heart that's touched with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.

4 Lift up thy bleeding hand, O Lord!
Unseal that cleansing tide:
We have no shelter from our sin
But in thy wounded side.

C. F. Alexander

## 227 BOYLSTON S. M.

Lowell Mason




2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

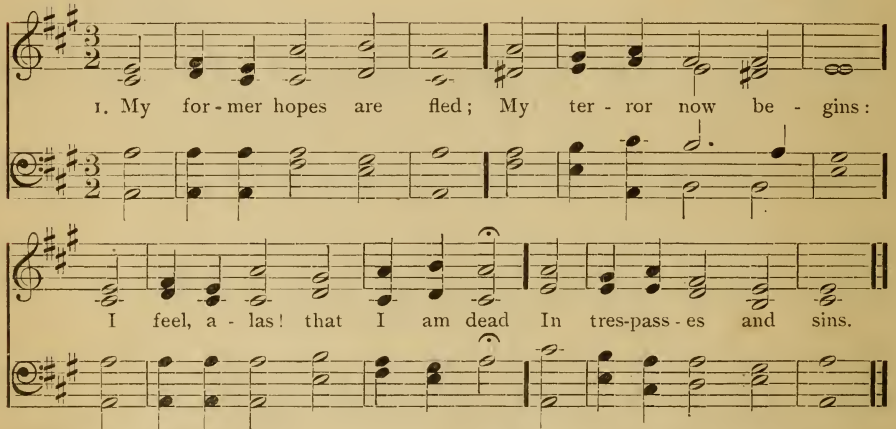
3 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O! what eternal horrors hang
Around "the second death!"

4 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone.

James Montgomery

## 228 OLMUTZ S. M.

Lowell Mason




2 When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom:
But, hark! a friendly whisper says,
Flee from the wrath to come.

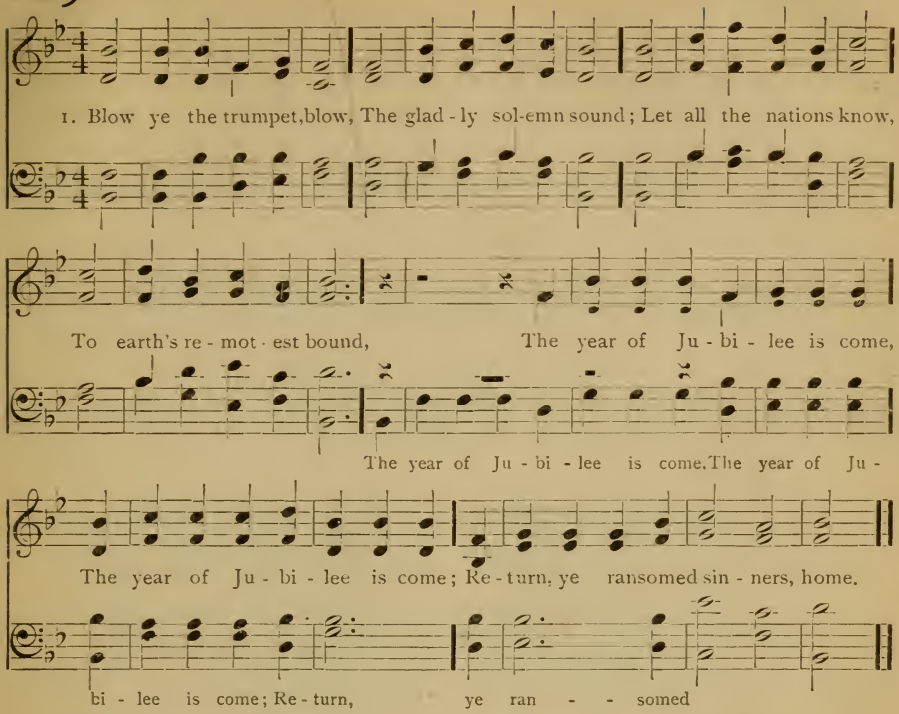
3 With trembling hope, I see
A glimmering from afar;
A beam of day that shines for me
To save me from despair.

4 Forerunner of the sun,
It marks the pilgrim's way;
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

William Cowper

## 229 LENOX 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8

Lewis Edson


1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The glad - ly sol-emn sound; Let all the nations know,
To earth's re - mot - est bound, The year of Ju - bi - lee is come,
The year of Ju - bi - lee is come. The year of Ju -
The year of Ju - bi - lee is come; Re - turn, ye ransomed sin - ners, home.
bi - lee is come; Re - turn, ye ran - - somed

2 Jesus, our Great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Charles Wesley

## 230 (LENOX) or (DARWALL, 185) 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8

1 Let earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be joined,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind:
To adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.

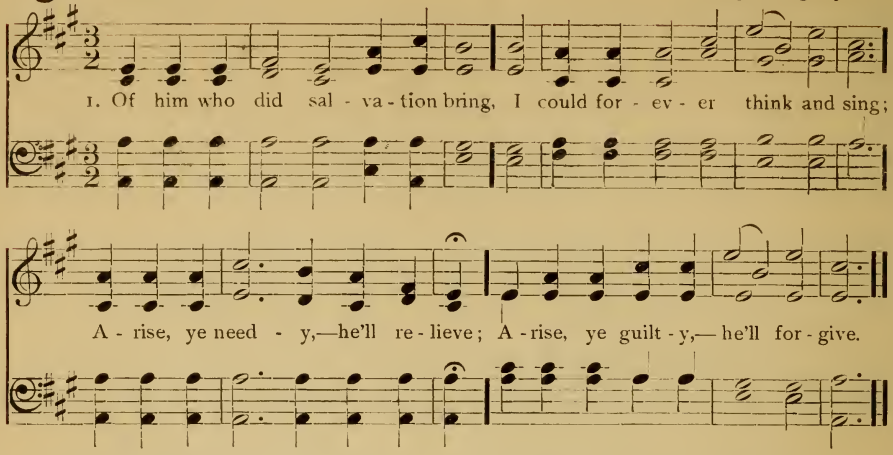
2 Jesus! harmonious name!
It charms the hosts above;
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his love:
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,—
'Tis heaven to see our Jesus' face.

3 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free;
'Tis music in his ears;
'Tis life and victory:
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

Charles Wesley

## 231 WARE L. M.

George Kingsley




2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given;
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven;
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins he blushed in blood;
He closed his eyes to show us God:
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love can show.

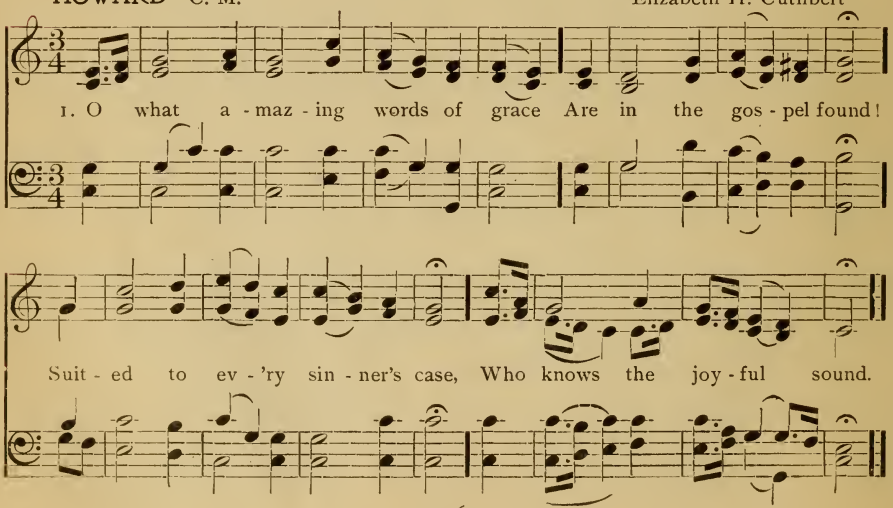
4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan;
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry:
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

Bernard of Clairvaux. Tr. by A. W. Boehm

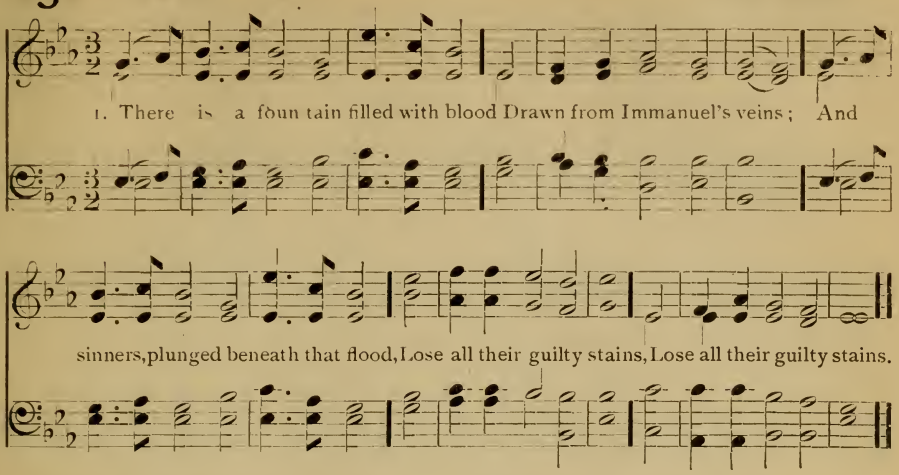
## HOWARD C. M.

Elizabeth H. Cuthbert



## 232 COWPER C. M.

Lowell Mason


1. There is a foun tain filled with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And
sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

William Cowper

## 233 (HOWARD) C. M.

1 O what amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.

2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
Are freely welcome here:
Salvation, like a river, rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.

3 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring:
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,—
A deep, celestial spring.

4 Whoever will—O gracious word!—
May of this stream partake:
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
And drink, for Jesus' sake.

Samuel Medley

## 234 (COWPER) C. M.

1 The Saviour! O what endless charms
Dwell in that blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads delight around.

2 Here pardon, life, and joy divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.

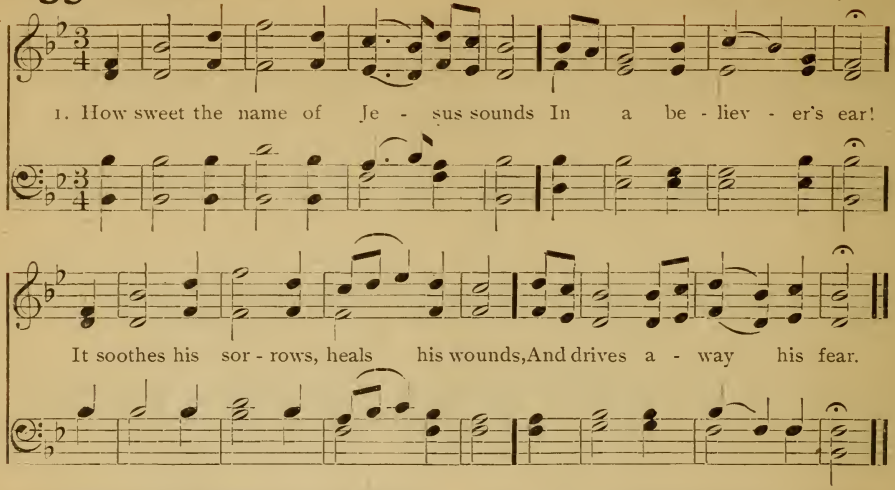
3 How rich the depths of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store!
Redeemer, let me call thee mine,
Thy fullness I implore.

4 On thee alone my hope relies;
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all!

Anne Steele

## 235 CADDO C. M.

W. B. Bradbury




2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring!

5 I would thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

John Newton

## 236 (CADDO) C. M.

1 Thy ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.

2 Thou waitest to be gracious still;
Thou dost with sinners bear;
That, saved, we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare.

3 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,
To every soul, abound;
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.

4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.

Charles Wesley

## 237 (CAMBRIDGE) C. M.

1 Let every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind;

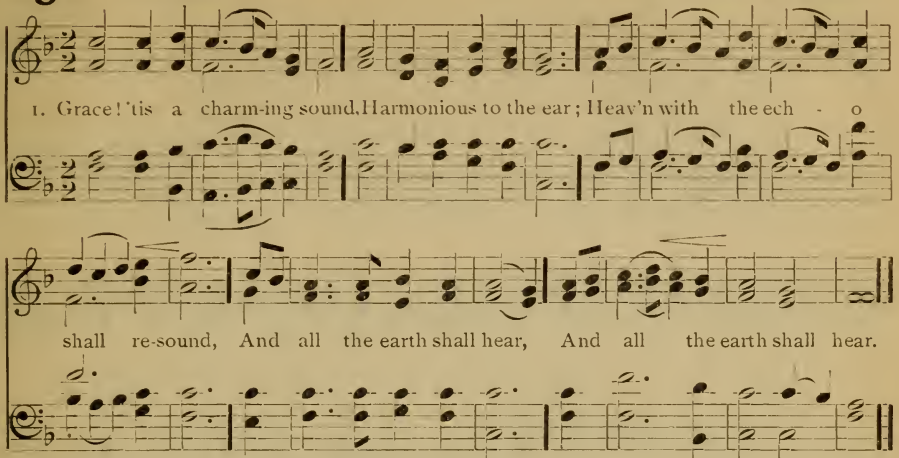
3 Eternal wisdom hath prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

Isaac Watts

## 238 LUTHER S. M.

Thomas Hastings


1. Grace! 'tis a charm-ing sound, Harmonious to the ear; Heav'n with the ech - o
shall re-sound, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

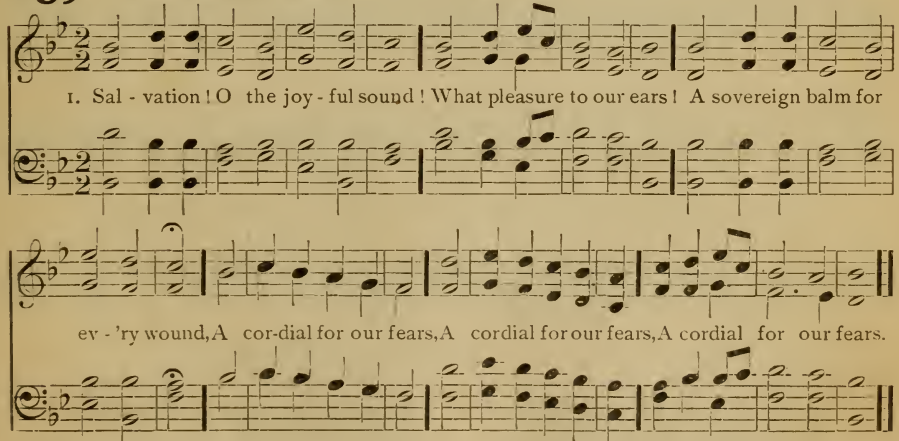
3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road,
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

Philip Doddridge

## 239 CAMBRIDGE C. M.

John Randall


1. Sal - vation! O the joy - ful sound! What pleasure to our ears! A sovereign balm for
ev - 'ry wound, A cor-dial for our fears, A cordial for our fears, A cordial for our fears.

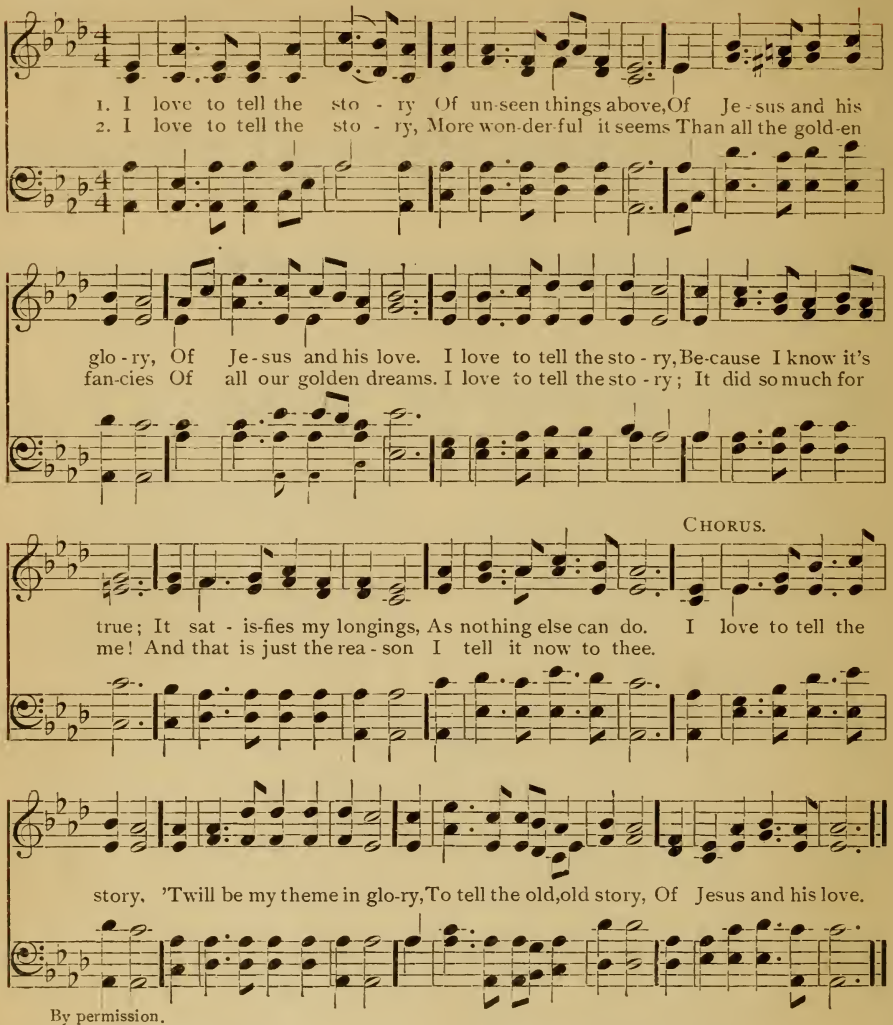
2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

Isaac Watts

## 240 I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY

Wm. G. Fischer


1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un-seen things above, Of Je - sus and his
2. I love to tell the sto - ry, More won-der-ful it seems Than all the gold-en
glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be-cause I know it's
fan-cies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry; It did so much for
CHORUS.
true; It sat - is-fies my longings, As nothing else can do. I love to tell the
me! And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.
story. 'Twill be my theme in glo-ry, To tell the old, old story, Of Jesus and his love.

By permission.

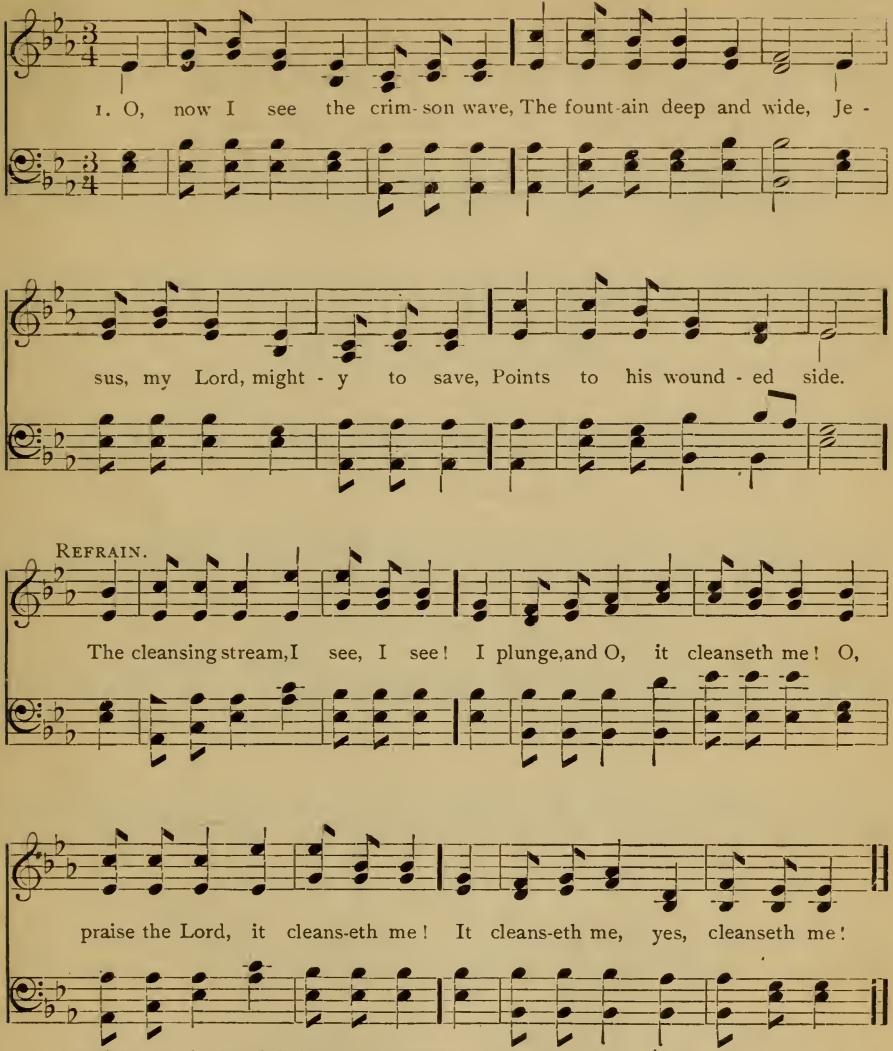
3 I love to tell the story;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story;
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.—CHO.

4 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story
That I have loved so long!—CHO.

Katherine Hankey

## 241 CLEANSING WAVE

Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp


1. O, now I see the crim-son wave, The fount-ain deep and wide, Je -
sus, my Lord, might - y to save, Points to his wound - ed side.
REFRAIN.
The cleansing stream, I see, I see! I plunge, and O, it cleanseth me! O,
praise the Lord, it cleans-eth me! It cleans-eth me, yes, cleanseth me!

Copyright, 1872, by Joseph F. Knapp. By permission.

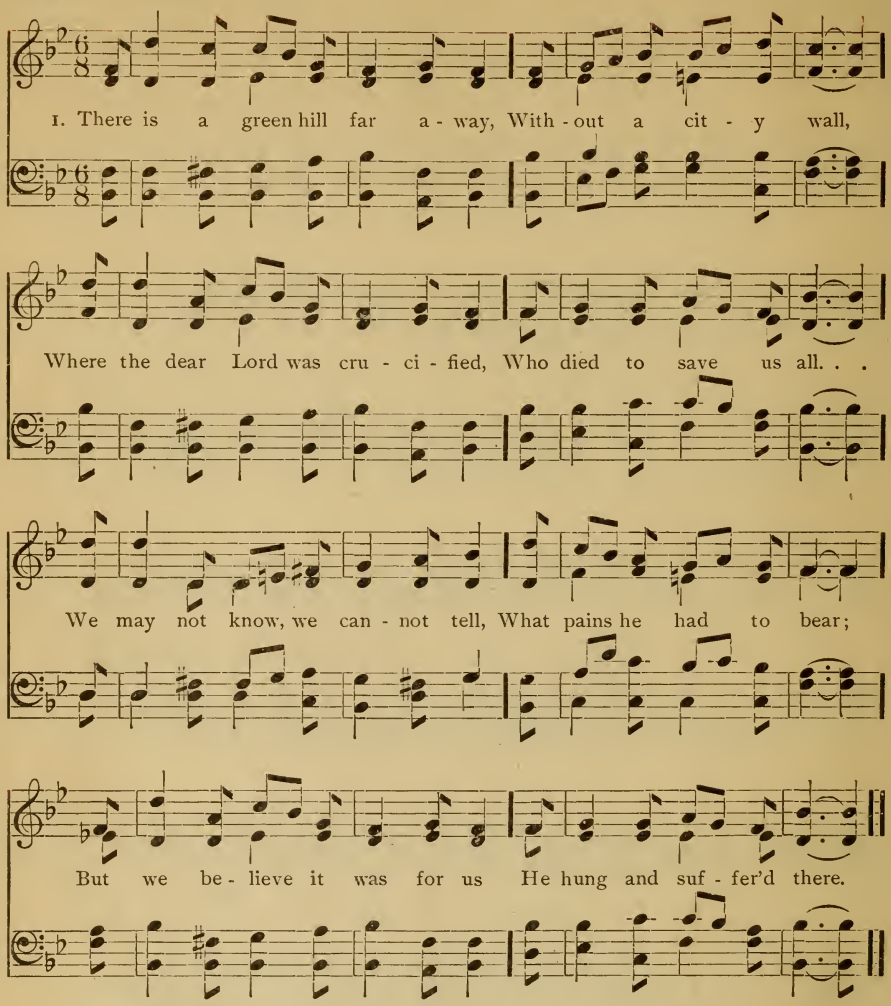
2 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world and sin, [white,
With heart made pure, and garments
And Christ enthroned within.—REF.

3 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below,
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus know,
My Jesus crucified.— REF.

Phoebe Palmer

## 242 CAROL C. M. D.

R. S. Willis


1. There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall,
Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all. . .
We may not know, we can - not tell, What pains he had to bear;
But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suf - fer'd there.

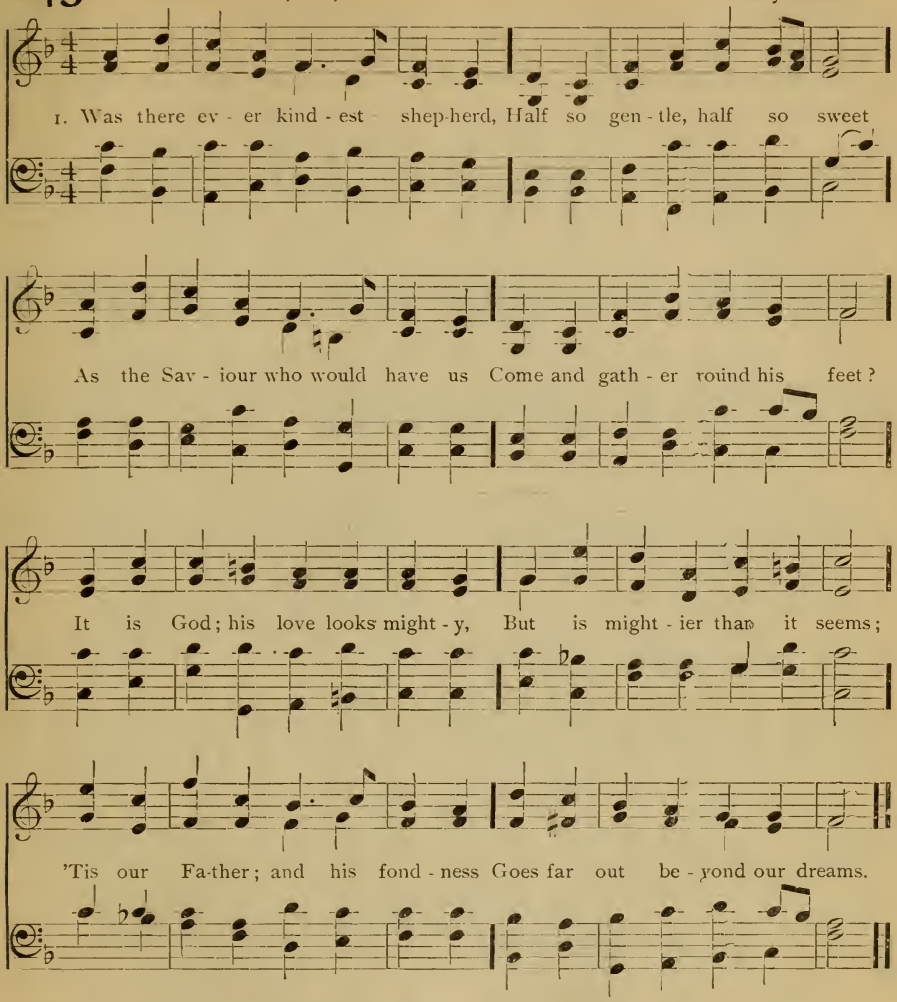
2 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by his precious blood.
There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

3 Oh, dearly, dearly has he loved,
And we must love him too,
And trust in his redeeming blood,
And try his works to do.
For there's a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

Cecil F. Alexander

## 243 CRUCIFER 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Henry Smart

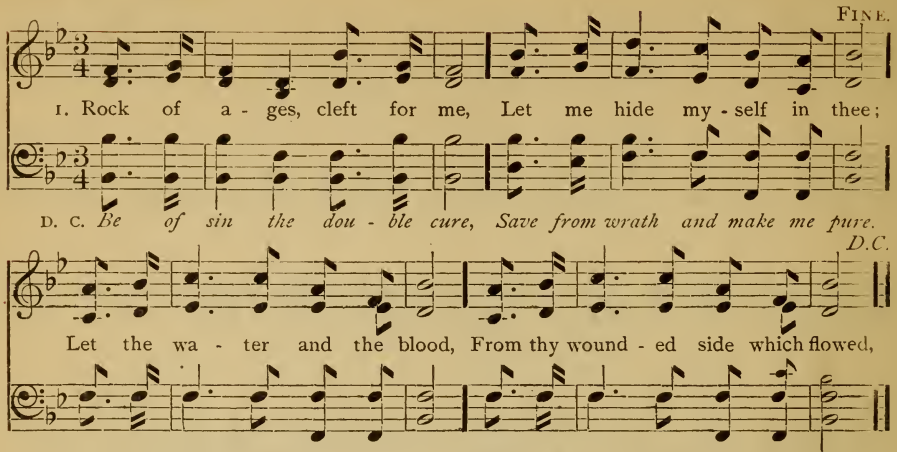

1. Was there ev - er kind - est shep-herd, Half so gen - tle, half so sweet
As the Sav - iour who would have us Come and gath - er round his feet?
It is God; his love looks might - y, But is might - ier than it seems;
'Tis our Fa-ther; and his fond - ness Goes far out be - yond our dreams.

2 There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.
There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour,
There is healing in his blood;

3 There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Frederick W. Faber

## 244 TOPLADY 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7

Thomas Hastings

FINE.
1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;
D. C. Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
D.C.
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wound - ed side which flowed,

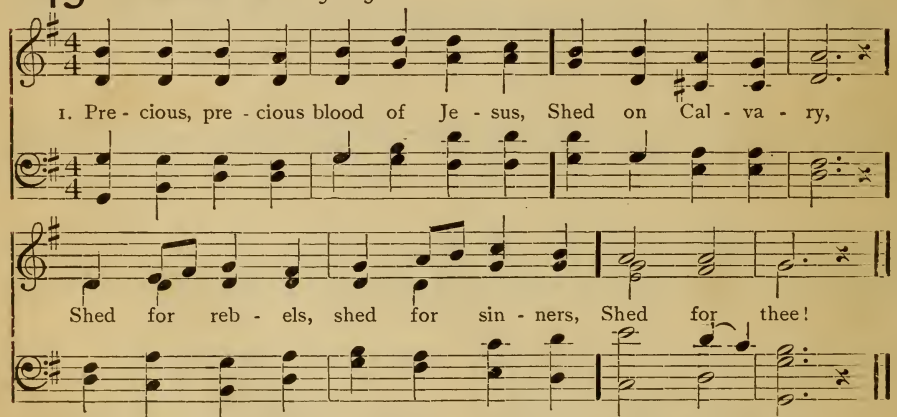
2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

Augustus M. Toplady, alt.

## 245 STEPHANOS 8. 5. 8. 3

H. W. Baker



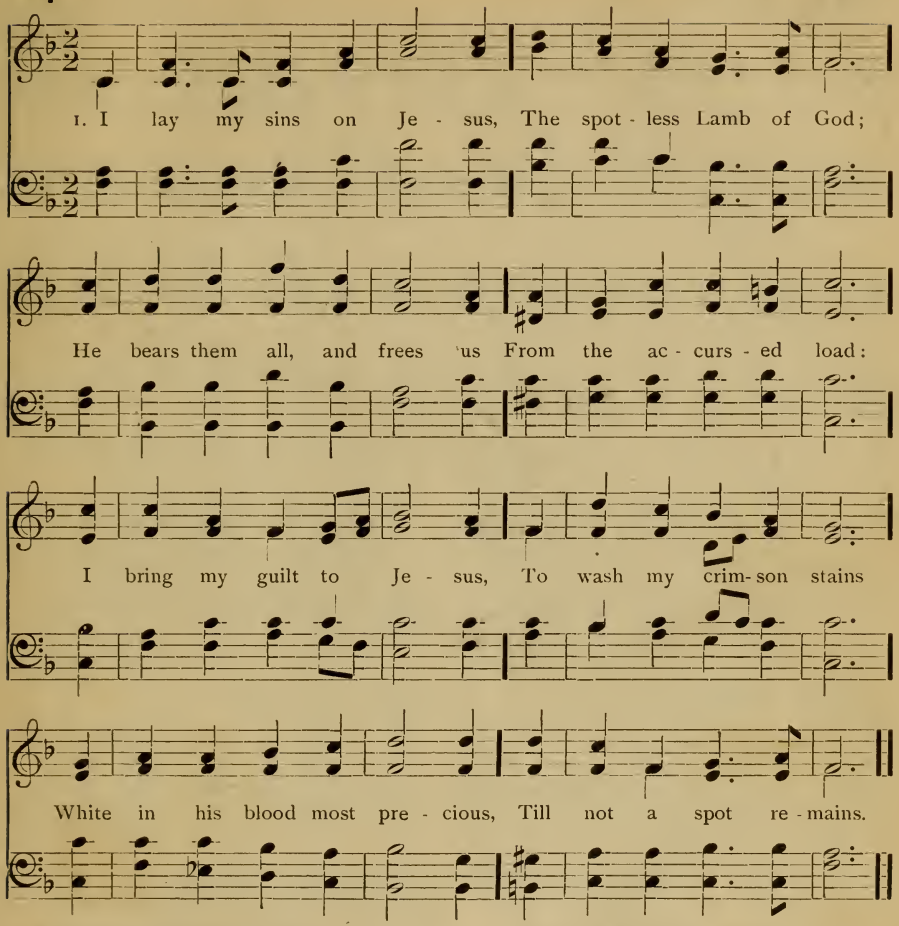

2 Though thy sins are red like crimson,
Deep in scarlet glow,
Jesus' precious blood shall wash thee
White as snow.

3 Precious blood that hath redeemed
All the price is paid! [us!
Perfect pardon now is offered,
Peace is made.

4 Precious blood! by this we conquer
In the fiercest fight,
Sin and Satan overcoming
By its might.

Frances R. Havergal

## 246 SPITTA 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

H. P. Danks

1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load:
I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim - son stains
White in his blood most pre - cious, Till not a spot re - mains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fulness dwells in him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

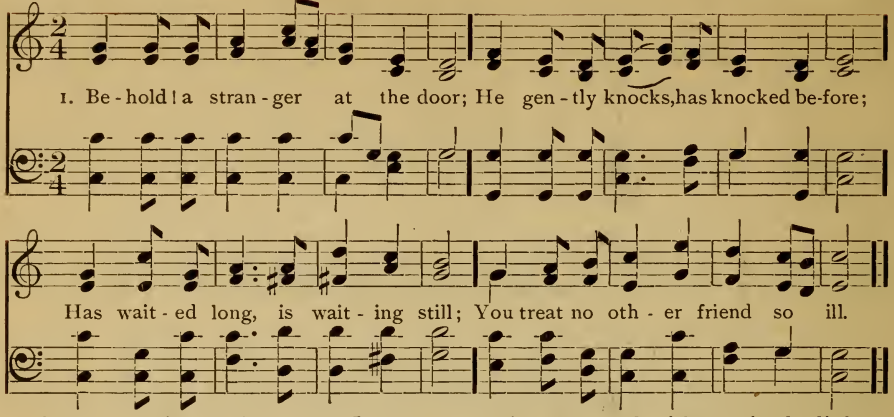
3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on his breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Emmanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child:
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
To learn the angels' song.

Horatius Bonar

## 247 ZEPHYR L. M.

W. B. Bradbury


1. Be - hold! a stran - ger at the door; He gen - tly knocks, has knocked be-fore;
Has wait - ed long, is wait - ing still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.

2 O lovely attitude! he stands [hands;
With melting heart and bleeding
O matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes!

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will; the very friend you need —
The friend of sinners — yes, 'tis he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine;
Turn out his enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly stranger in.

5 Admit him, ere his anger burn;
His feet, departed, ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand,
You'll at his door rejected stand.

Joseph Grigg

## 248 (ZEPHYR) L. M.

1 While life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah, soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing, [grave,
Shall death command you to the
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 Now God invites; how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

Timothy Dwight

## 249 (LUTON) L. M.

1 Ho! every one that thirsts draw nigh:
'Tis God invites the fallen race:
Mercy and free salvation buy;
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And find his grace is free for all.

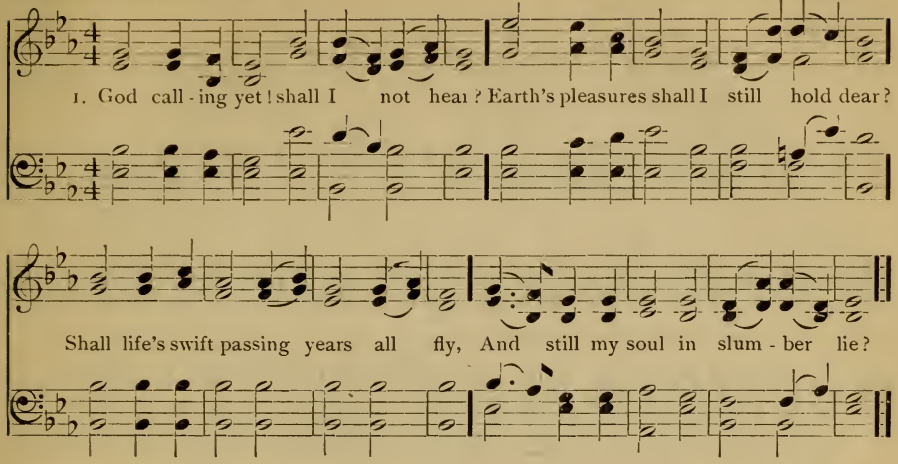
3 See from the rock a fountain rise;
For you in healing streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye laboring, burdened, sin-sick souls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give;
Leave all you have and are behind
Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

John Wesley

## 250 BERA L. M.

J. E. Gould


1. God call - ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slum - ber lie?

2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I his loving voice despise,
And basely his kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?

3 God calling yet! and shall he knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare his spirit grieve?

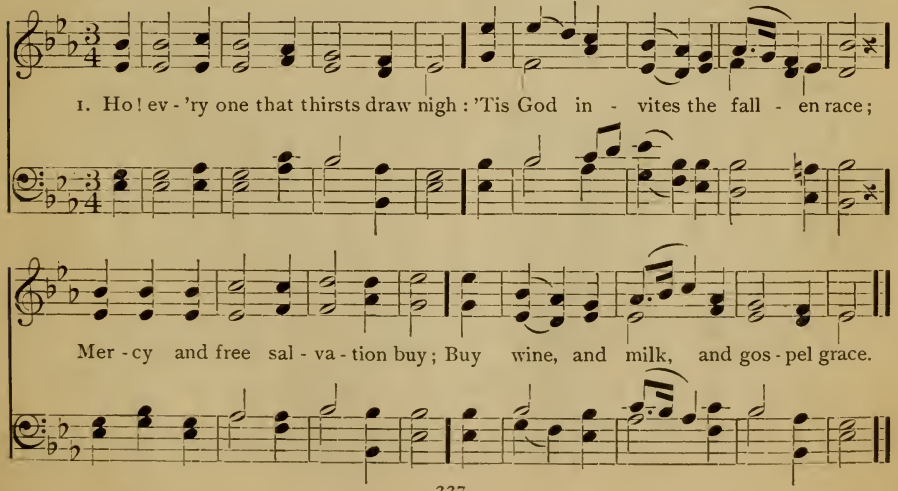
4 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but he does not forsake;
He calls me still; my heart, awake!

5 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay:
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

Gerhard Tersteegen. Tr. Sarah B. Findlater

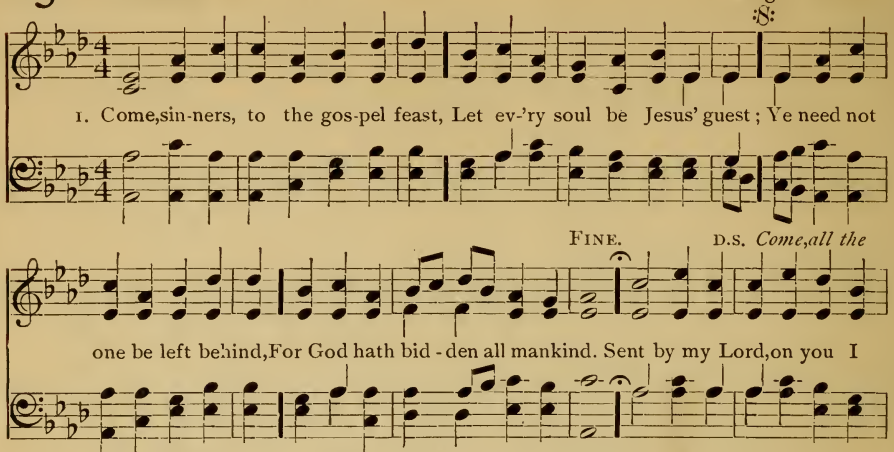
## LUTON L. M.

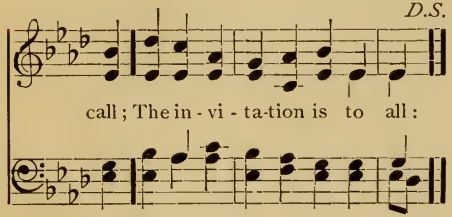
George Burder


1. Ho! ev - 'ry one that thirsts draw nigh: 'Tis God in - vites the fall - en race;
Mer - cy and free sal - va - tion buy; Buy wine, and milk, and gos - pel grace.

## 251 DUANE ST. L. M. D.

George Coles


1. Come, sin-ners, to the gos-pel feast, Let ev-'ry soul be Jesus' guest; Ye need not
FINE.
D.S. Come, all the
one be left be.hind, For God hath bid-den all mankind. Sent by my Lord, on you I
world! come, sinner, thou; All things in Christ are ready now.




2 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wand'rers after rest, [blind,
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

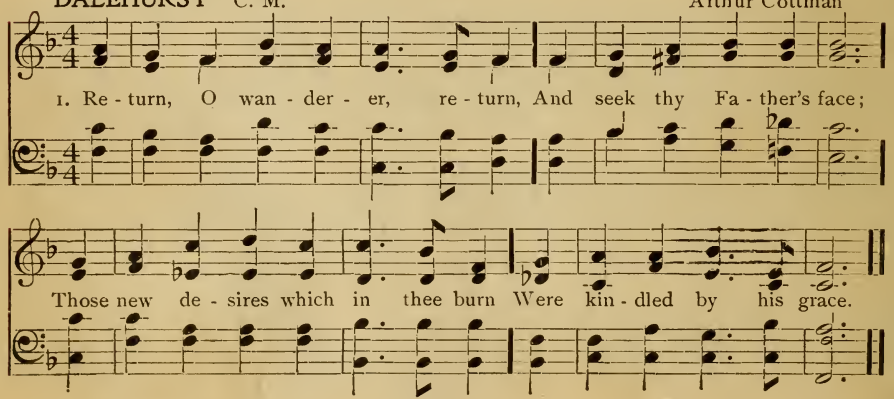
My message as from God receive:
Ye all may come to Christ and live;
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain!

3 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice!
His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace!
Come, sinners, to the gospel feast;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest:
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

Charles Wesley

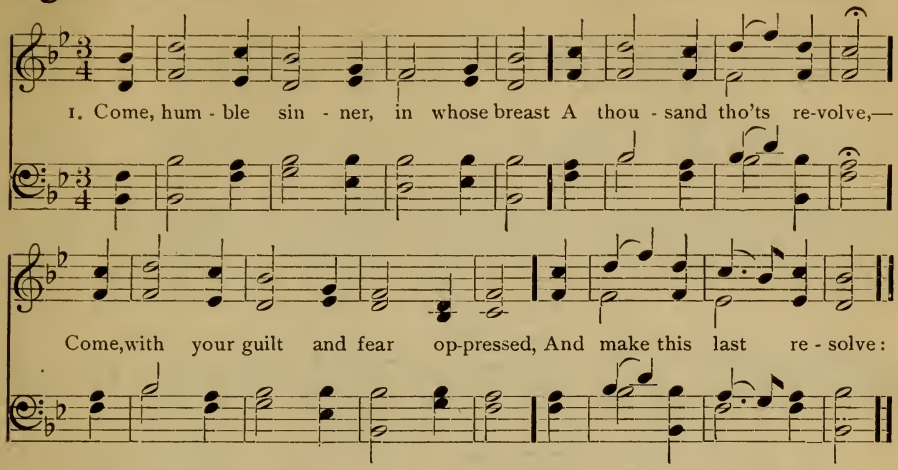
## DALEHURST C. M.

Arthur Cottman



## 252 BALERMA C. M.

Arr. by Robert Simpson


1. Come, hum - ble sin - ner, in whose breast A thou - sand tho'ts re-volve,—
Come, with your guilt and fear op-pressed, And make this last re - solve:

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

5 I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For, if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

Edmund Jones

## 253 (DALEHURST) C. M.

1 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek thy Father's face;
Those new desires which in thee
Were kindled by his grace. [burn

2 Return, O wanderer, return;
He hears thy humble sigh:
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, return;
Thy Saviour bids thee live:
Come to his cross, and, grateful,
How freely he'll forgive. [learn

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe the falling tear:
Thy Father calls,—no longer mourn;
'Tis love invites thee near.

W. B. Collyer

## 254 (BALERMA) C. M.

1 Sinners, the voice of God regard;
'Tis mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you by his sacred word
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea, that cannot rest,
You live, devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.

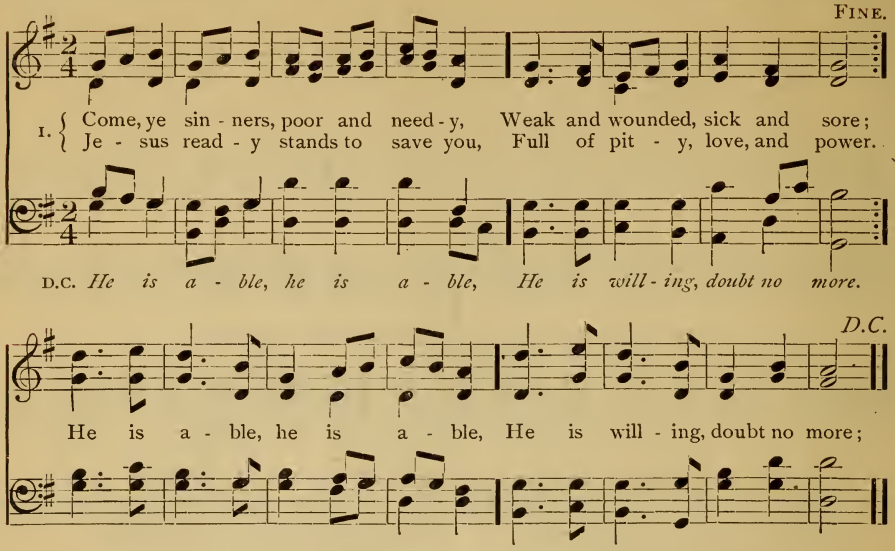
3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell:
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair?

4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reach eternal woe.

John Fawcett

## 255 INVITATION 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7

Jeremiah Ingalls


FINE.
1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and power.
D.C. He is a - ble, he is a - ble, He is will - ing, doubt no more.
D.C.
He is a - ble, he is a - ble, He is will - ing, doubt no more;

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify:
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

Joseph Hart

## 256 (PLEYEL'S HYMN) 7. 7. 7. 7

1 Hasten, sinner, to be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom, if thou still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

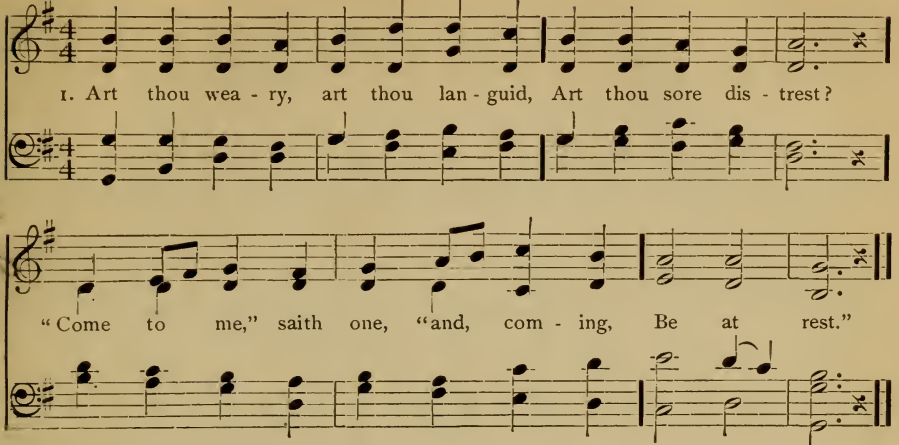
2 Hasten, mercy to implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

Thomas Scott

## 257 STEPHANOS 8. 5. 8. 3

Henry W. Baker

2 Hath he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my guide? [prints,
"In his feet and hands are wound-
And his side."

3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That his brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

4 If I find him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor.
Many a tear."

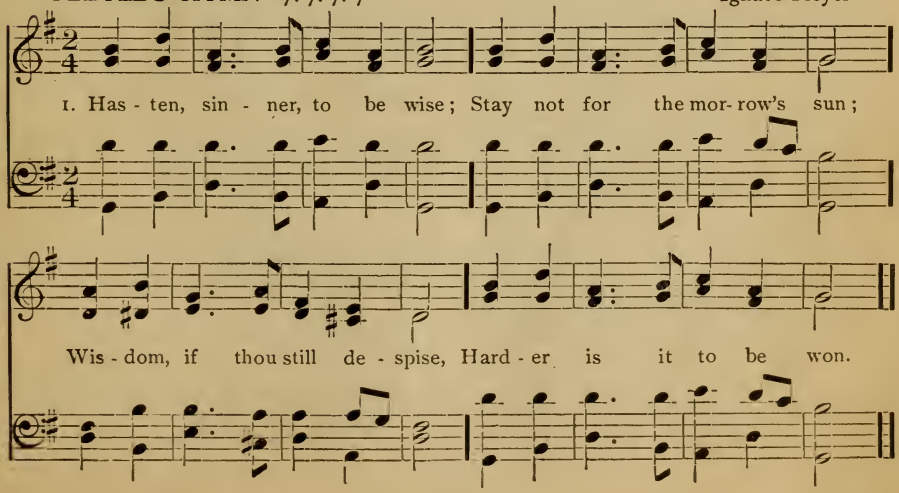
5 If I still hold closely to him
What hath he at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

6 If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

John M. Neale

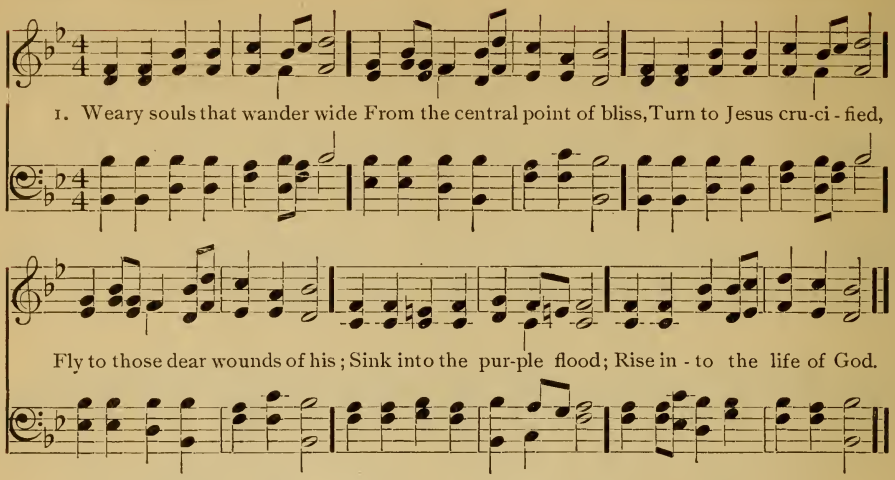
## PLEYEL'S HYMN 7. 7. 7. 7

Ignace Pleyel



## 258 ROSEFIELD 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7

Cæsar H. A. Malan


1. Weary souls that wander wide From the central point of bliss, Turn to Jesus cru-ci-fied,
Fly to those dear wounds of his; Sink into the pur-ple flood; Rise in-to the life of God.

2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown;
By his pain he gives you ease,
Life by his expiring groan:
Rise exalted by his fall,
Find in Christ your all in all.

3 O believe the record true:
God to you his Son hath given;
Ye may now be happy too;
Find on earth the life of heaven:
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.

Charles Wesley

## 259 (ROSEFIELD) 7. 7 .7. 7. 7. 7

1 From the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear
Bursting on the ravished ear!
"Love's redeeming work is done,
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On his piercèd body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee, embrace the Son,
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

3 "Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest bounty stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Thou shalt be a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam;
Come and welcome, sinner, come!"

Thomas Haweis

## 260 (HORTON) 7. 7. 7. 7

1 Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my path your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come.

2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

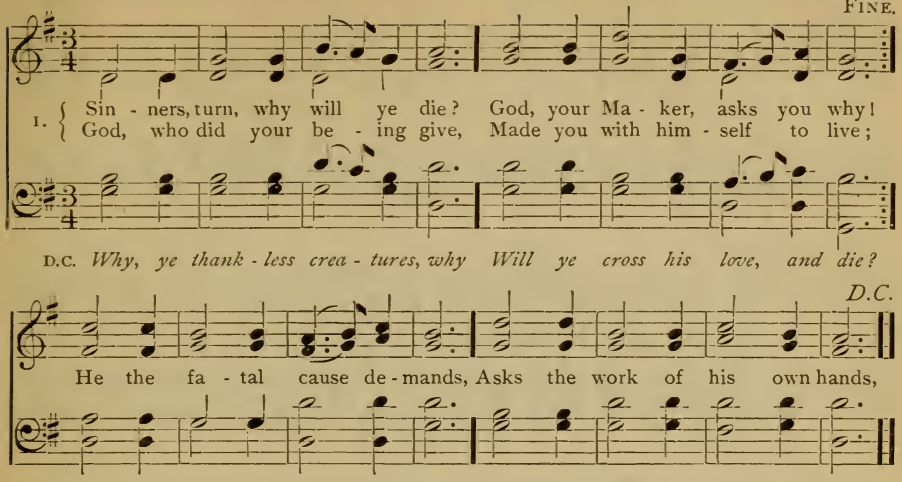
3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn;

4 Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Anna L. Barbauld

## 261 GUIDE 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Marcus M. Wells


FINE.
1. Sin - ners, turn, why will ye die? God, your Ma - ker, asks you why!
God, who did your be - ing give, Made you with him - self to live;
D.C. Why, ye thank - less crea - tures, why Will ye cross his love, and die?
D.C.
He the fa - tal cause de - mands, Asks the work of his own hands,

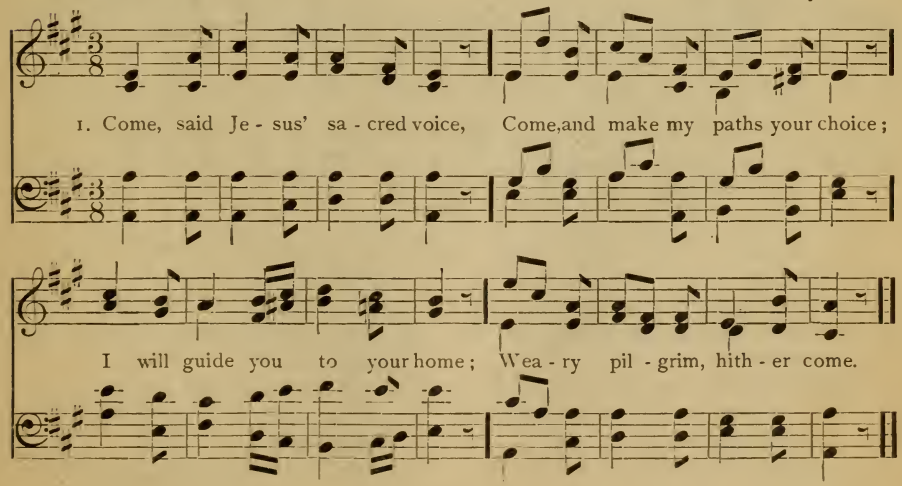
2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why!
God, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that ye might live.
Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why!
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Wooed you to embrace his love;
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God, and die?

Charles Wesley

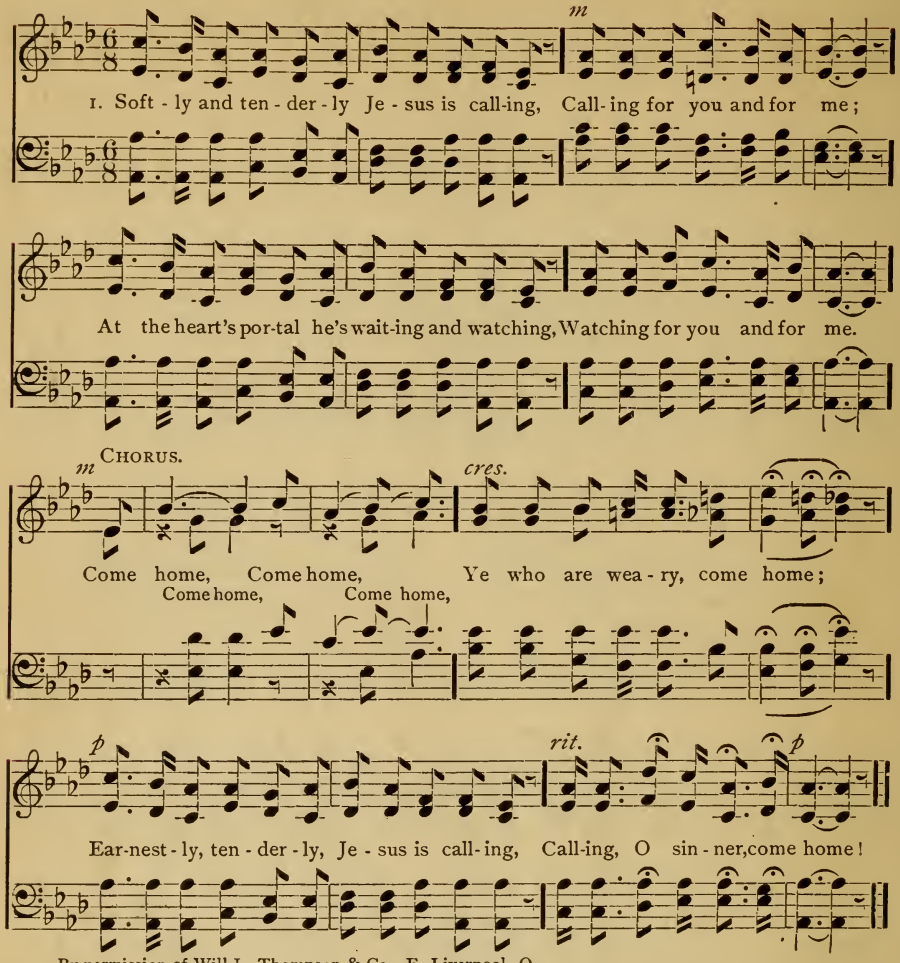
## HORTON 7. 7. 7. 7

Xavier Schnyder



## 262 SOFTLY AND TENDERLY

Will L. Thompson


m
1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
At the heart's por-tal he's wait-ing and watching, Watching for you and for me.
m CHORUS.
cres.
Come home, Come home, Ye who are wea - ry, come home;
Come home, Come home,
p
rit.
p
Ear-nest - ly, ten - der - ly, Je - sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin - ner, come home!

By permission of Will L. Thompson & Co., E. Liverpool, O.

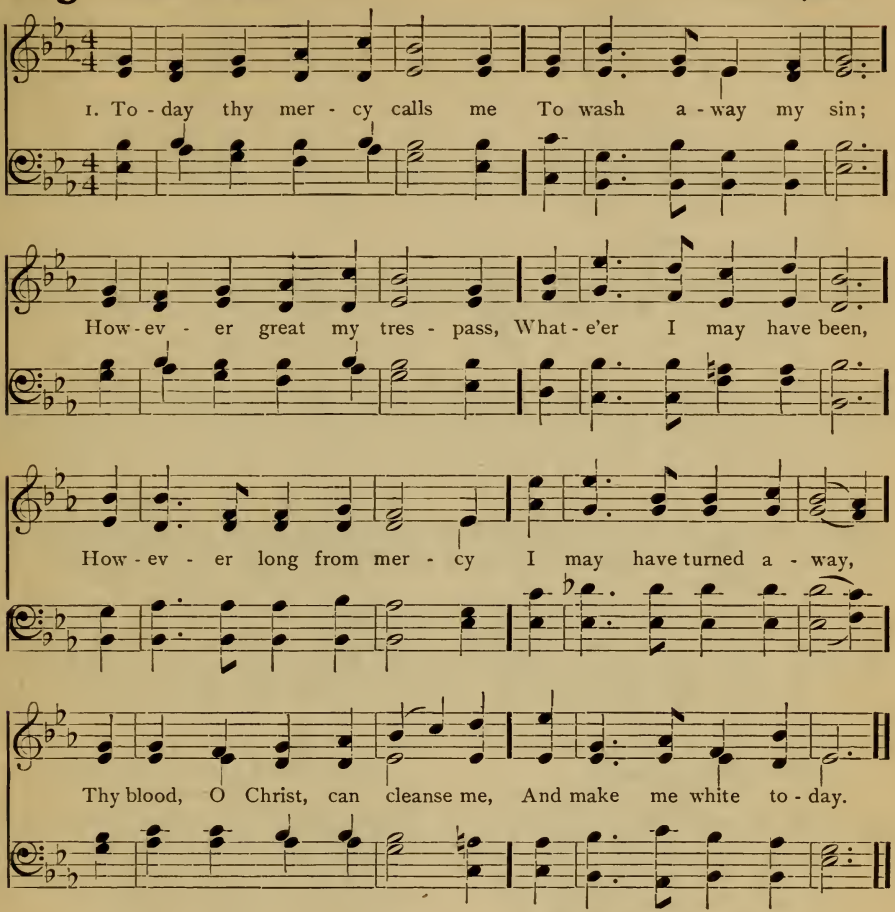
2 Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading,
Pleading for you and for me?
Why should we linger and heed not his mercies,
Mercies for you and for me?—CHO.

3 Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing,
Passing from you and from me;
Shadows are gathering, death's night is coming,
Coming for you and for me.—CHO.

4 Oh, for the wonderful love he has promised,
Promised for you and for me;
Though we have sinned he has mercy and pardon,
Pardon for you and for me.—CHO.

Will L. Thompson

## 263 BLAIRGOWRIE 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

John B. Dykes

1. To - day thy mer - cy calls me To wash a - way my sin;
How - ev - er great my tres - pass, What - e'er I may have been,
How - ev - er long from mer - cy I may have turned a - way,
Thy blood, O Christ, can cleanse me, And make me white to - day.

2 To-day thy gate is open,
And all who enter in
Shall find a Father's welcome,
And pardon for their sin;
The past shall be forgotten,
A present joy be given,
A future grace be promised,
A glorious crown in heaven.

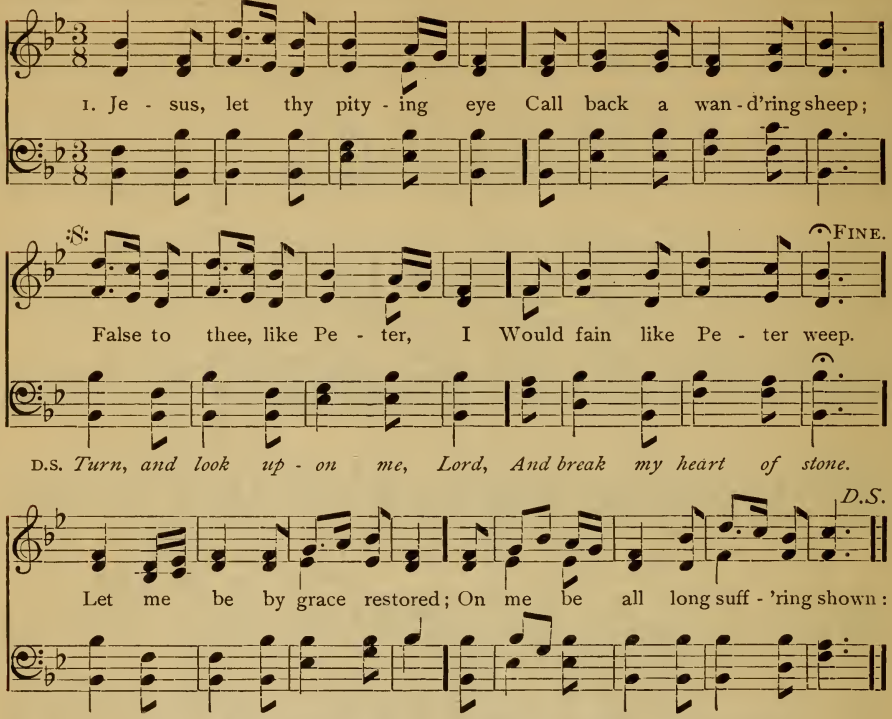
3 To-day the Father calls me,
The Holy Spirit waits,
The blessèd angels gather
Around the heavenly gates:
No question will be asked me,
How often I have come;
Although I oft have wandered,
It is my Father's home.

4 O all-embracing mercy,
Thou ever-open door,
What shall I do without thee
When heart and eyes run o'er?
When all things seem against me,
To drive me to despair,
I know one gate is open,
One ear will hear my prayer.

Oswald Allen

## 264 PENITENCE 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 8. 7. 6

W. H. Oakley


1. Je - sus, let thy pity - ing eye Call back a wan - d'ring sheep;
FINE.
False to thee, like Pe - ter, I Would fain like Pe - ter weep.
D.S. Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.
D.S.
Let me be by grace restored; On me be all long suff - 'ring shown:

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart:
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of thy grief unknown;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

4 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die!
Life, and happiness, and love,
Drop from thy gracious eye:
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

Charles Wesley

## 265 (SEYMOUR) 7. 7. 7. 7

1 Depth of mercy!—can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face:
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

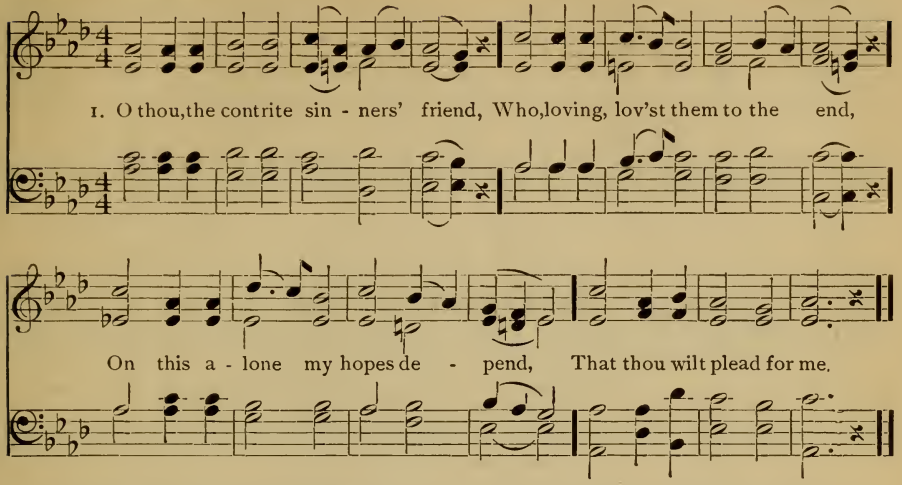
3 Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, How shall I give thee up?—
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

4 There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands!
God is love! I know, I feel:
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

Charles Wesley

## 266 FLEMMING 8. 8. 8. 6

Arr. from Friedrich F. Flemming


1. O thou, the contrite sin - ners' friend, Who, loving, lov'st them to the end,
On this a - lone my hopes de - pend, That thou wilt plead for me.

2 When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And, fainting, I mistrust thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me.

3 When I have erred and gone astray,
Afar from thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

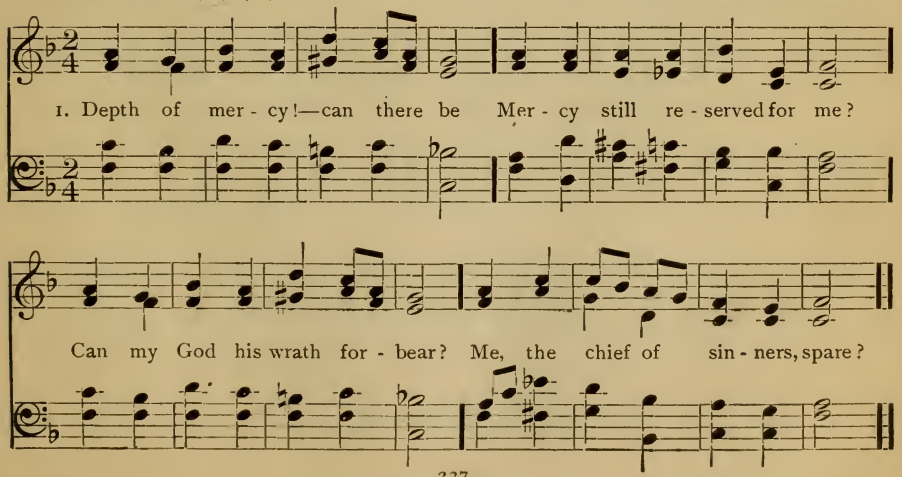
4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, O plead for me.

5 And when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with anguish, guilt, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me.

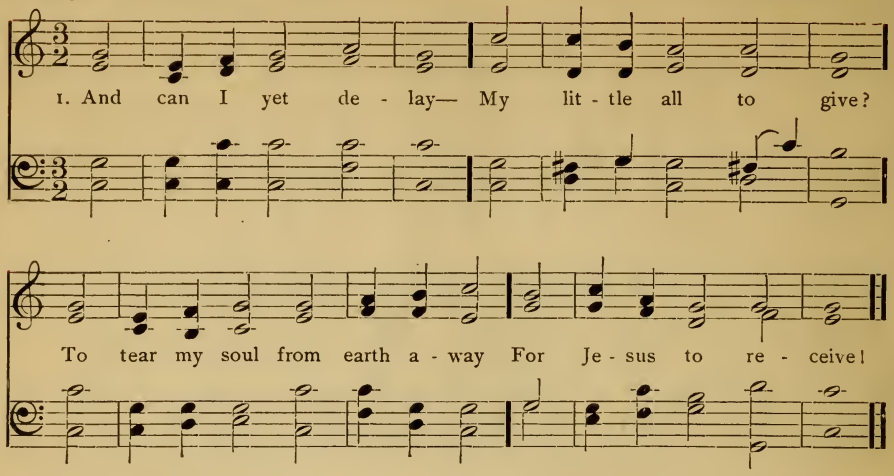
Charlotte Elliott

## SEYMOUR 7. 7. 7. 7

Arr. from Carl M. von Weber



## 267 BOYLSTON S. M.

Lowell Mason

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror.

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all, resign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine.

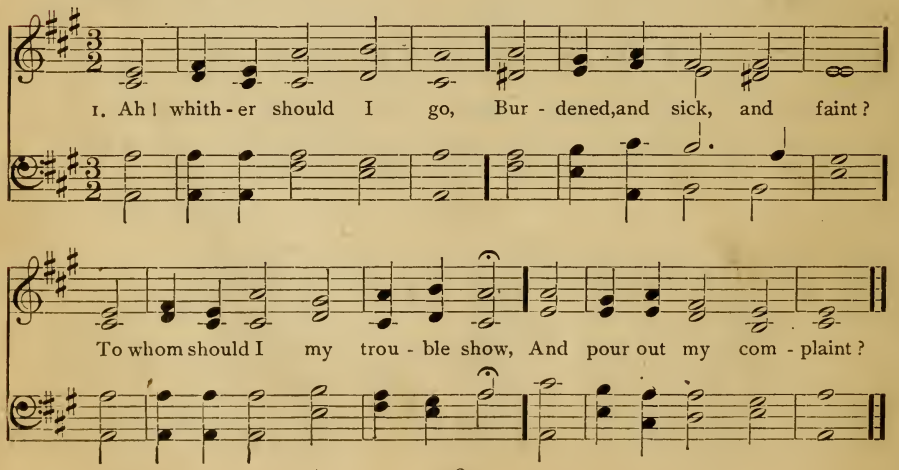
4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
With all thy weight of love.

5 My one desire be this,—
Thy only love to know;
To seek and taste no other bliss,—
No other good below.

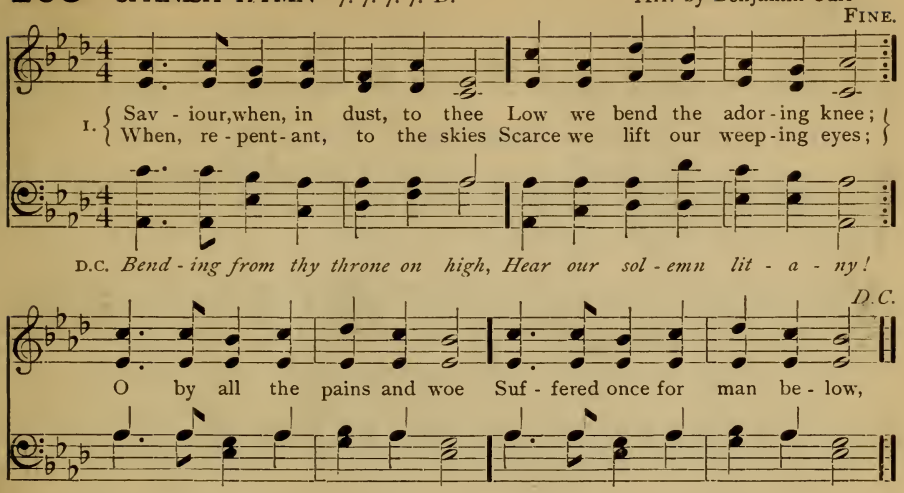
Charles Wesley

## OLMUTZ S. M.

Lowell Mason



## 268 SPANISH HYMN 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Arr. by Benjamin Carr

FINE.
1. Sav - iour, when, in dust, to thee Low we bend the ador - ing knee;
When, re - pent - ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weep - ing eyes;
D.C. Bend - ing from thy throne on high, Hear our sol - emn lit - a - ny!
D.C.
O by all the pains and woe Suf - fered once for man be - low,

2 By thy helpless infant years;
By thy life of want and tears;
By thy days of sore distress,
In the savage wilderness;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power;
Turn, O turn a favoring eye,
Hear our solemn litany!

3 By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within thy fold;
From thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn litany!

4 By thine hour of dire despair;
By thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany!

5 By thy deep, expiring groan;
By the sad sepulchral stone;
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God;
O from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany!

Robert Grant

## 269 (OLMUTZ) S. M.

1 Ah! whither should I go,
Burdened, and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my trouble show,
And pour out my complaint?

2 My Saviour bids me come;
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay.

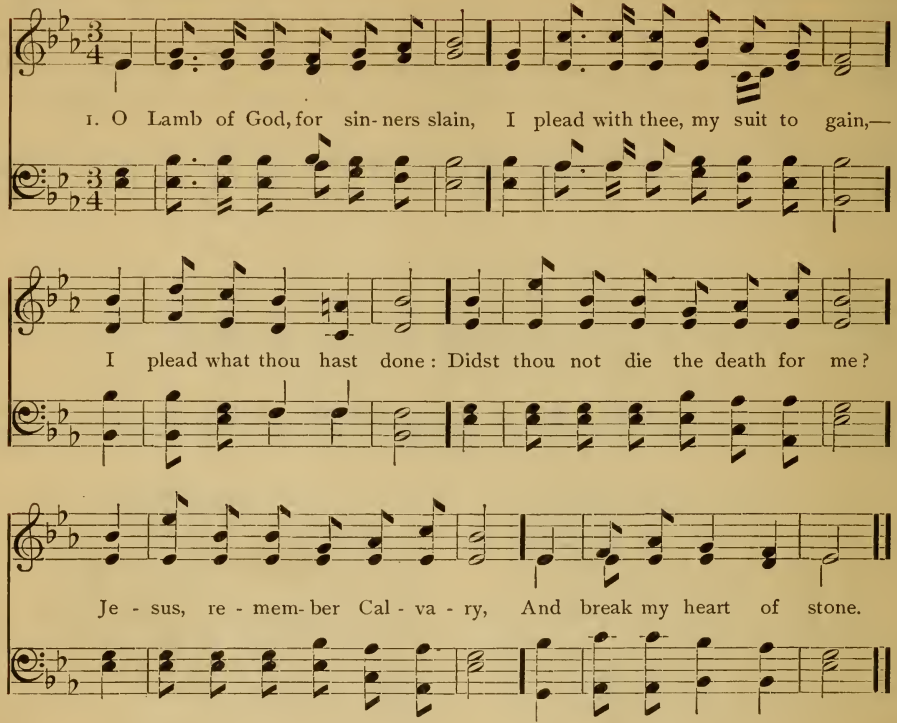
3 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part,
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart?

4 Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.

Charles Wesley

## 270 MERIBAH 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6

Lowell Mason


1. O Lamb of God, for sin-ners slain, I plead with thee, my suit to gain,—
I plead what thou hast done: Didst thou not die the death for me?
Je - sus, re - mem-ber Cal - va - ry, And break my heart of stone.

2 Take the dear purchase of thy blood,
My friend and advocate with God,
My ransom and my peace,
Surety, who all my debt hast paid,
For all my sins atonement made,
The Lord my righteousness.

3 O let thy spirit shed abroad
The love, the perfect love of God,
In this cold heart of mine!
O might he now descend, and rest,
And dwell forever in my breast,
And make it all divine!

Charles Wesley

## 271 (BRADEN) S. M.

1 Father, I dare believe
Thee merciful and true:
Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,
My fallen soul renew.

2 Come, then, for Jesus' sake,
And bid my heart be clean:
An end of all my troubles make,
An end of all my sin.

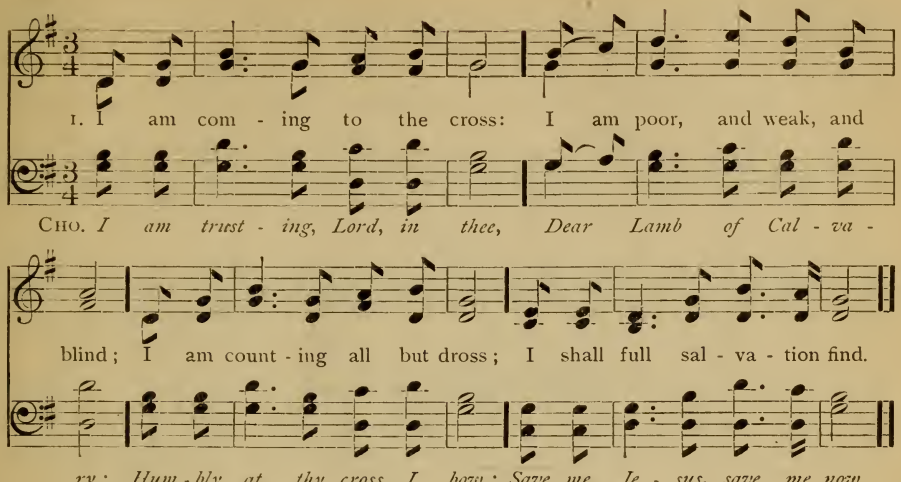
3 I cannot wash my heart
But by believing thee,
And waiting for thy blood t' impart
The spotless purity.

4 While at thy cross I lie,
Jesus, the grace bestow;
Now thy all-cleansing blood apply,
And I am white as snow.

Charles Wesley

## 272 I AM TRUSTING

William G. Fischer


1. I am com - ing to the cross: I am poor, and weak, and
CHO. I am trust - ing, Lord, in thee, Dear Lamb of Cal - va -
blind; I am count - ing all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.
ry; Hum - bly at thy cross I bow; Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for thee;
Long has evil dwelt within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
I will cleanse you from all sin.—CHO.

3 Here I give my all to thee,—
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body thine to be—
Wholly thine for evermore.—CHO.

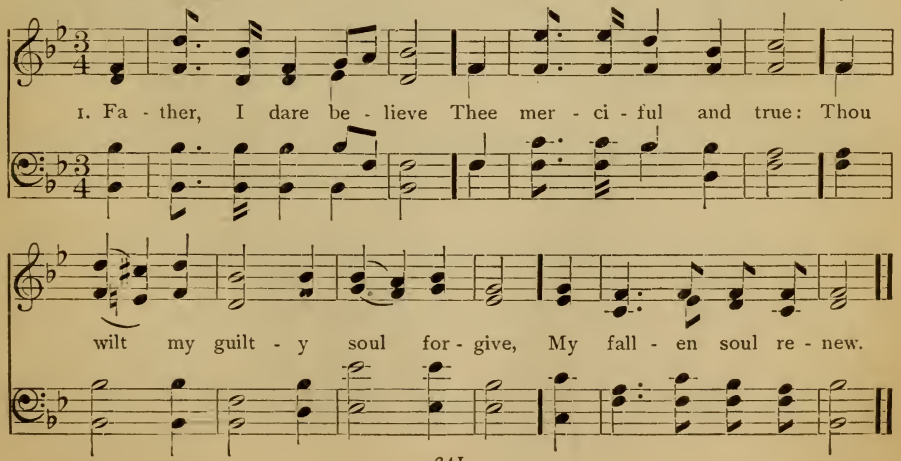
4 In the promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.—CHO.

5 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
Perfected in love I am:
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb!—CHO.

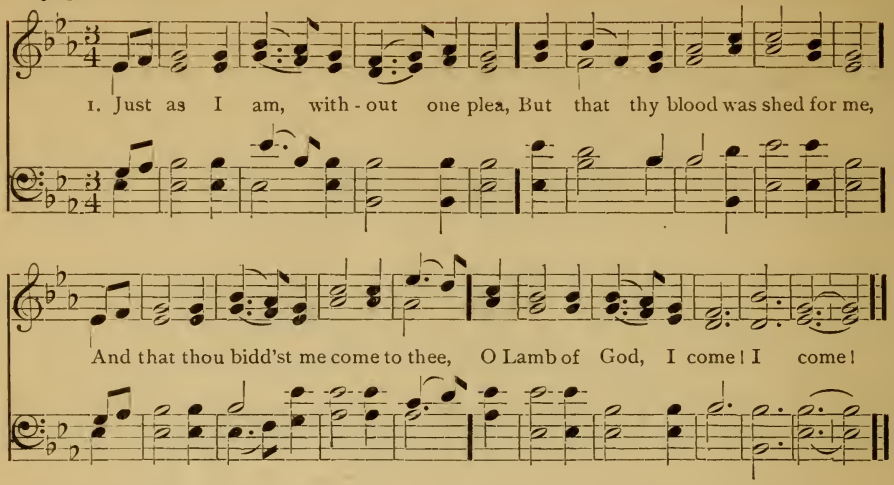
William McDonald

## BRADEN S. M.

W. B. Bradbury



## 273 WOODWORTH L. M.

W. B. Bradbury

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am — thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Charlotte Elliott

## 274 (WOODWORTH) L. M.

1 Jesus, the sinner's friend, to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee,
Weary of earth, myself, and sin:
Open thine arms, and take me in.

2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul;
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole;
Dark, till in me thine image shine,
And lost, I am, till thou art mine.

3 At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for thee:
Here, then, to thee I all resign;
Thine is the work, and only thine.

4 What shall I say thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin — but thou art love:
I give up every plea beside —
Lord, I am lost — but thou hast died.

Charles Wesley

## 275 (WARNER) L. M.

1 With broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry:
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free:
O God, be merciful to me!

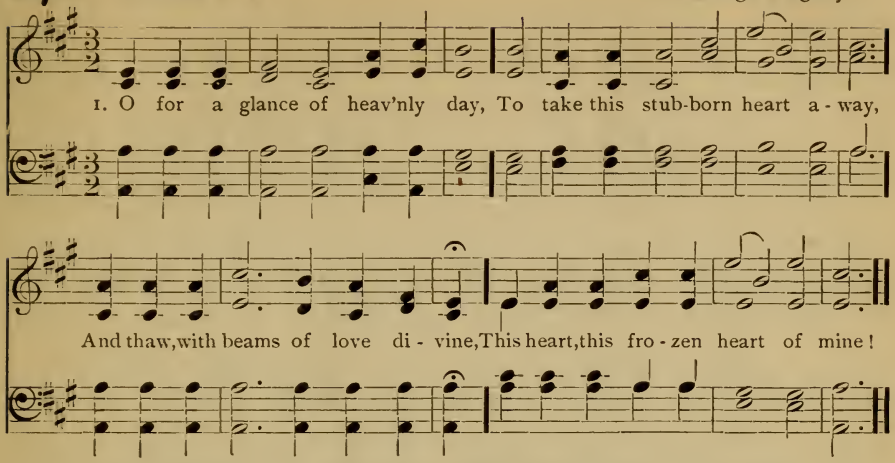
2 Far off I stand with tearful eyes
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But thou dost all my anguish see;
O God, be merciful to me!

3 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee:
O God, be merciful to me!

4 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me!

Cornelius Elven

## 276 WARE L. M.. George Kingsley


1. O for a glance of heav'nly day, To take this stub-born heart a - way,
And thaw, with beams of love di - vine, This heart, this fro - zen heart of mine!

2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar; the mountains shake;
Of feeling, all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

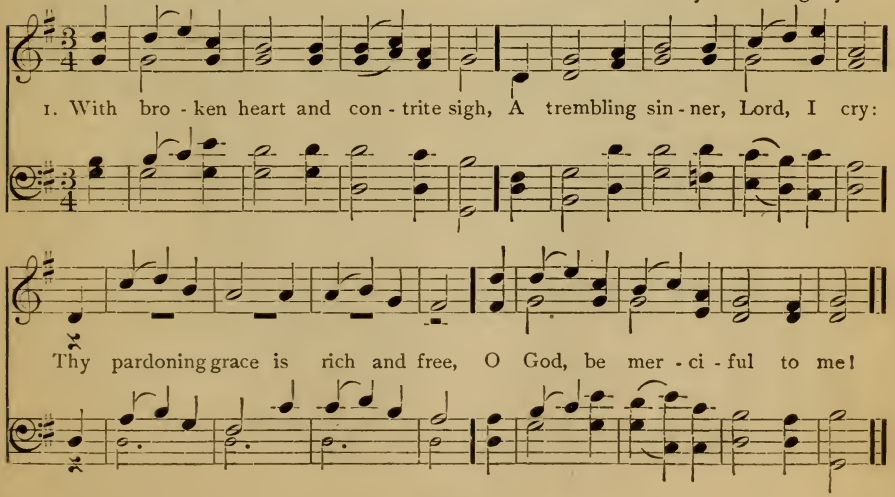
3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
O Lord, an adamant would melt:
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments, too, which devils fear —
Amazing thought! — unmoved I hear;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 But power divine can do the deed;
And, Lord, that power I greatly need:
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt and change this heart of mine.

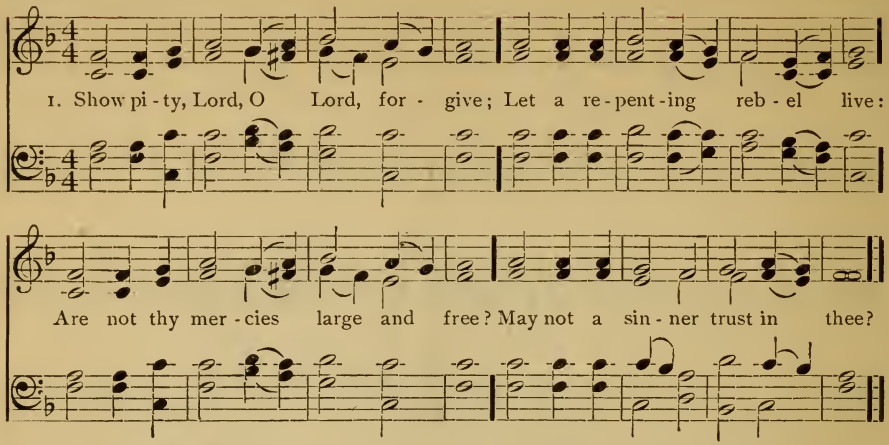
Joseph Hart

## WARNER L. M. Rossini. Arr. by Geo. Kingsley


1. With bro - ken heart and con - trite sigh, A trembling sin - ner, Lord, I cry:
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free, O God, be mer - ci - ful to me!

## 277 HAMBURG L. M.

Lowell Mason




2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offenses pain my eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope still hovering round thy word
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

Isaac Watts

## 278 (HAMBURG) L. M.

1 Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steeled my stubborn heart,
And shaken off my guilty fears;
And vexed, and urged thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years:

3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen;
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved:

4 Yet, O, the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
To exclude me from thy people's rest.

Charles Wesley

## 279 (ST. AGNES) C. M.

1 O thou, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye;—

2 See, Lord, before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said — "Return"?

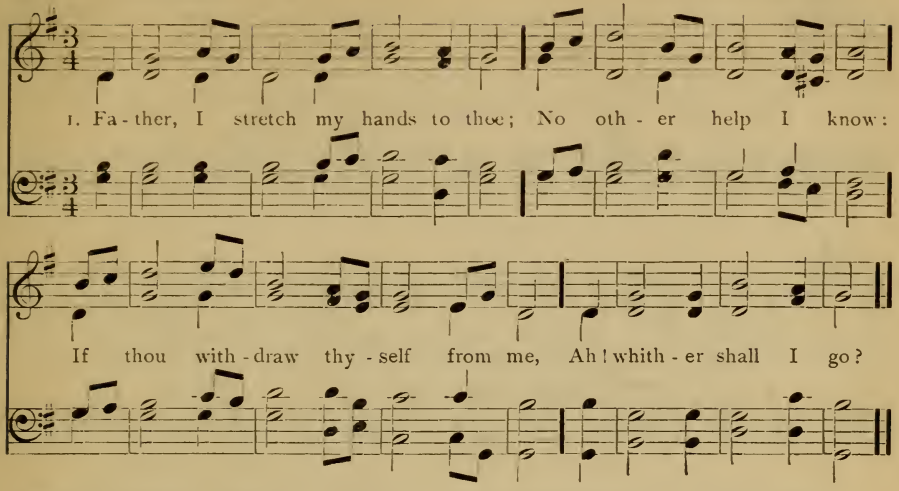
3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
Oh, let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat!

4 Oh, shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let thy healing voice impart
The sense of joy divine.

Anne Steele

## 280 PARSONS C. M.

Arr. from S. Hubbard




2 What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death!

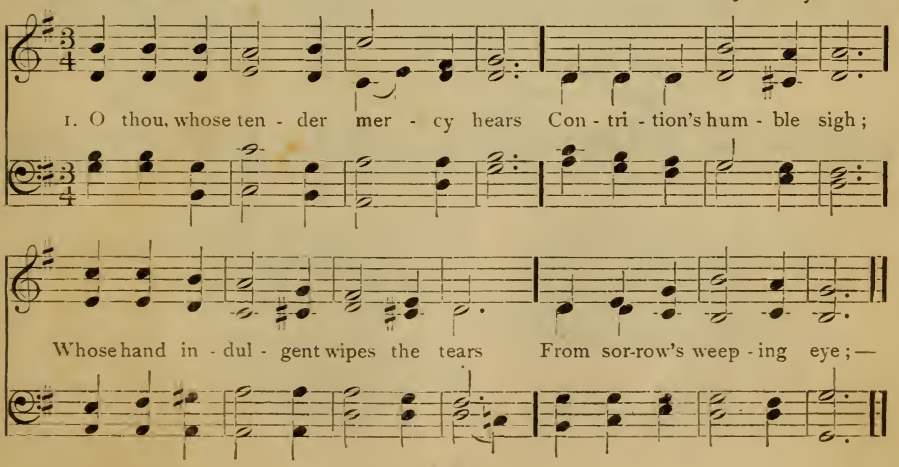
3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power;
And all my wants thou wouldst relieve,
In this accepted hour.

4 Author of faith! to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
O let me now receive that gift;
My soul without it dies.

5 Surely thou canst not let me die;
O speak, and I shall live;
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

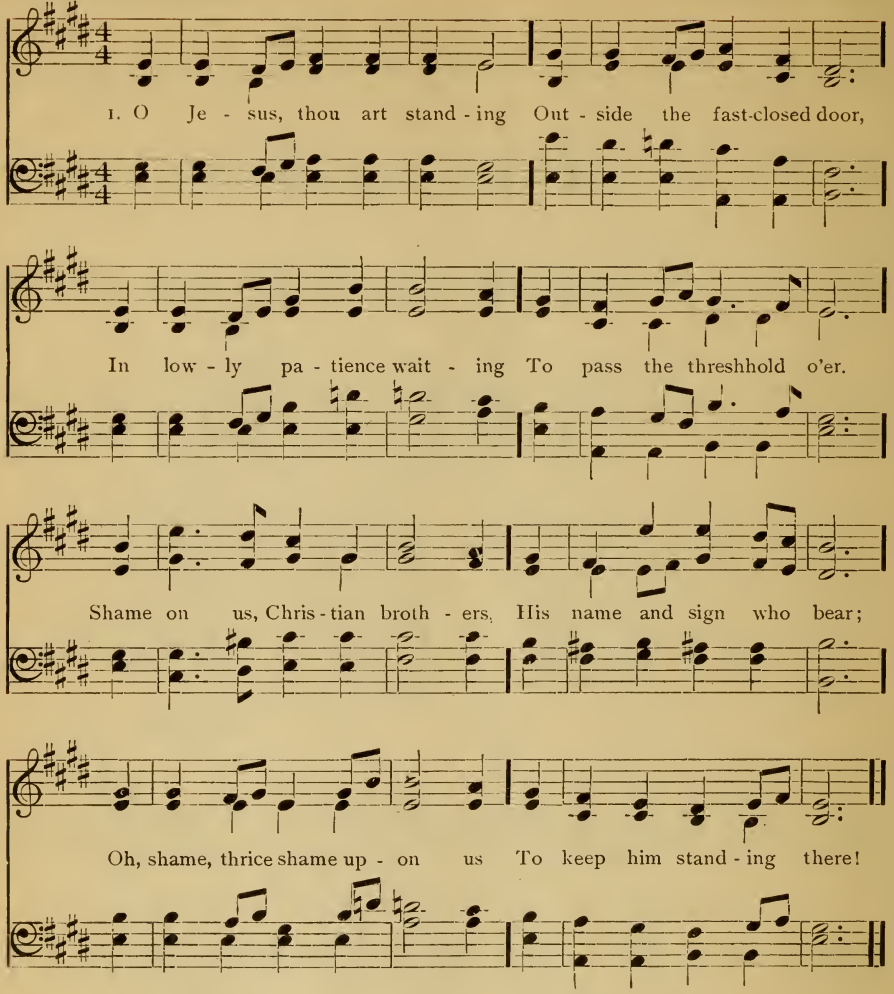
Charles Wesley

## ST. AGNES C. M.

J. B. Dykes

1. O thou, whose ten - der mer - cy hears Con - tri - tion's hum - ble sigh;
Whose hand in - dul - gent wipes the tears From sor-row's weep - ing eye;—

## 281 ST. HILDA 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

E. Husband


1. O Je - sus, thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast-closed door,
In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the threshhold o'er.
Shame on us, Chris - tian broth - ers, His name and sign who bear;
Oh, shame, thrice shame up - on us To keep him stand - ing there!

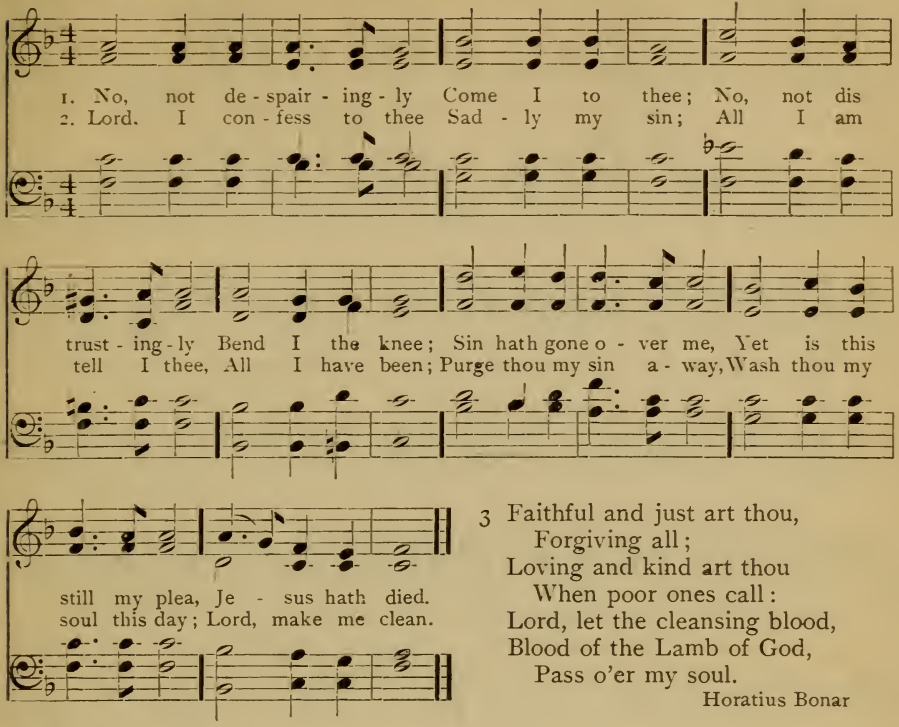
2 O Jesus, thou art knocking:
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns thy brow encircle,
And tears thy face have marred:
Oh, love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
Oh, sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, thou are pleading
In accents meek and low,—
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore!

William W. How

## 282 KEDRON 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4

A. B. Spratt

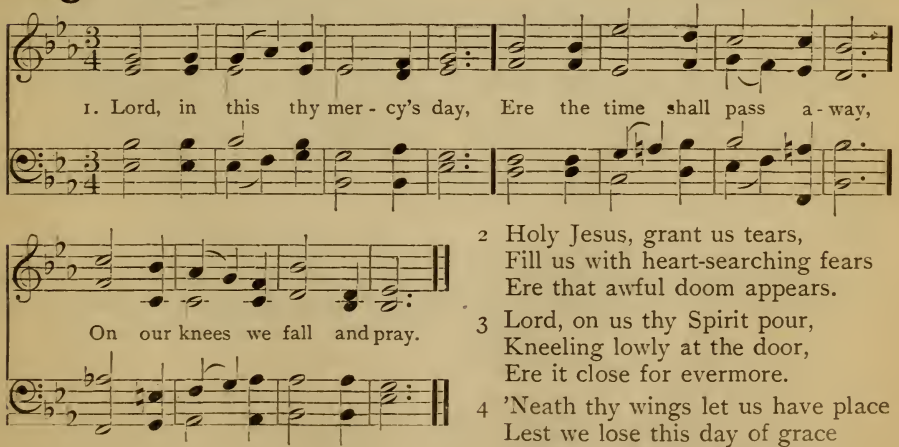

1. No, not de - spair - ing - ly Come I to thee; No, not dis
2. Lord. I con - fess to thee Sad - ly my sin; All I am
trust - ing - ly Bend I the knee; Sin hath gone o - ver me, Yet is this
tell I thee, All I have been; Purge thou my sin a - way, Wash thou my
still my plea, Je - sus hath died.
soul this day; Lord, make me clean.

3 Faithful and just art thou,
Forgiving all;
Loving and kind art thou
When poor ones call:
Lord, let the cleansing blood,
Blood of the Lamb of God,
Pass o'er my soul.

Horatius Bonar

## 283 LACRYMAE 7. 7. 7

Arthur Sullivan




2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears
Ere that awful doom appears.

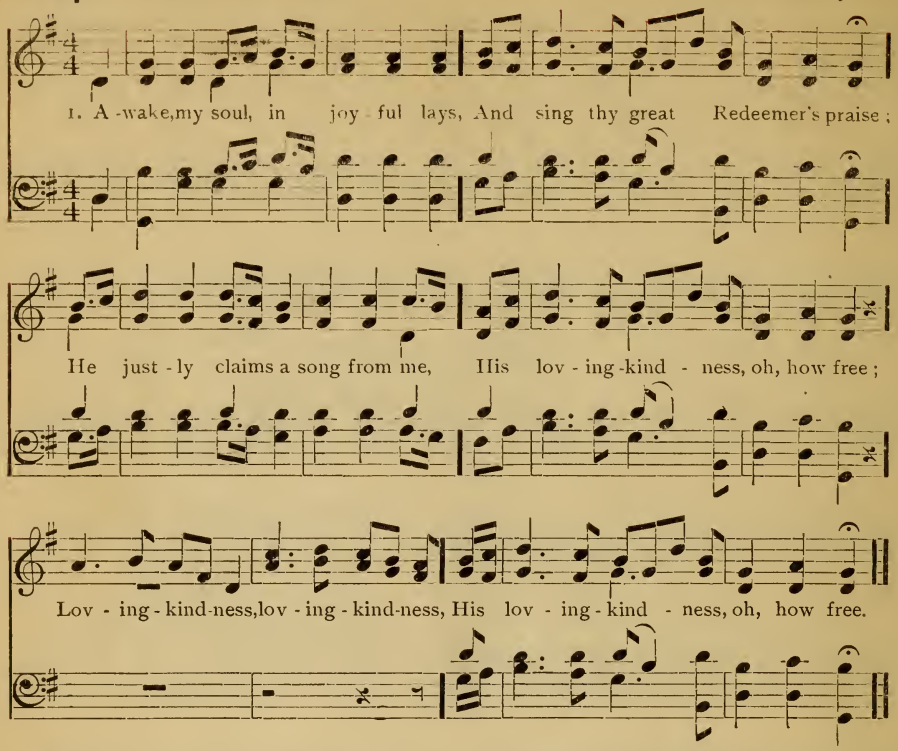
3 Lord, on us thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.

4 'Neath thy wings let us have place
Lest we lose this day of grace
Ere we shall behold thy face.

Isaac Williams

## 284 LOVING-KINDNESS L. M.

American Melody


1. A-wake, my soul, in joy-ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He just-ly claims a song from me, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how free;
Lov-ing-kind-ness, lov-ing-kind-ness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how free.

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all,
And saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, oh, how great.

3 Through mighty hosts of cruel foes,
Where earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong.

4 So when I pass death's gloomy vale,
And life and mortal powers shall fail,
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

Samuel Medley

## 285 (MILLER) L. M.

1 Lord, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven within and peace

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades
Their nightly minutes gently move.

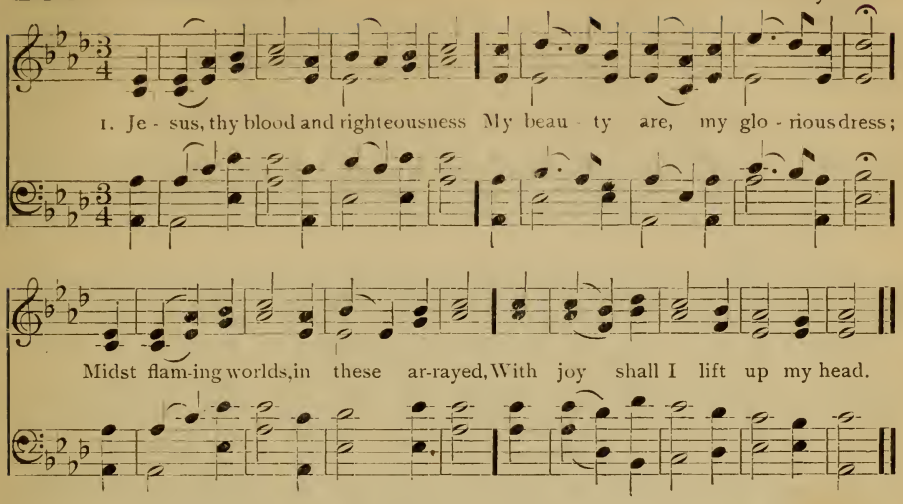
3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away;
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 They scorn to seek earth's golden toys,
But spend the day and share the night
In numbering o'er the richer joys
That Heaven prepares for their delight.

Isaac Watts

## 286 LOUVAN L. M.

V. C. Taylor


1. Je - sus, thy blood and righteousness My beau - ty are, my glo - rious dress;
Midst flam-ing worlds, in these ar-rayed, With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

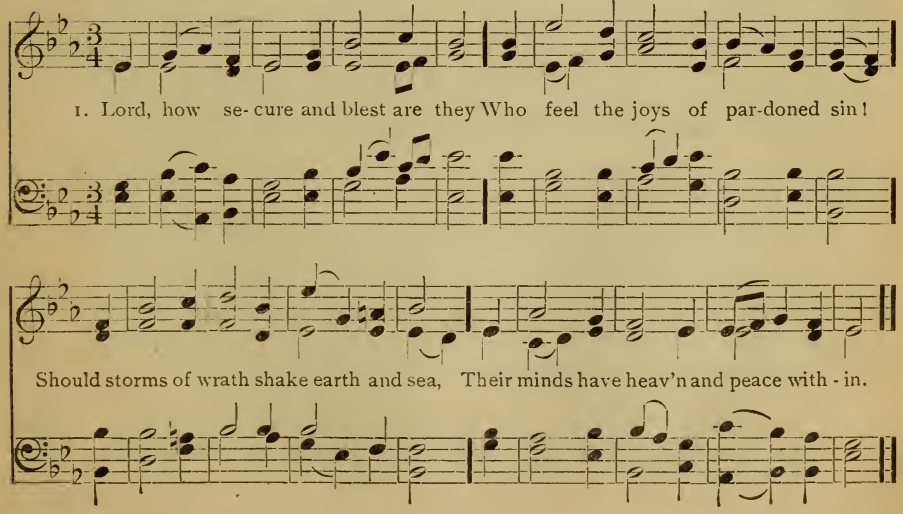
3 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,
Forever doth for sinners plead,
For me, e'en for my soul, was shed.

4 Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

Tr. by John Wesley

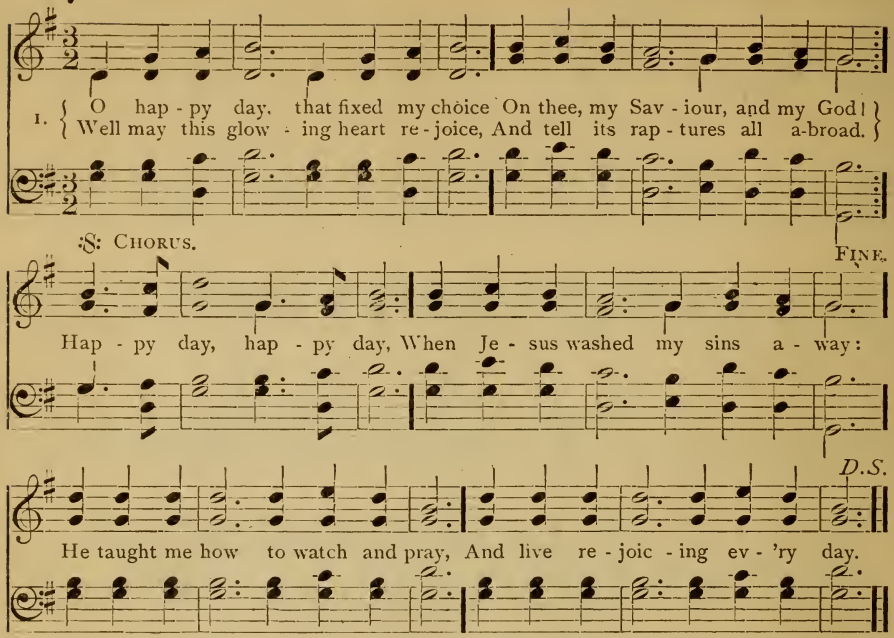
## MILLER L. M.

C. P. E. Bach. Arr. by Dr. Miller


1. Lord, how se- cure and blest are they Who feel the joys of par-doned sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea, Their minds have heav'n and peace with - in.

## 287 HAPPY DAY L. M.

From Edward F. Rimbault


1. { O hap - py day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Sav - iour, and my God! }
{ Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a-broad. }
𝄋 Chorus.
Fine.
Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way:
D.S.
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done: the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful center, rest:
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With him of every good possessed.

5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

Philip Doddridge.

## 288 (WARWICK) C. M.

1 Amazing grace! how sweet the sound!
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now I'm found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

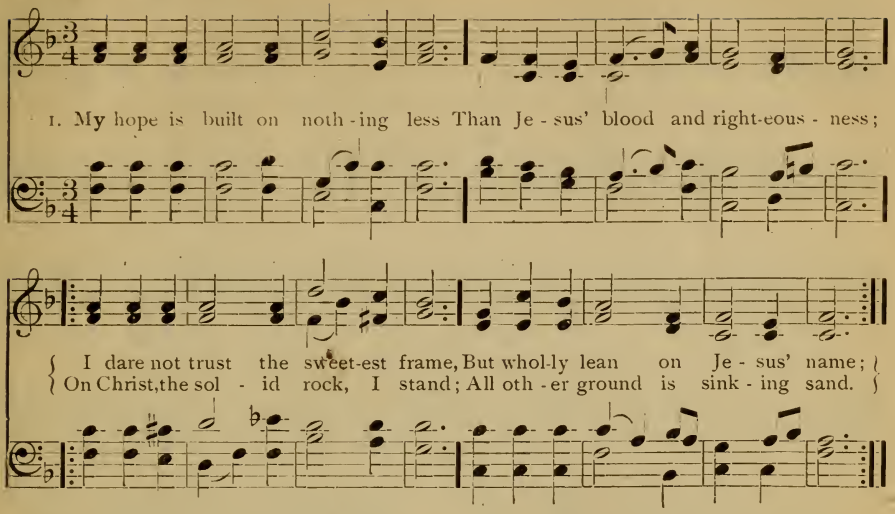
3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me;
His word my hope secures:
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

5 Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

John Newton

## 289 ARIZONA L. M.


1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness;
I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name;
On Christ, the sol-id rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.

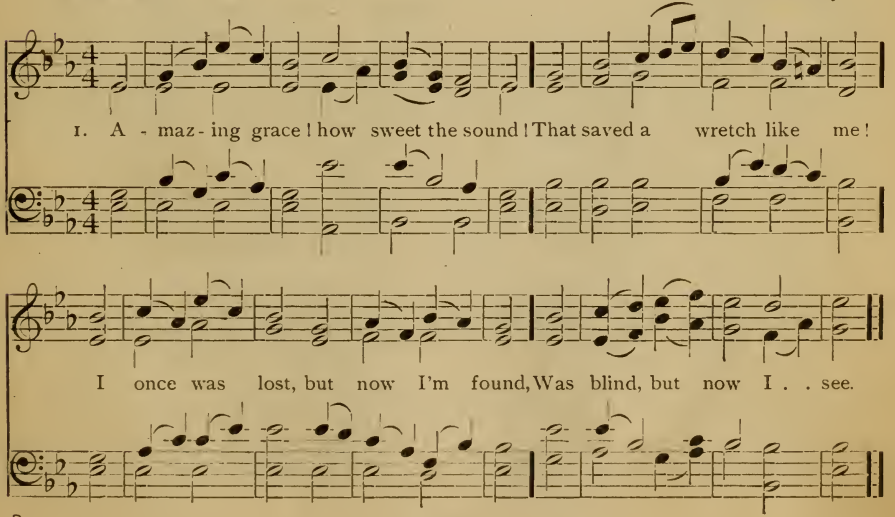
2 When darkness seems to veil his face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil;
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

3 His oath, his covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay;
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

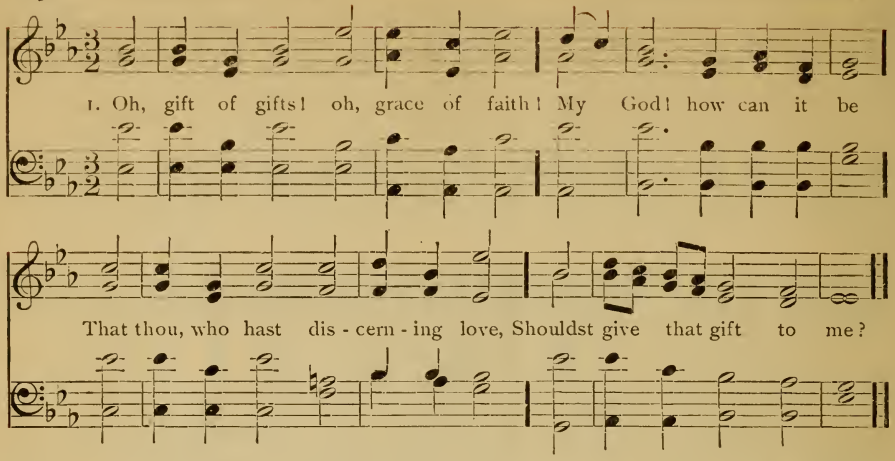
E. Mote

## WARWICK C. M.

Samuel Stanley



## 290 VALENTIA C. M.

Arr. by Geo. Kingsley

2 How many hearts thou mightst have
More innocent than mine! [had
How many souls more worthy far
Of that sweet touch of thine!

3 Ah, grace! into unlikeliest hearts
It is thy boast to come,
The glory of thy light to find
In darkest spots a home.

4 The crowd of cares, the weightiest
Seem trifles less than light— [cross,
Earth looks so little and so low
When faith shines full and bright.

5 Oh, happy, happy that I am!
If thou canst be, O faith,
The treasure that thou art in life,
What wilt thou be in death!

Frederick W. Faber

## 291 (VALENTIA) C. M.

1 My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!—

2 In darkest shades if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning
And thou my rising sun. [star,

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus show his mercy mine,
And whisper I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

Isaac Watts

## 292 (PETERBORO) C. M.

1 Father of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
My Saviour and my Head,
I trust in thee, whose pow'rful word
Hath raised him from the dead.

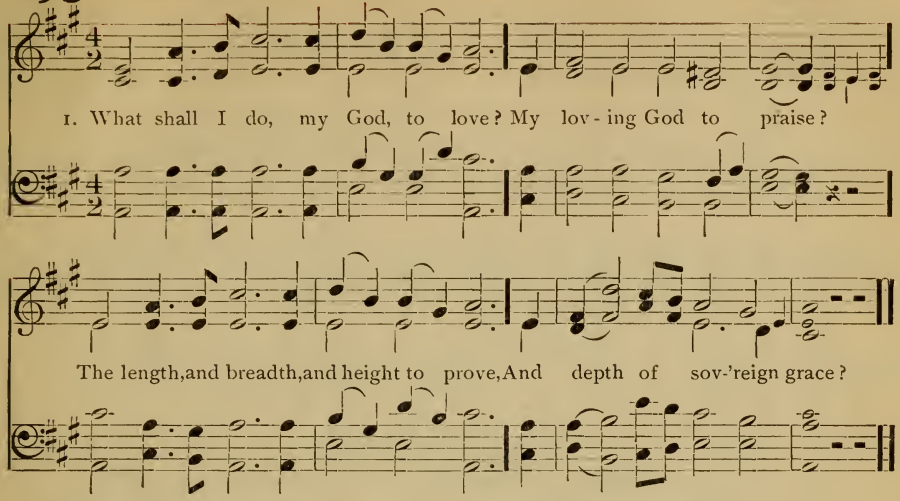
2 In hope, against all human hope,
Self-desp'rate, I believe;
Thy quick'ning word shall raise me up,
Thou shalt thy Spirit give.

3 Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, "It shall be done!"

4 Obedient faith that waits on thee,
Thou never wilt reprove;
But thou wilt form thy Son in me,
And perfect me in love.

Charles Wesley

## 293 HYMN C. M.

J. E. Gould

1. What shall I do, my God, to love? My lov - ing God to praise?
The length, and breadth, and height to prove, And depth of sov-'reign grace?

2 Thy sov'reign grace to all extends,
Immense and unconfined;
From age to age it never ends;
It reaches all mankind.

3 Throughout the world its breadth is known,
Wide as infinity:
So wide it never pass'd by one,
Or it had pass'd by me.

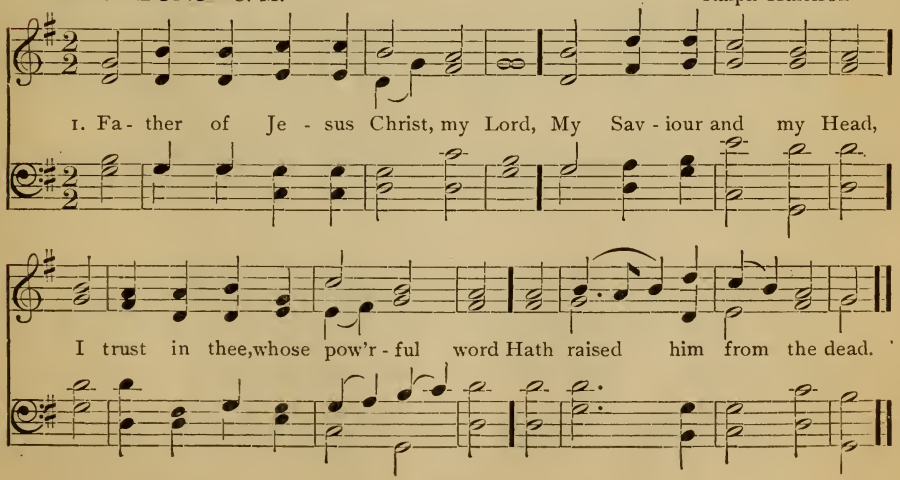
4 My trespass was grown up to Heaven:
But, far above the skies,
Through Christ abundantly forgiven,
I see thy mercies rise.

5 The depth of all-redeeming love,
What angel tongue can tell?
O may I to the utmost prove
The gift unspeakable.

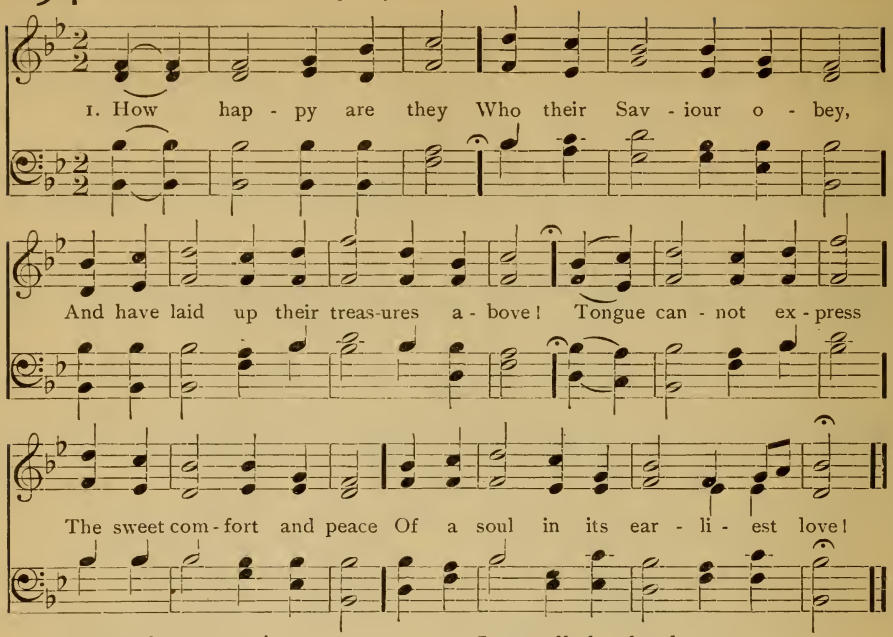
Charles Wesley

## PETERBORO C. M.

Ralph Harrison



## 294 THE CONVERT 5. 6. 9. D.


1. How hap - py are they Who their Sav - iour o - bey,
And have laid up their treas-ures a - bove! Tongue can - not ex - press
The sweet com - fort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love!

2 That comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart it believed,
What a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus's name!

3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song:
O that all his salvation might see!
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem a poor rebel like me.

5 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fullness of God.

Charles Wesley

## 295 (SEIR) S. M.

1 How can a sinner know
His sins on earth forgiven?
How can my gracious Saviour show
My name inscribed in heaven?

2 What we have felt and seen,
With confidence we tell;
And publish to the sons of men
The signs infallible.

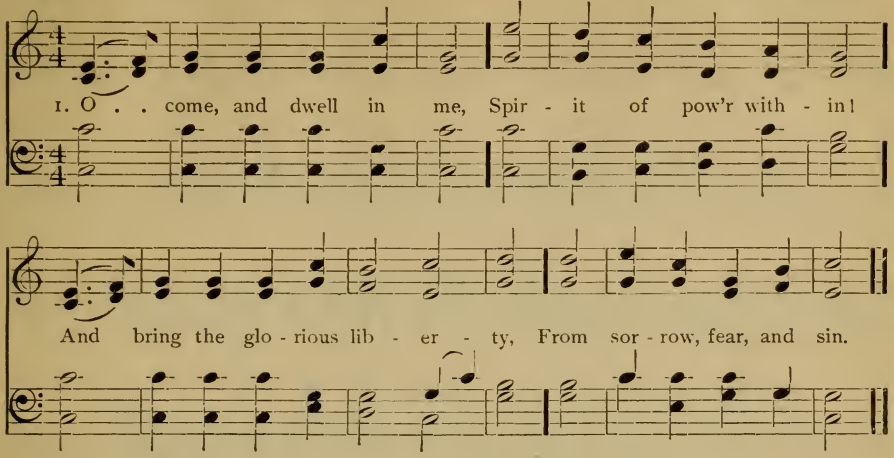
3 We who in Christ believe
That he for us hath died,
We all his unknown peace receive,
And feel his blood applied.

4 Exults our rising soul,
Disburdened of her load,
And swells unutterably full
Of glory and of God.

Charles Wesley

## 296 LABAN S. M.

Lowell Mason




2 This inward, dire disease,
Spirit of health, remove,
Spirit of finished holiness,
Spirit of perfect love.

3 Hasten the joyful day
Which shall my sins consume,
When old things shall be done away,
And all things new become.

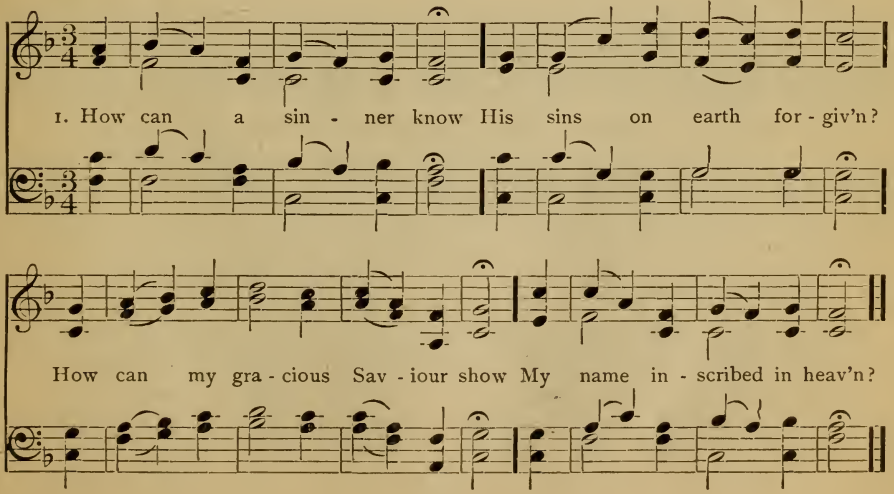
4 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,
According to thy will and word,
Well-pleasing in thy sight.

5 I ask no higher state;
Indulge me but in this,
And soon or later then translate
To my eternal bliss.

Charles Wesley

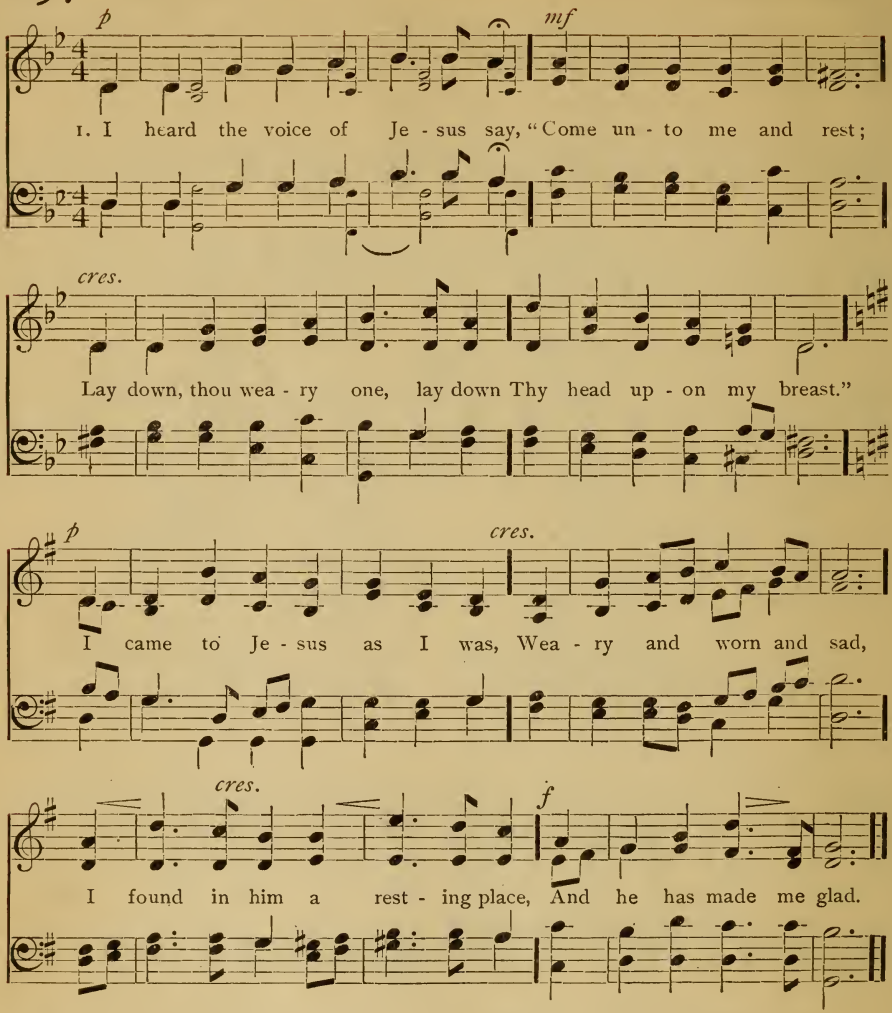
## SEIR S. M.

Lowell Mason



## 297 VOX DILECTI C. M. D.

John B. Dykes


p
mf
1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest;
cres.
Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast."
p
cres.
I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad,
cres.
f
I found in him a rest - ing place, And he has made me glad.

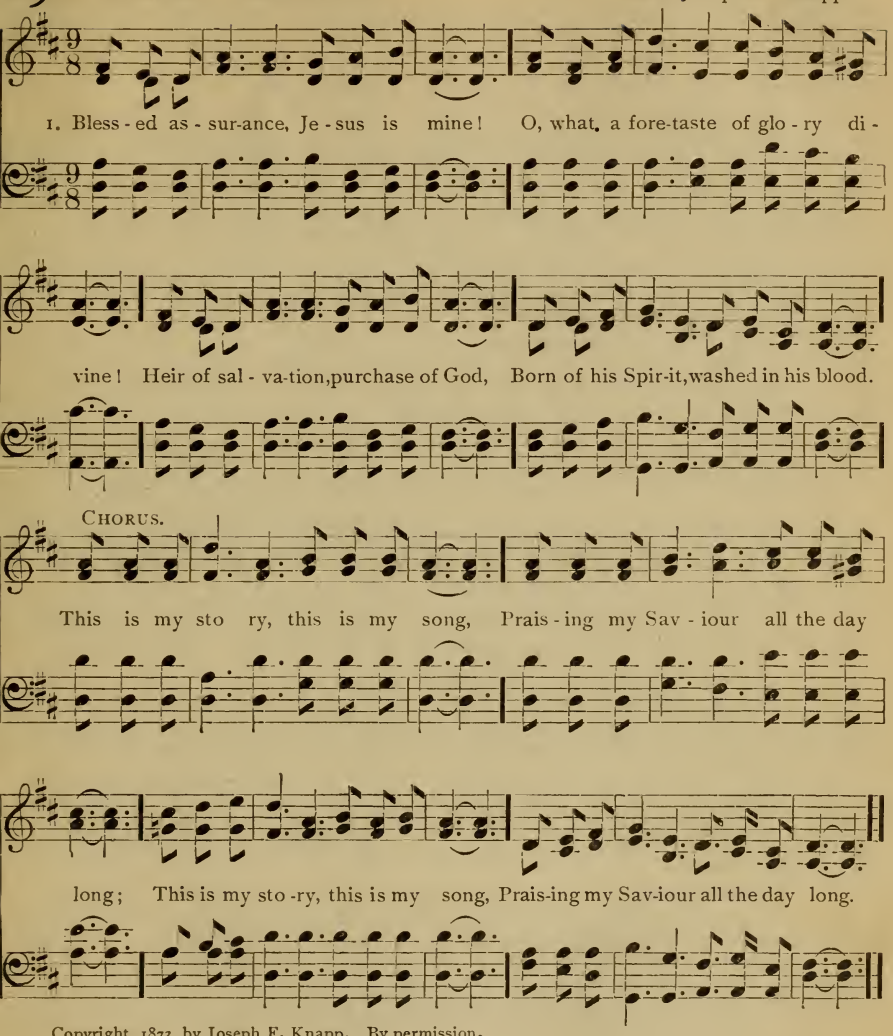
2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my star, my sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till travelling days are done.

Horatius Bonar

## 298 BLESSED ASSURANCE

Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp


1. Bless - ed as - sur-ance, Je - sus is mine! O, what a fore-taste of glo - ry di -
vine! Heir of sal - va-tion, purchase of God, Born of his Spir-it, washed in his blood.
Chorus.
This is my sto ry, this is my song, Prais - ing my Sav - iour all the day
long; This is my sto -ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long.

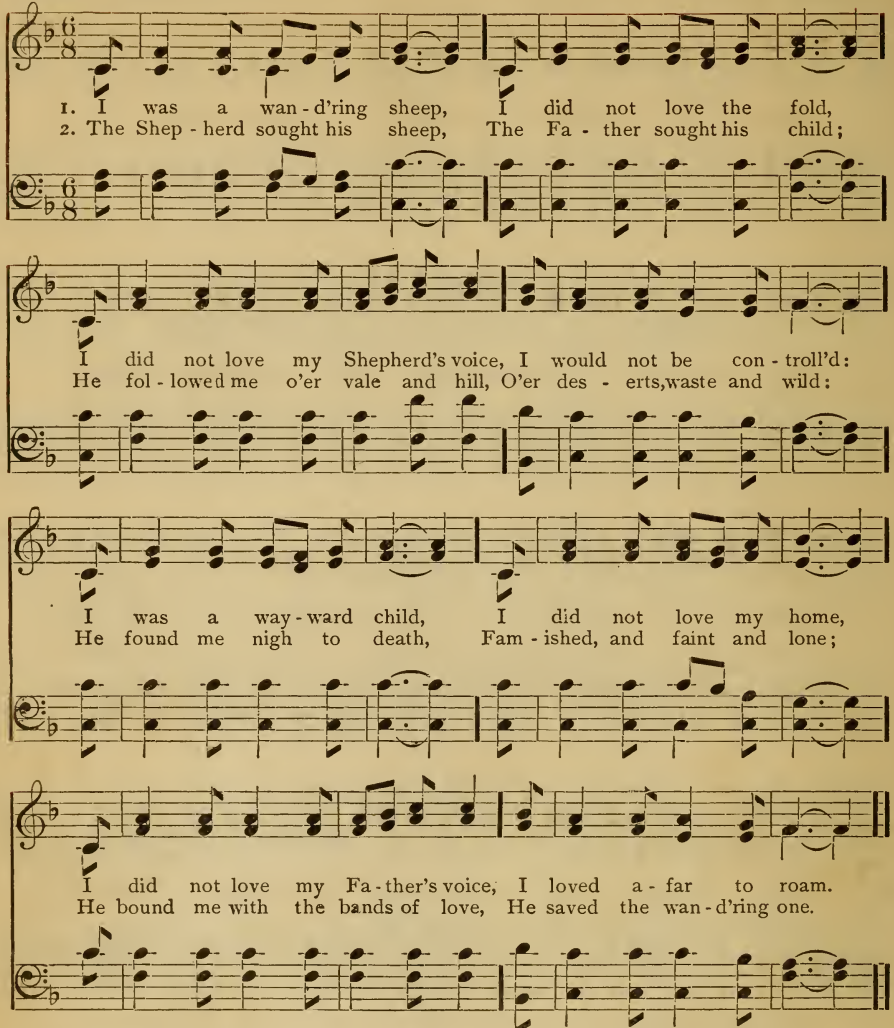
Copyright, 1873, by Joseph F. Knapp. By permission.

2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture burst on my sight,
Angels descending, bring from above,
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

3 Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Saviour am happy and blest,
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with his goodness, lost in his love.

Fanny J. Crosby

## 299 LEBANON S. M. D.

John Zundel

1. I was a wan - d'ring sheep, I did not love the fold,
2. The Shep - herd sought his sheep, The Fa - ther sought his child;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be con - troll'd:
He fol - lowed me o'er vale and hill, O'er des - erts, waste and wild:
I was a way - ward child, I did not love my home,
He found me nigh to death, Fam - ished, and faint and lone;
I did not love my Fa - ther's voice, I loved a - far to roam.
He bound me with the bands of love, He saved the wan - d'ring one.

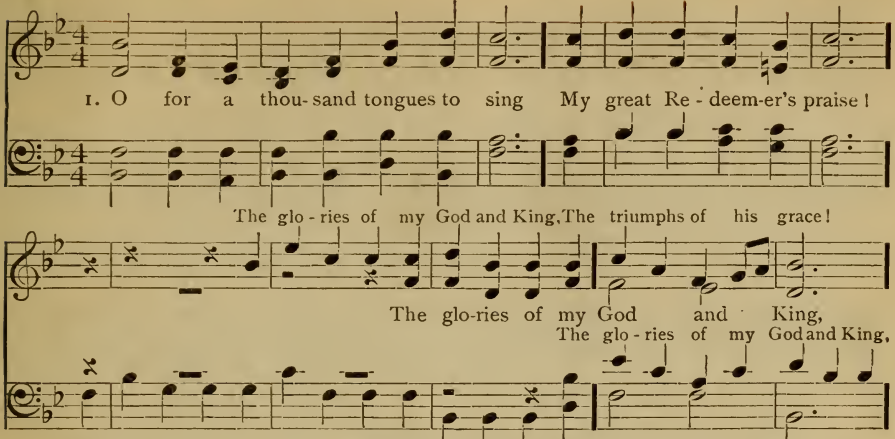
3 Jesus my Shepherd is;
'Twas he that loved my soul,
'Twas he that washed me in his blood,
'Twas he that made me whole;
'Twas he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas he that brought me to the fold,
'Tis he that still doth keep.

4 I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold.
I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love his home.

Horatius Bonar

## 300 NORTHFIELD C. M.

Jeremiah Ingalls


1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise!
The glo-ries of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace!
The glo-ries of my God and King,
The glo-ries of my God and King,
The glo-ries of my God and King, The glo-ries of my God and King,
The tri-umphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

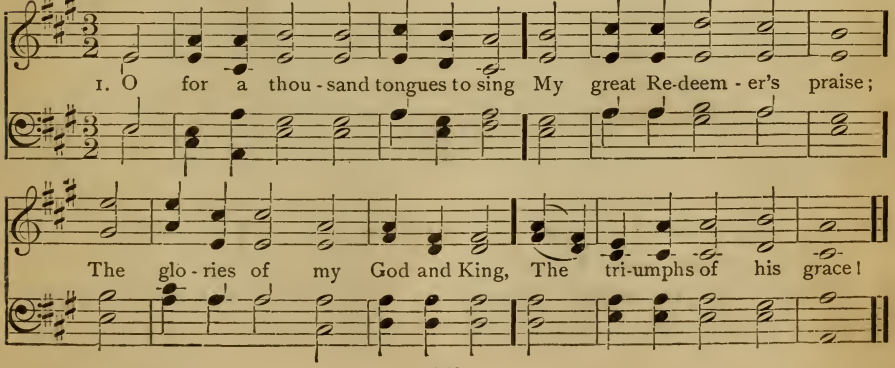
5 He speaks—and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

Charles Wesley

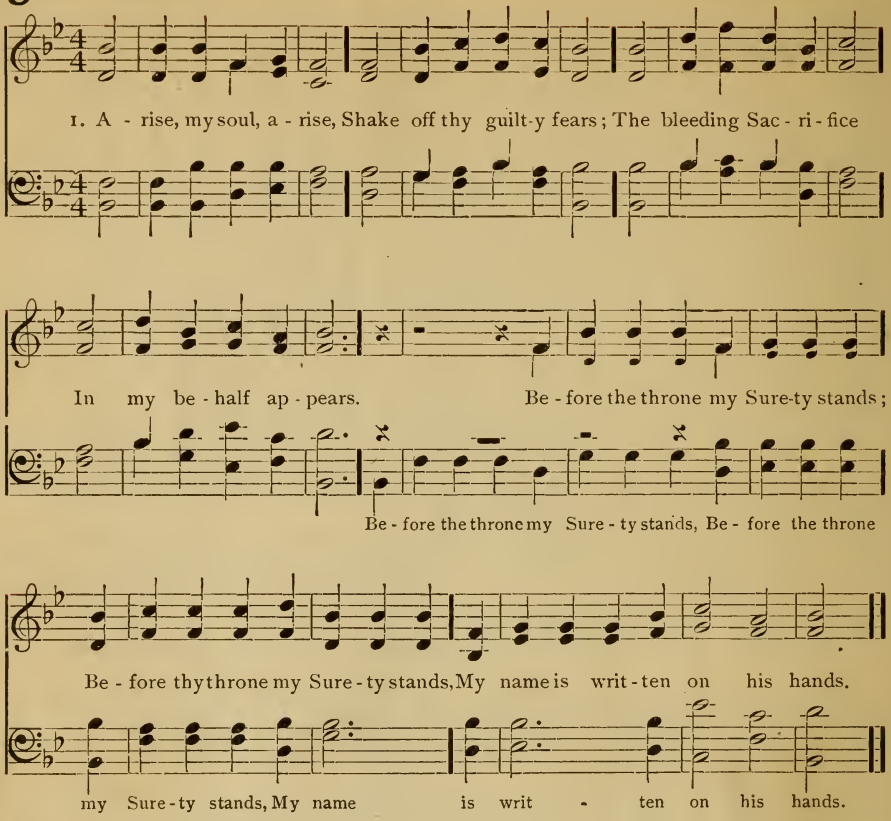
## AZMON C. M. (*Second Tune*)

Carl Gotthelf Glaser



## 301 LENOX 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8

Lewis Edson


1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise, Shake off thy guilt-y fears; The bleeding Sac - ri - fice
In my be - half ap - pears. Be - fore the throne my Sure-ty stands;
Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, Be - fore the throne
Be - fore thy throne my Sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on his hands.
my Sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me:
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die!"

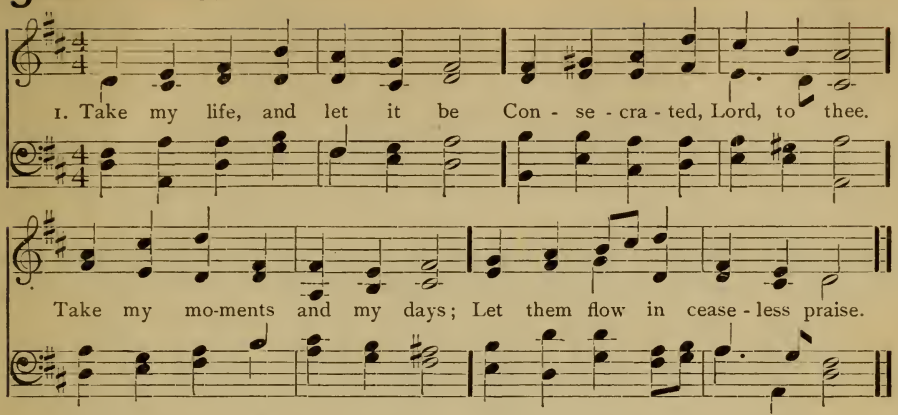
4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear Anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son;
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled,
His pard'ning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

Charles Wesley

## 302 PATMOS 7·7·7·7

William H. Havergal




2 Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love.
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee.

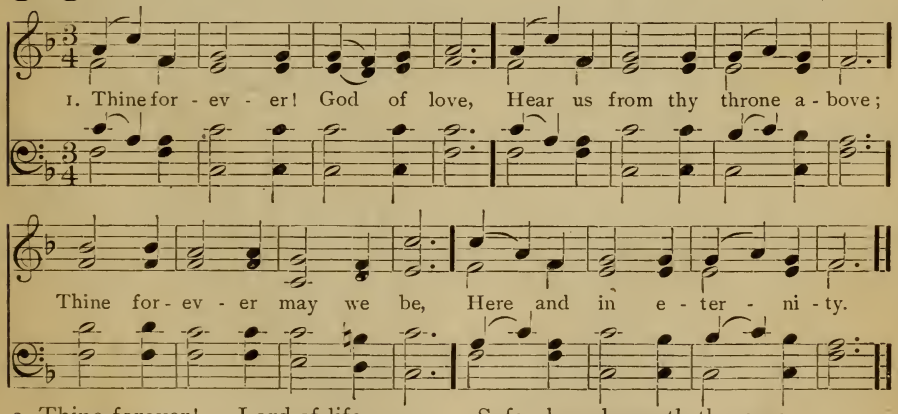
3 Take my voice, and let me sing,
Always, only, for my King.
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from thee.

4 Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold.
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will, and make it thine;
It shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart, it is thine own;
It shall be thy royal throne.

Frances R. Havergal

## 303 ALETTA 7·7·7·7

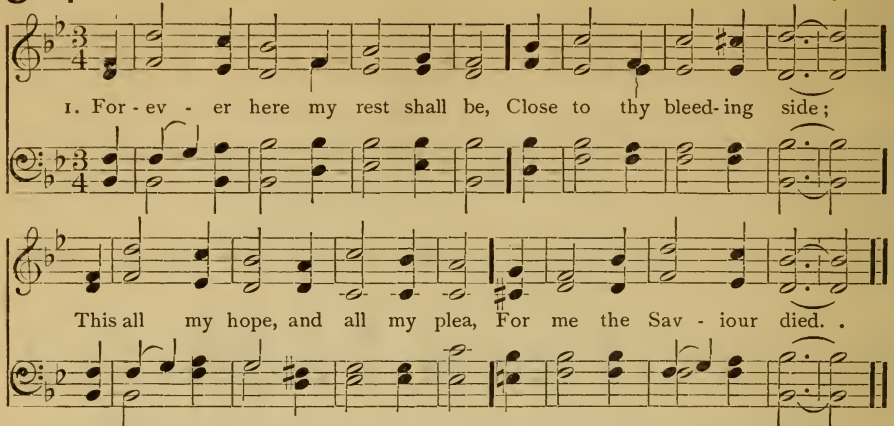
W. B. Bradbury

2 Thine forever! — Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Thou, the life, the truth, the way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

3 Thine forever! — Saviour, keep
These thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath thy care,
Let us all thy goodness share.

4 Thine forever! — thou our guide,
All our wants by thee supplied,
All our sins by thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

Mary F. Maude

## 304 HOLY CROSS C. M.

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

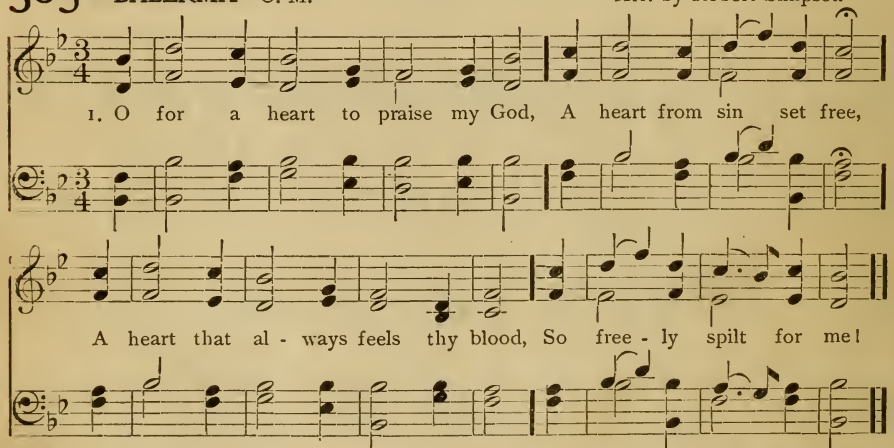
3 Wash me, and make me thus thine
Wash me, and mine thou art; [own;
Wash me, but not my feet alone—
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve,
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

Charles Wesley

## 305 BALERMA C. M.

Arr. by Robert Simpson




2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

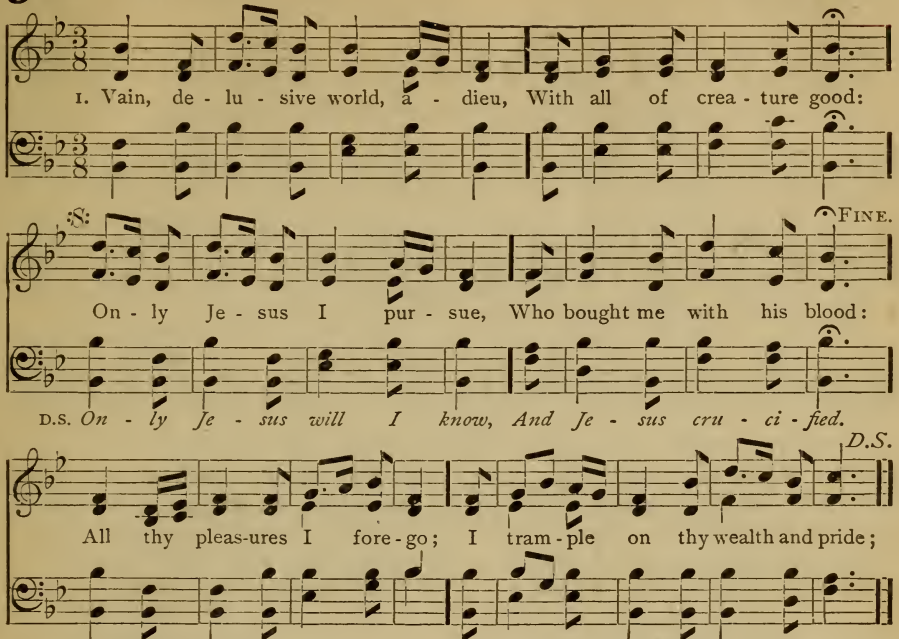
3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within!

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good—
A copy, Lord, of thine.

Charles Wesley

## 306 PENITENCE 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 8. 7. 6

W. H. Oakley


1. Vain, de - lu - sive world, a - dieu, With all of crea - ture good:
:S:
FINE.
On - ly Je - sus I pur - sue, Who bought me with his blood:
D.S. On - ly Je - sus will I know, And Je - sus cru - ci - fied.
D.S.
All thy pleas-ures I fore - go; I tram - ple on thy wealth and pride;

2 Other knowledge I disdain,
'Tis all but vanity;
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,—
He tasted death for me.
Me to save from endless woe
The sin-atoning victim died;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

3 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

Charles Wesley

## 307 (BALERMA) C. M.

1 O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

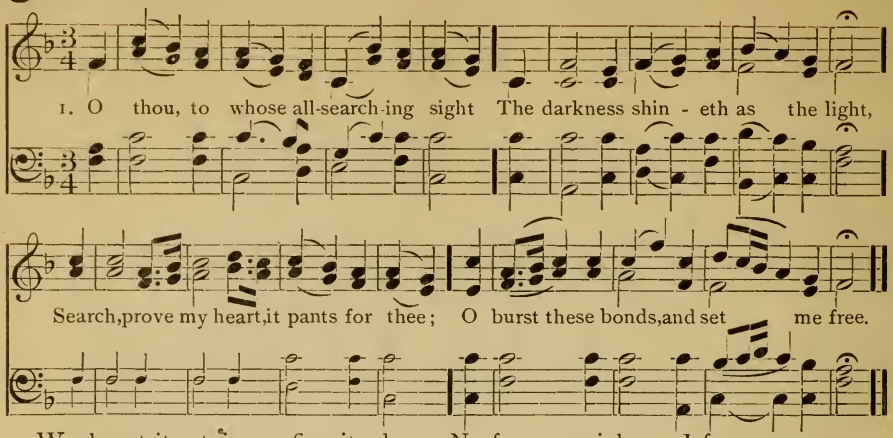
4 Return, O holy dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

William Cowper

## 308 EFFINGHAM L. M.


1. O thou, to whose all-search-ing sight The darkness shin - eth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee; O burst these bonds, and set me free.

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought, let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

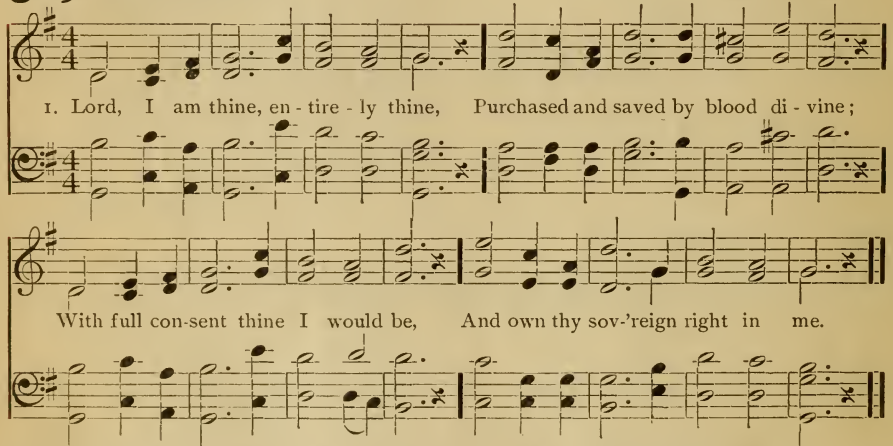
3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

Tr. John Wesley

## 309 SOVEREIGNTY L. M.

G. E. McManiman


1. Lord, I am thine, en - tire - ly thine, Purchased and saved by blood di - vine;
With full con-sent thine I would be, And own thy sov-'reign right in me.

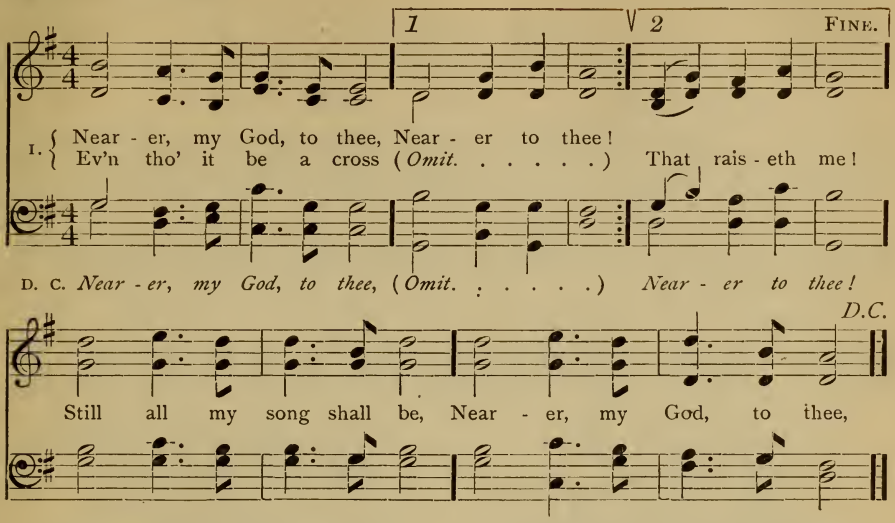
2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.

4 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

Samuel Davies

## 310 BETHANY 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4

Lowell Mason

1
2
FINE.
1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee!
Ev'n tho' it be a cross (Omit. . . . . ) That rais - eth me!
D. C. Near - er, my God, to thee, (Omit. . . . . ) Near - er to thee!
D.C.
Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee,

2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven:
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Sarah F. Adams

## 311 (SOVEREIGNTY) L. M.

1 My gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay;
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.

2 What is my being but for thee,—
Its sure support, its noblest end?
'Tis my delight thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a friend.

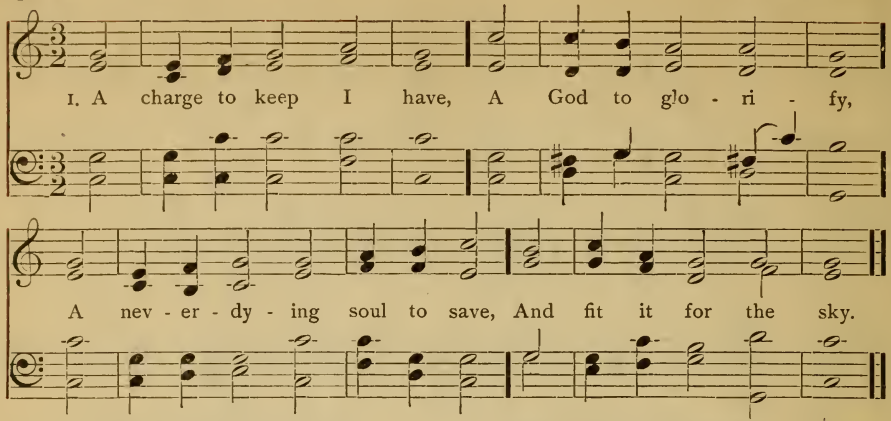
3 I would not sigh for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,—
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

Philip Doddridge

## 312 BOYLSTON S. M.

Lowell Mason




2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

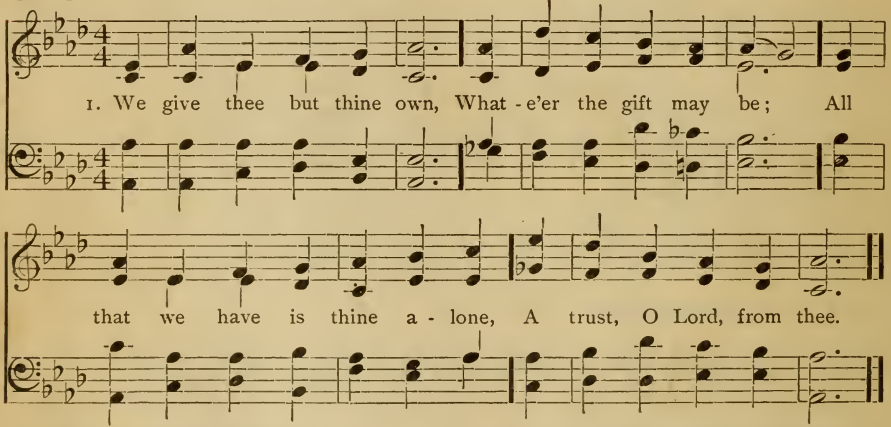
3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

Charles Wesley

## 313 SCHUMANN S. M.

Ascribed to Robert Schumann




2 May we thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as thou blessest us,
To thee our first-fruits give.

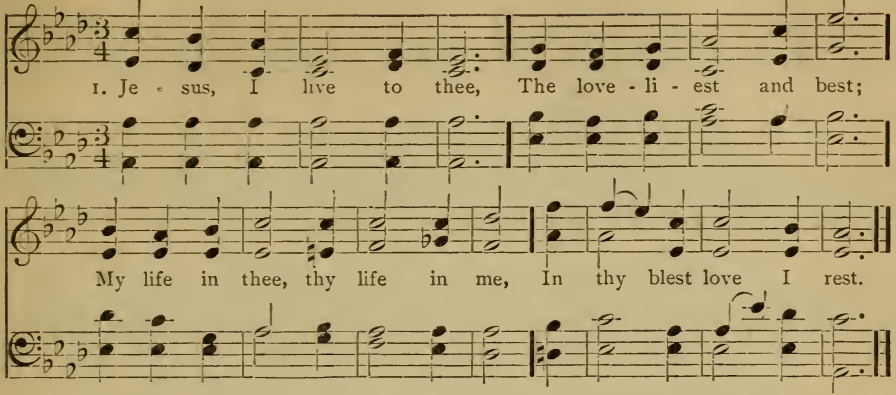
3 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

4 And we believe thy word,
Though dim our faith may be,
Whate'er for thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto thee.

William W. How

## 314 GREENWOOD S. M.

Joseph E. Sweetser



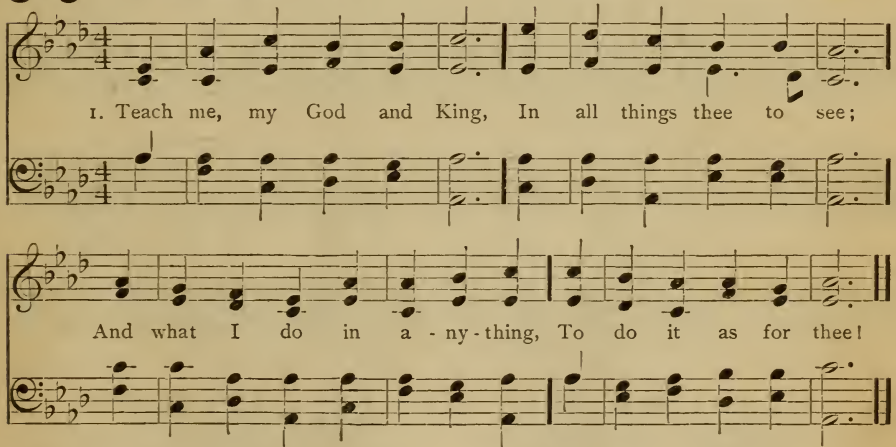

2 Jesus, I die to thee,
Whenever death shall come;
To die in thee is life to me,
In my eternal home.

3 Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best;
To live in thee is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest.

4 Living or dying, Lord,
I ask but to be thine;
My life in thee, thy life in me,
Makes heaven forever mine.

Henry Harbaugh

## 315 ST. MICHAEL S. M.

Abr. from Genevan Psalter

2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend;
In all I do, be thou the way,
In all, be thou the end.

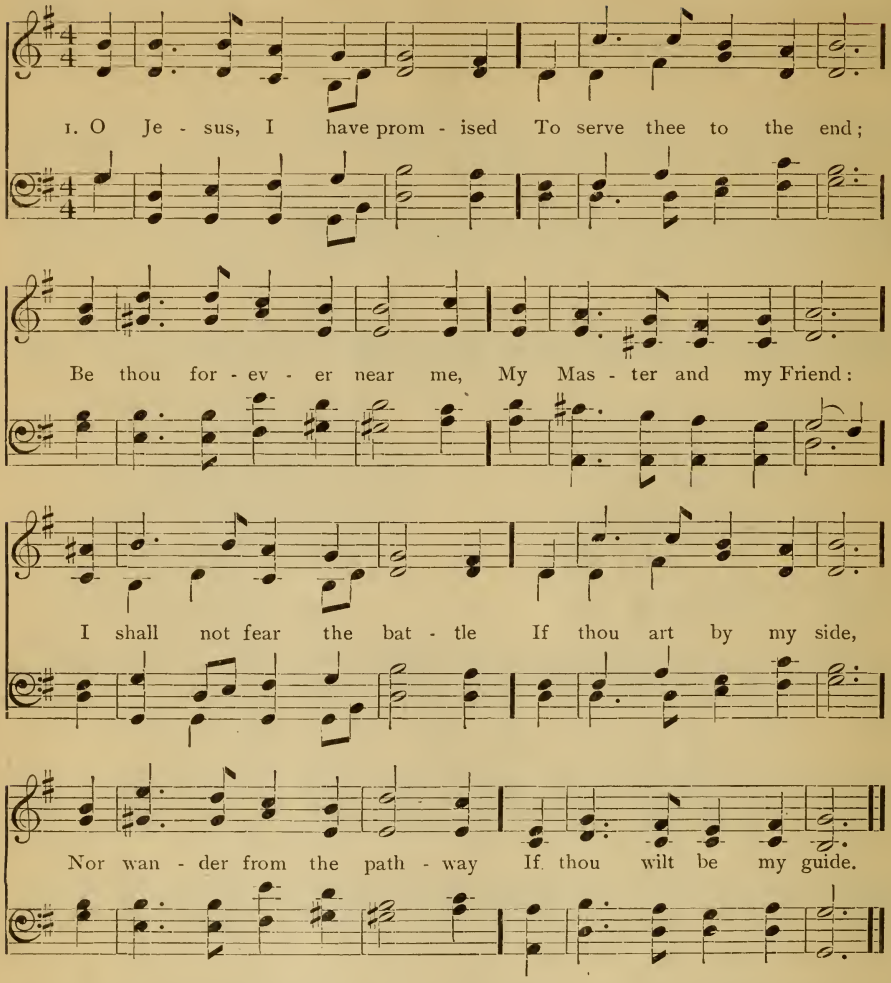
3 All may of thee partake;
Nothing so mean can be,
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee.

4 If done beneath thy laws,
E'en servile labors shine;
Hallowed all toil, if this the cause;
The meanest work, divine.

Herbert and Wesley

## 316 ANGEL'S STORY 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Arthur H. Mann


1. O Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve thee to the end;
Be thou for - ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend:
I shall not fear the bat - tle If thou art by my side,
Nor wan - der from the path - way If thou wilt be my guide.

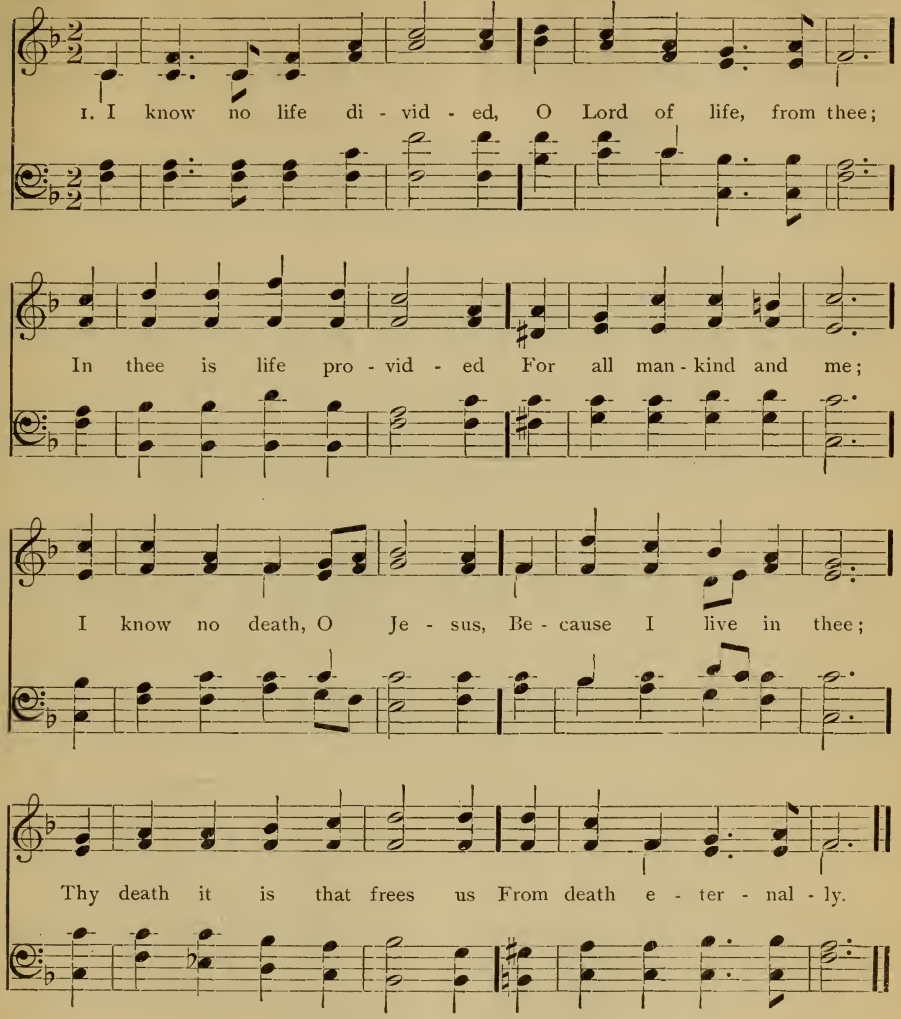
2 O let me feel thee near me,
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear:
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3 O Jesus, thou hast promised
To all who follow thee
That where thou art in glory
There shall thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve thee to the end;
O give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend.

John E. Bode

## 317 SPITTA 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

H. P. Danks


1. I know no life di - vid - ed, O Lord of life, from thee;
In thee is life pro - vid - ed For all man - kind and me;
I know no death, O Je - sus, Be - cause I live in thee;
Thy death it is that frees us From death e - ter - nal - ly.

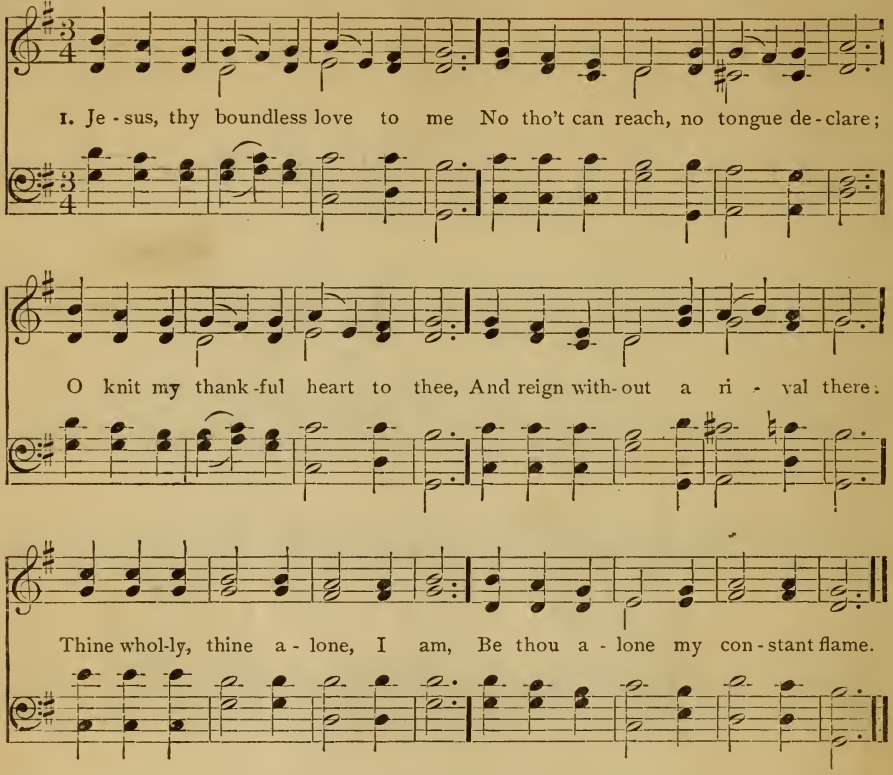
2 I fear no tribulation,
Since, whatsoe'er it be,
It makes no separation
Between my Lord and me.
If thou, my God and teacher,
Vouchsafe to be my own,
Though poor, I shall be richer
Than monarch on his throne.

3 If, while on earth I wander,
My heart is right and blest,
Ah, what shall I be yonder,
In perfect peace and rest?
Oh, blessèd thought! in dying
We go to meet the Lord,
Where there shall be no sighing,
A kingdom our reward.

Richard Massie, tr.

## 318 ST. CATHERINE 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8

Henri F. Hemy


1. Je - sus, thy boundless love to me No tho't can reach, no tongue de - clare;
O knit my thank - ful heart to thee, And reign with - out a ri - val there:
Thine whol-ly, thine a - lone, I am, Be thou a - lone my con - stant flame.

2 O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but thy pure love alone;
O may thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown.
Strange fires far from my soul remove;
My every act, word, thought, be love.

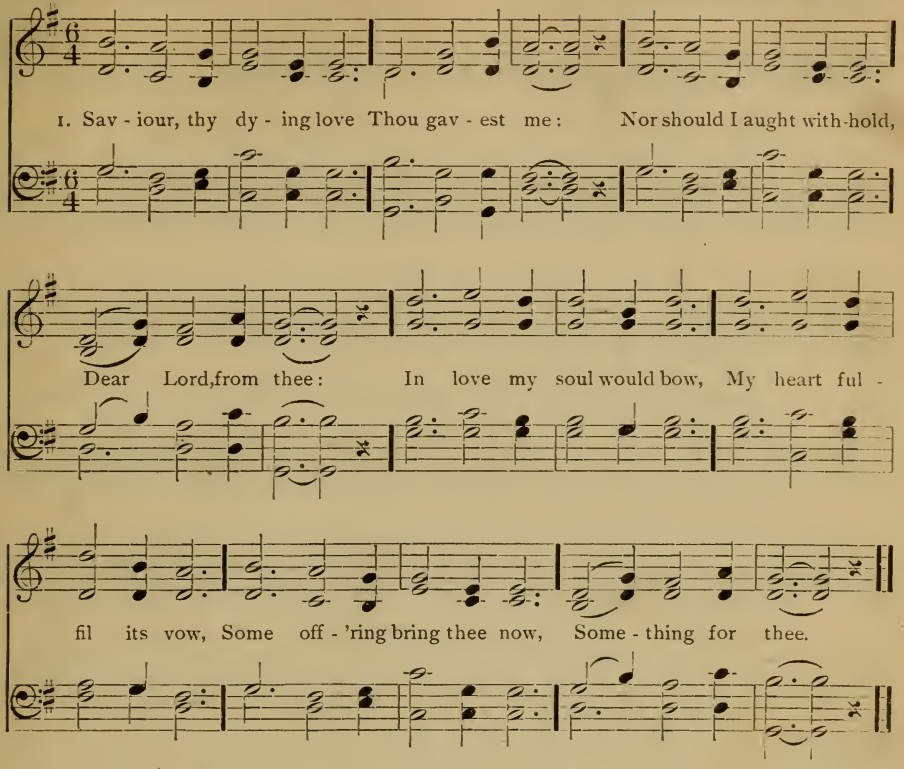
3 Still let thy love point out my way;
How wondrous things thy love hath wrought!
Still lead me lest I go astray;
Direct my work, inspire my thought;
And if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

4 In suffering, be thy love my peace;
In weakness, be thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death, as life, be thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

Tr. John Wesley

## 319 BETHANY 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4

Lowell Mason


1. Sav - iour, thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me: Nor should I aught with-hold,
Dear Lord, from thee: In love my soul would bow, My heart ful -
fil its vow, Some off - 'ring bring thee now, Some - thing for thee.

2 O'er the blest mercy-seat,
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to thee:
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for thee.

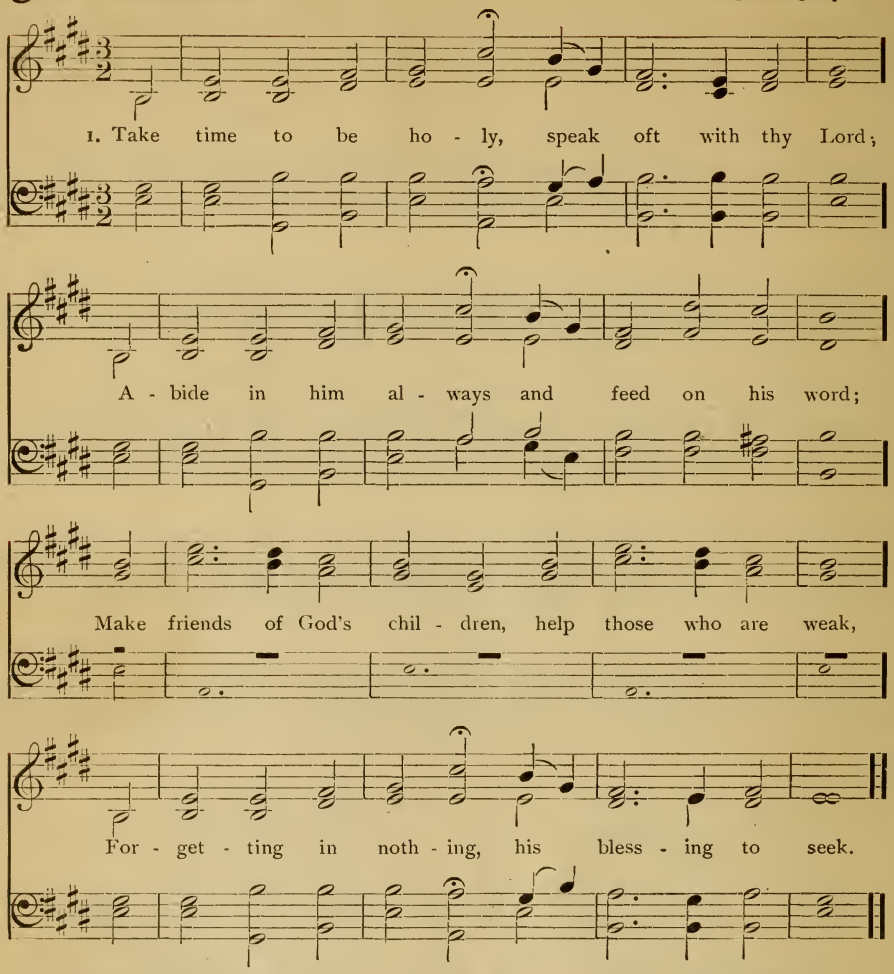
3 Give me a faithful heart —
Likeness to thee,
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for thee.

4 All that I am and have —
Thy gifts so free —
In joy, in grief, through life,
Dear Lord, for thee:
And when thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
Something for thee.

S. Dryden Phelps

## 320 FREDERICK 11. 11. 11. 11

George Kingsley


1. Take time to be ho - ly, speak oft with thy Lord;
A - bide in him al - ways and feed on his word;
Make friends of God's chil - dren, help those who are weak,
For - get - ting in noth - ing, his bless - ing to seek.

2 Take time to be holy, the world rushes on; [alone;
Spend much time in secret with Jesus
By looking to Jesus, like him thou shalt be; [shall see.
Thy friends in thy conduct his likeness

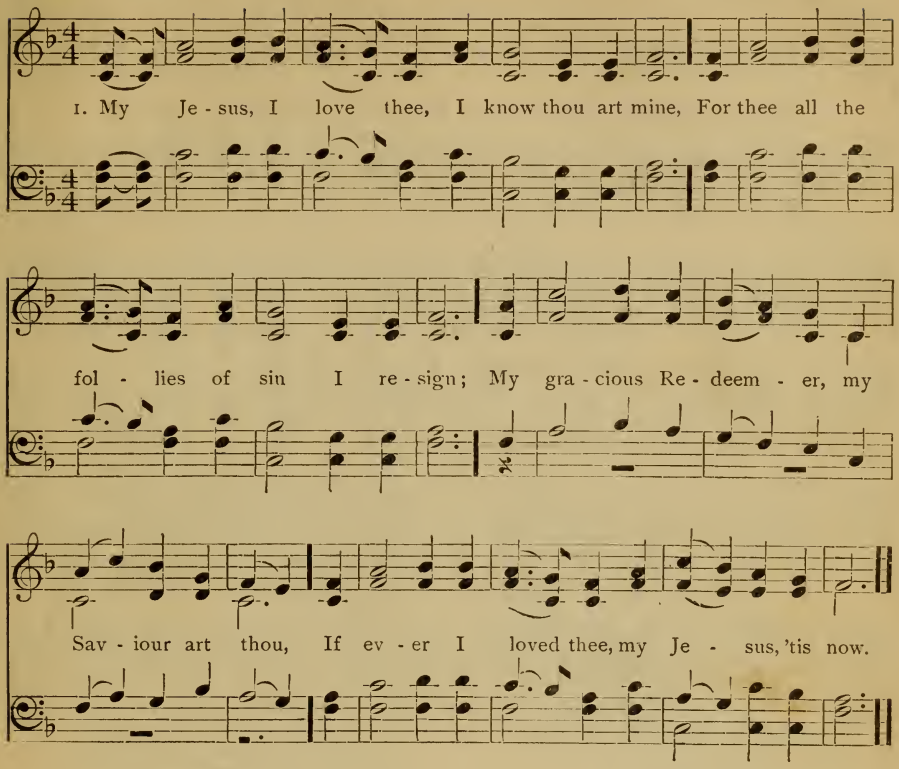
3 Take time to be holy, let him be thy guide, [tide;
And run not before him, whatever be-
In joy or in sorrow, still follow thy Lord,
And, looking to Jesus, still trust in his word.

4 Take time to be holy, be calm in thy soul, [his control;
Each thought and each motive beneath
Thus led by his Spirit to fountains of love, [above.
Thou soon shalt be fitted for service

W. D. Longstaff

## 321 LOVE 11. 11. 11. 11

Adoniram J. Gordon


1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine, For thee all the
fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
Sav - iour art thou, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

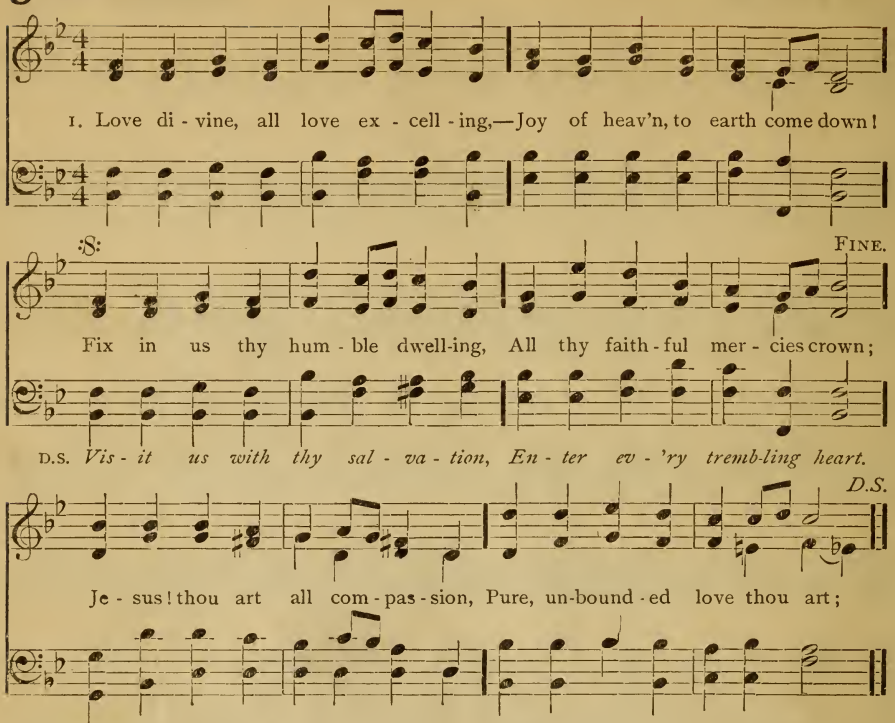
2 I love thee, because thou hast first lovèd me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;
I love thee for wearing the thorns on thy brow;
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

3 I will love thee in life, I will love thee in death,
And praise thee as long as thou lendest me breath;
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

4 In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

## 322 BEECHER 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

John Zundel


1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing,—Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
:S:
FINE.
Fix in us thy hum - ble dwell-ing, All thy faith - ful mer - cies crown;
D.S. Vis - it us with thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry tremb-ling heart.
D.S.
Je - sus! thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un-bound - ed love thou art;

2 Breathe, oh, breathe thy loving spirit,
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest:
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive!
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave!

3 Finish then thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation
Perfectly restored in thee!
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Charles Wesley

## 323 (ORTONVILLE) C. M.

1 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

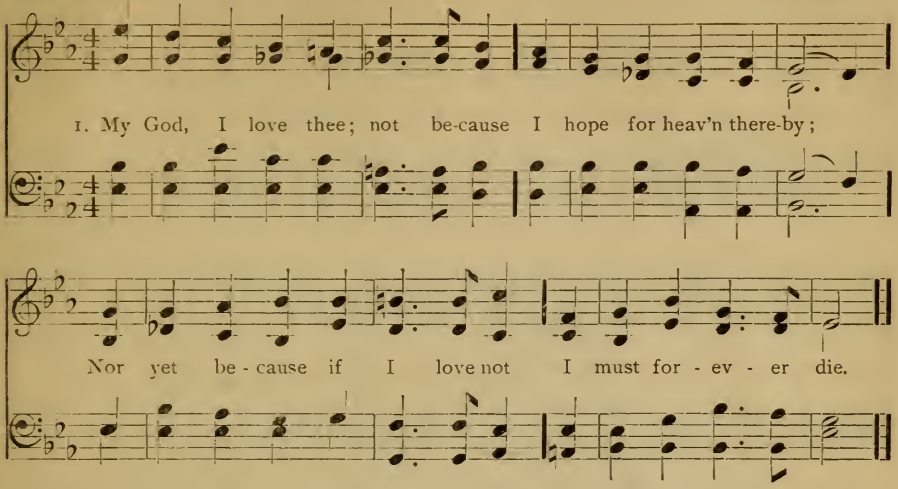
3 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

4 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

Samuel Stennett

## 324 HOLY TRINITY C. M.

J. Barnby




2 But, O my Jesus, thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace,

3 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony,
E'en death itself; and all for me
Who was thine enemy.

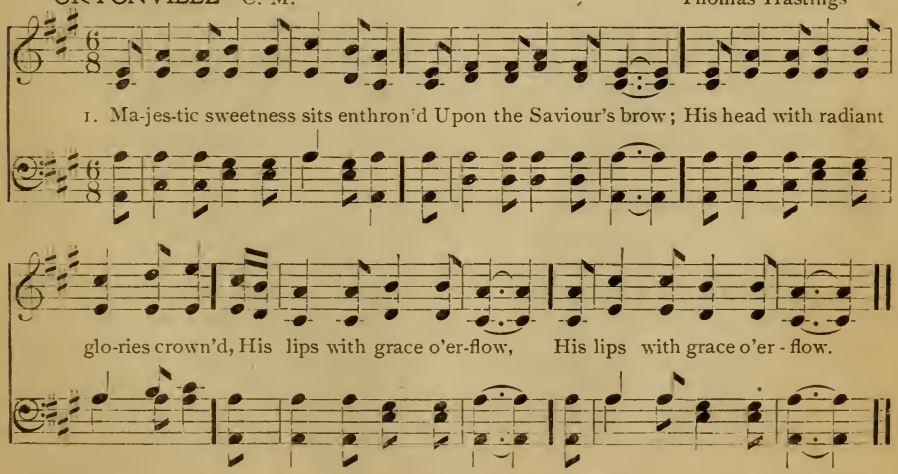
4 Then why, O blessèd Jesus Christ,
Should I not love thee well?
Not for the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell:

5 Not with the hope of gaining aught;
Nor seeking a reward:
But as thyself hast lovèd me,
O ever-loving Lord!

Francis Xavier. Tr. E. Caswall

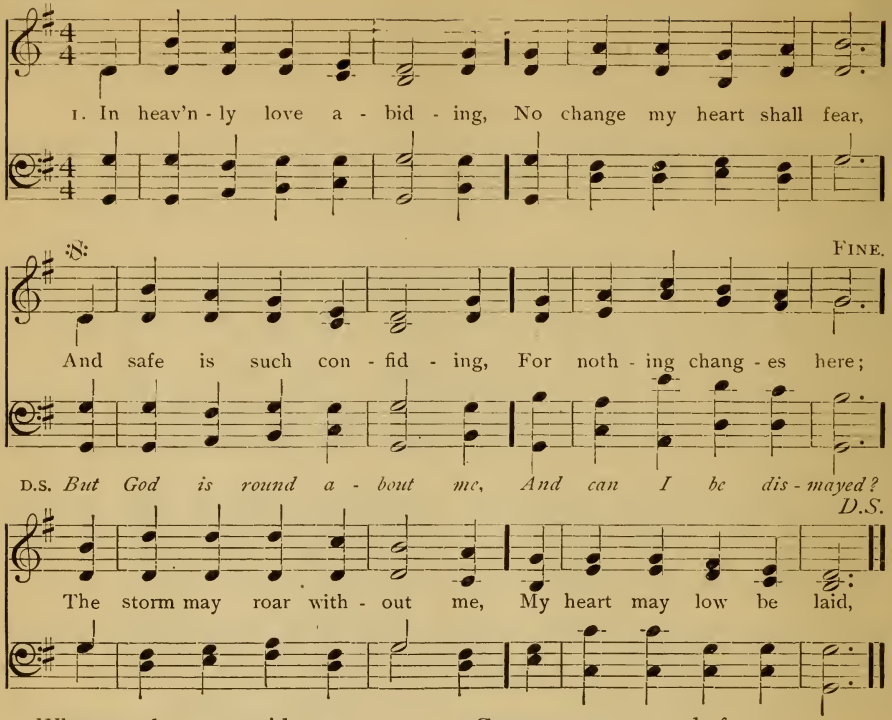
## ORTONVILLE C. M.

Thomas Hastings


1. Ma-jes-tic sweetness sits enthron'd Upon the Saviour's brow; His head with radiant
glo-ries crown'd, His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er - flow.

## 325 CASKEY 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

T. E. Perkins


1. In heav'n - ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such con - fid - ing, For noth - ing chang - es here;
D.S. But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - mayed?
D.S.
The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid,

2 Wherever he may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack:
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim:
He knows the way he taketh,
And I will walk with him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been:
My hope I cannot measure;
My path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And he will walk with me.

Anna L. Waring

## 326 (ST. AGNES) C. M.

1 Jesus, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

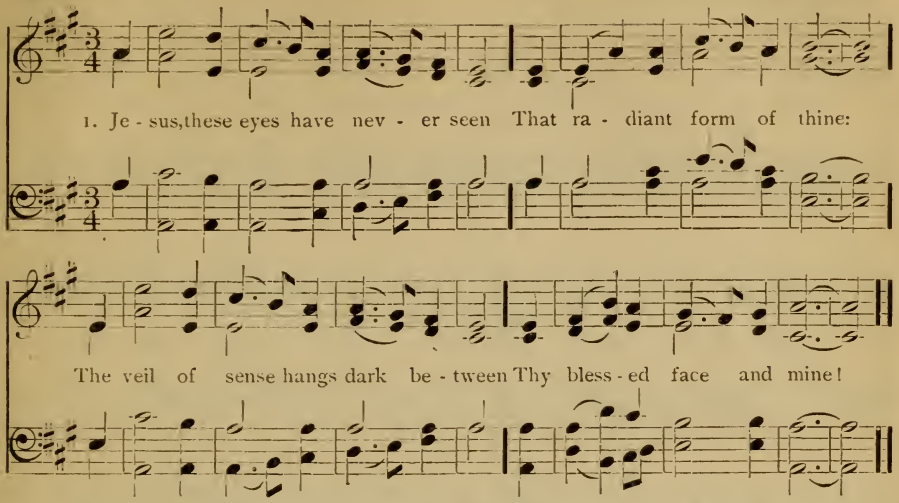
3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who ask, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

Bernard of Clairvaux. Tr. by Edward Caswall

## 327 BOARDMAN C. M.

George Kingsley


1. Je - sus, these eyes have nev - er seen That ra - diant form of thine:
The veil of sense hangs dark be - tween Thy bless - ed face and mine!

2 I see thee not, I hear thee not,
Yet art thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

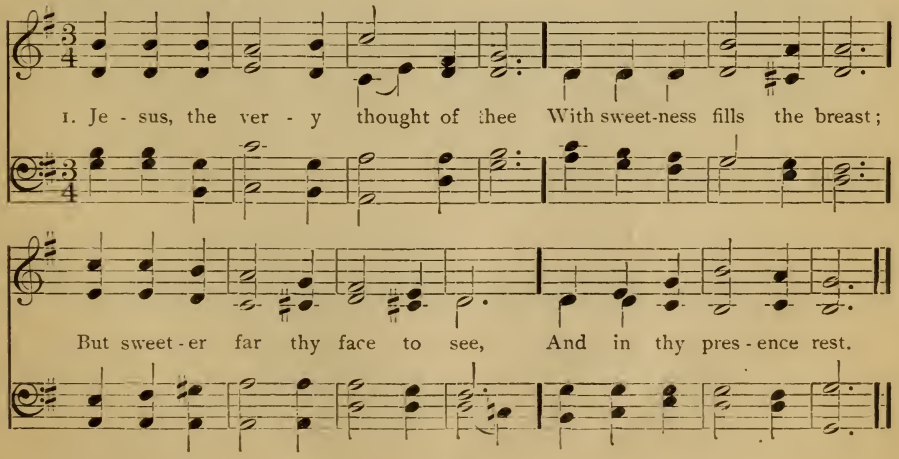
4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love thee, dearest Lord,—and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall thee reveal
All glorious as thou art.

Ray Palmer

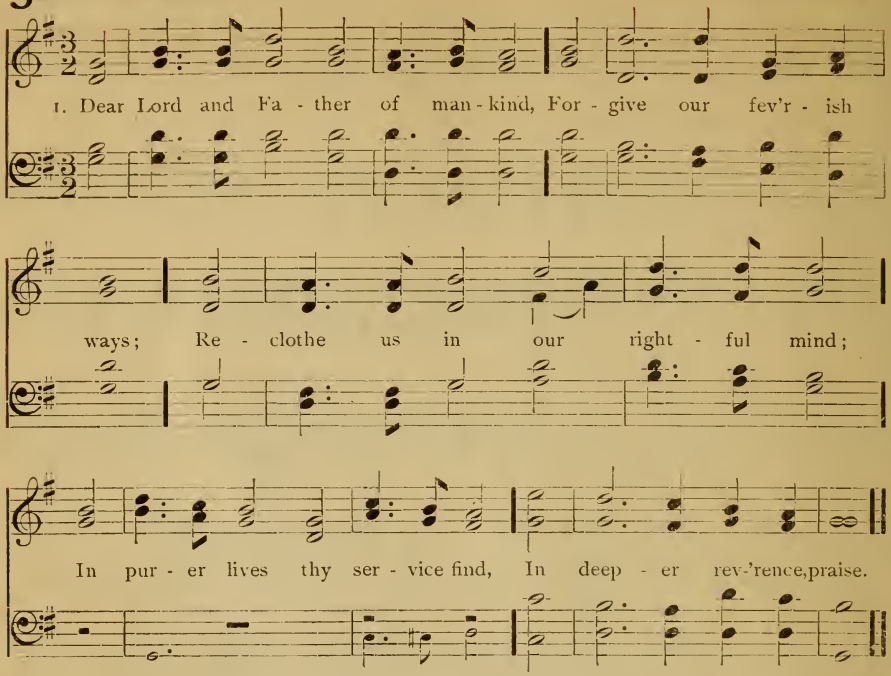
## ST. AGNES C. M.

J. B. Dykes



## 328 WOODLAND 8. 6. 8. 8. 6

N. G. Gould


1. Dear Lord and Fa - ther of man - kind, For - give our fev'r - ish
ways; Re - clothe us in our right - ful mind;
In pur - er lives thy ser - vice find, In deep - er rev-'rence, praise.

2 O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above!
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love.

3 Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

4 Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire:
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still small voice of calm!

J. G. Whittier

## 329 (SAWLEY) C. M.

1 Do not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn the dearest idol out
That dares to rival thee.

2 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,
My Saviour's voice to hear?

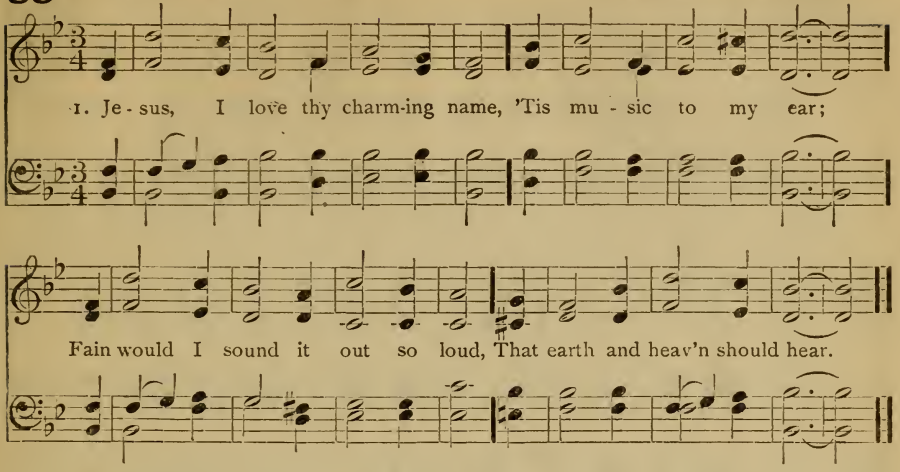
3 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp the immortal flame?

4 Thou knowest I love thee, dearest Lord;
But, oh, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

Philip Doddridge

## 330 HOLY CROSS C. M.

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy




2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels, to thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

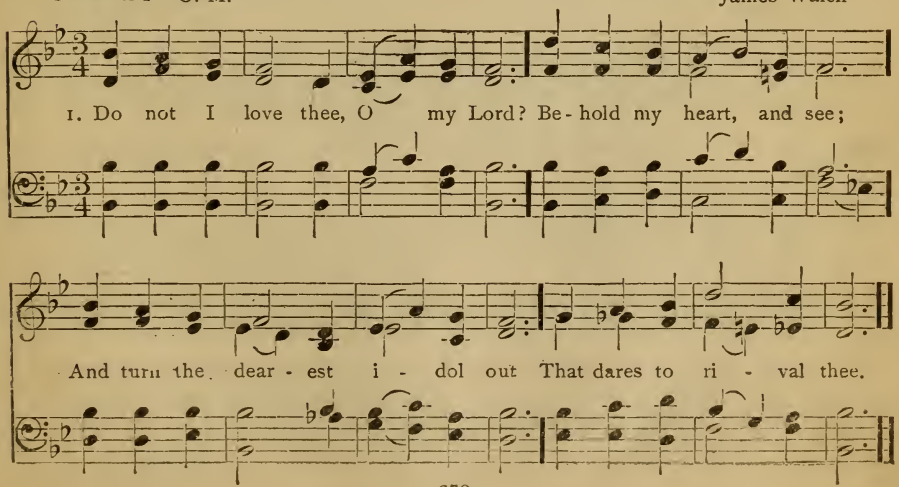
3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

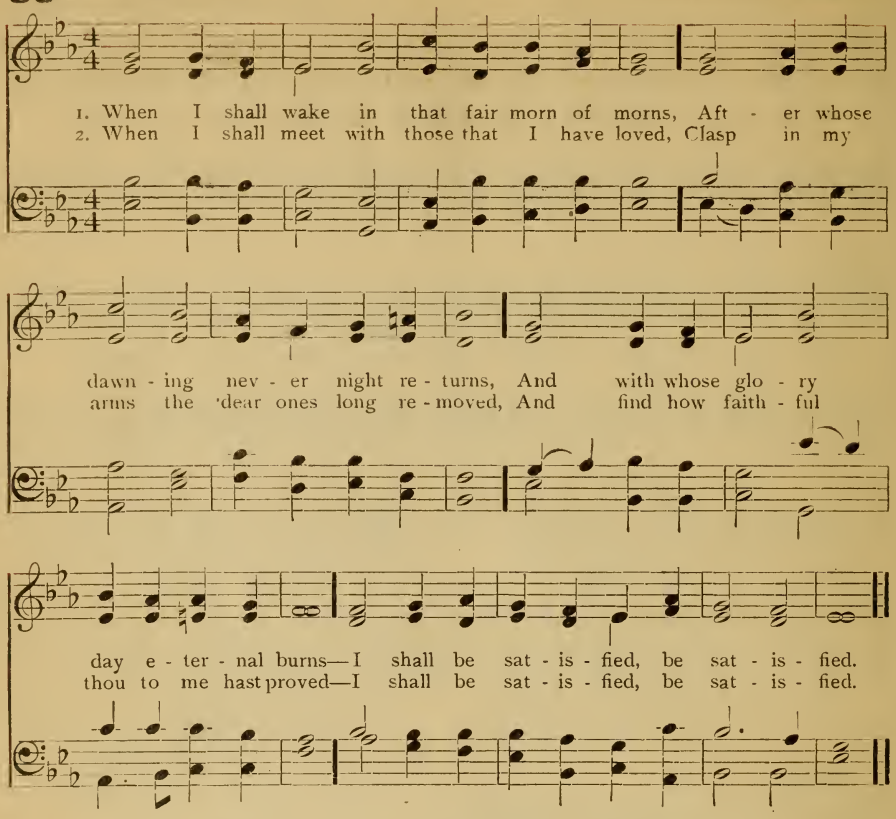
4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last, lab'ring breath;
Then speechless clasp thee in mine [arms,
The antidote of death.

Philip Doddridge

## SAWLEY C. M.

James Walch

## 331 EVENTIDE 10. 10. 10. 10

William H. Monk

1. When I shall wake in that fair morn of morns, Aft - er whose
2. When I shall meet with those that I have loved, Clasp in my
dawn - ing nev - er night re - turns, And with whose glo - ry
arms the dear ones long re - moved, And find how faith - ful
day e - ter - nal burns—I shall be sat - is - fied, be sat - is - fied.
thou to me hast proved—I shall be sat - is - fied, be sat - is - fied.

3 When I shall gaze upon the face of him
Who died for me, with eyes no longer dim,
And praise him with the everlasting hymn—
I shall be satisfied, be satisfied.

H. Bonar

## 332 (SPOHR) C. M.

1 As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee, my God,—the living God,—
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O, when shall I behold thy face,
Thou majesty divine!

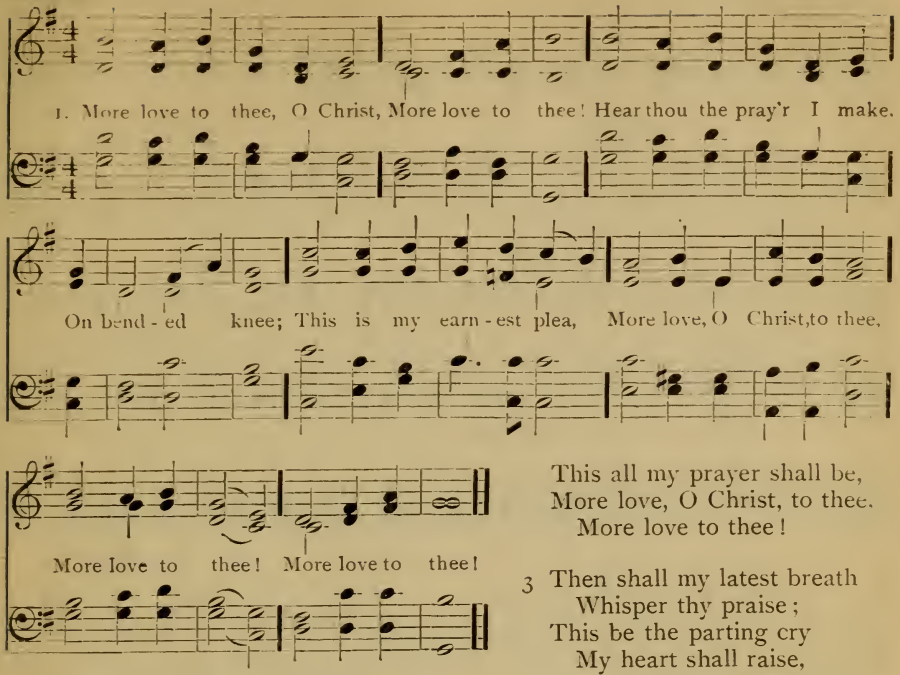
3 I sigh to think of happier days,
When thou, O Lord, wast nigh;
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blest than I.

4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy Saviour, and thy king.

Tate and Brady

## 333 PROPIOR DEO 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4

Arthur Sullivan


1. More love to thee, O Christ, More love to thee! Hear thou the pray'r I make,
On bend - ed knee; This is my earn - est plea, More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee! More love to thee!

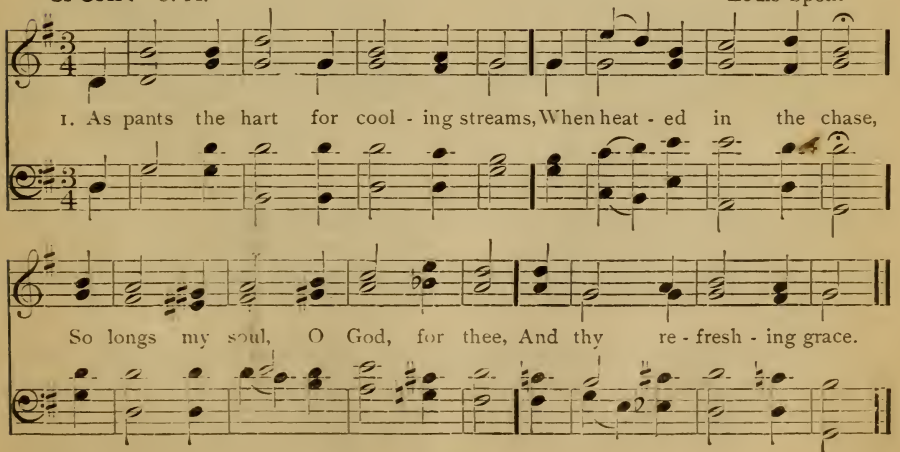
2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek,
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to thee.
More love to thee!

3 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

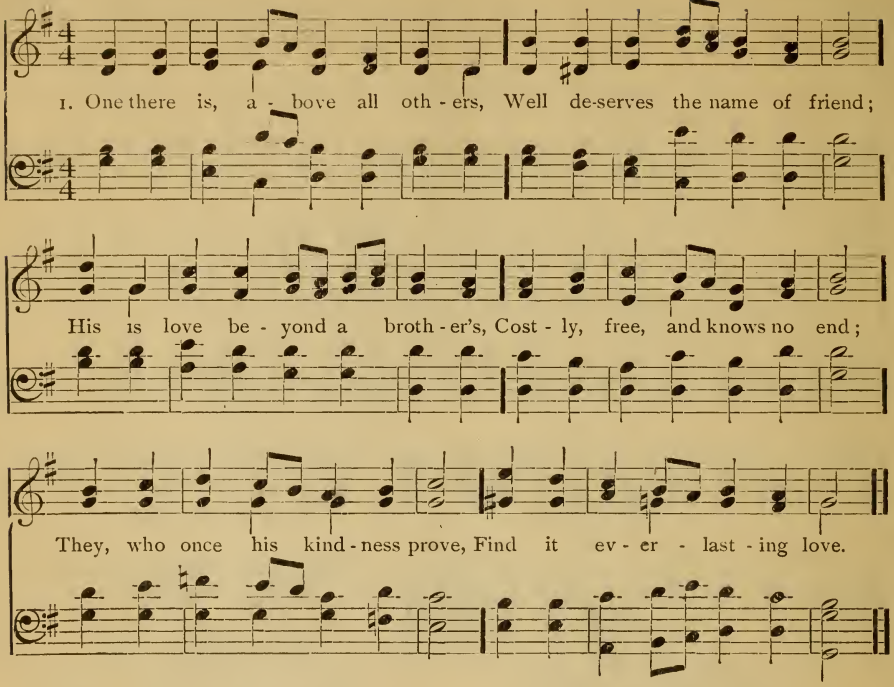
Elizabeth P. Prentiss

## SPOHR C. M.

Louis Spohr



## 334 GOUNOD 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7 C. Gounod


1. One there is, a - bove all oth - ers, Well de-serves the name of friend;
His is love be - yond a broth - er's, Cost - ly, free, and knows no end;
They, who once his kind - ness prove, Find it ev - er - last - ing love.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God:
This was boundless love indeed!
Jesus is a friend in need.

3 When he lived on earth abasèd,
"Friend of sinners" was his name;
Now above all glory raisèd,
He rejoices in the same.
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

4 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a friend we have above:
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

John Newton

## 335 (BROOKFIELD) L. M.

1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

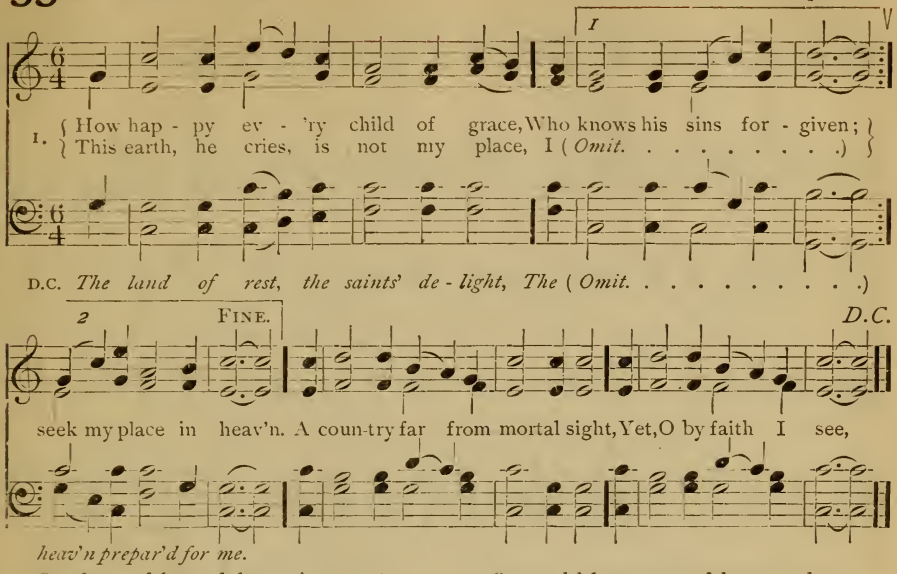
3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

Joseph Grigg. Alt. by B. Francis

## 336 ALIDA C. M. D.

D. B. Thompson


1
V
1. { How hap - py ev - 'ry child of grace, Who knows his sins for - given; }
{ This earth, he cries, is not my place, I ( Omit. . . . . .) }
D.C. The land of rest, the saints' de - light, The ( Omit. . . . . .)
2
FINE.
D.C.
seek my place in heav'n. A coun-try far from mortal sight, Yet, O by faith I see,
heav'n prepar'd for me.

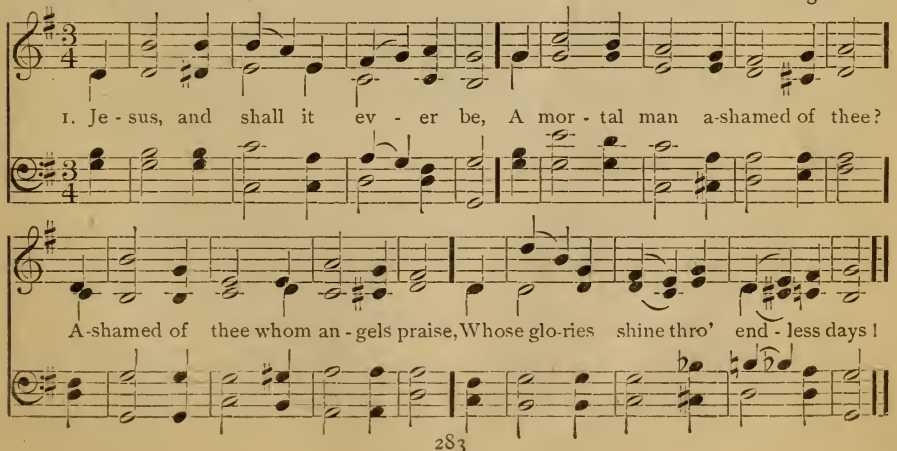
2 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly [powers,
And antedate that day:
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

3 O would he more of heaven bestow,
And let the vessels break,
And let our ransomed spirits go
To grasp the God we seek;
In rapturous awe on him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me;
And shout and wonder at his grace,
Through all eternity!

Charles Wesley

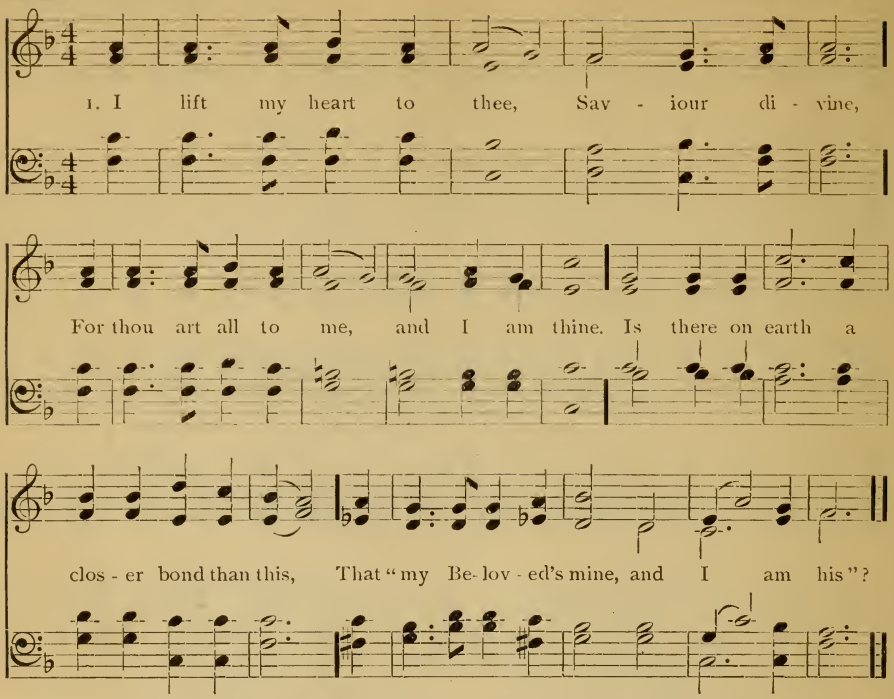
## BROOKFIELD L. M.

Thomas B. Southgate


1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man a-shamed of thee?
A-shamed of thee whom an - gels praise, Whose glo-ries shine thro' end - less days!

## 337 BUDLEIGH 10. 10. 10. 10

T. M. Mudie


1. I lift my heart to thee, Sav - iour di - vine,
For thou art all to me, and I am thine. Is there on earth a
clos - er bond than this, That "my Be-lov - ed's mine, and I am his"?

2 To thee, thou bleeding Lamb, I all things owe;
All that I have and am, and all I know.
All that I have is now no longer mine,
And I am not mine own; Lord, I am thine.

3 How can I, Lord, withhold life's brightest hour
From thee; or gathered gold, or any power?
Why should I keep one precious thing from thee,
When thou hast given thine own dear self for me?

C. E. Mudie

## 338 (GREENWOOD) S. M.

1 My God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call:
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell:
'Tis paradise when thou art here;
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

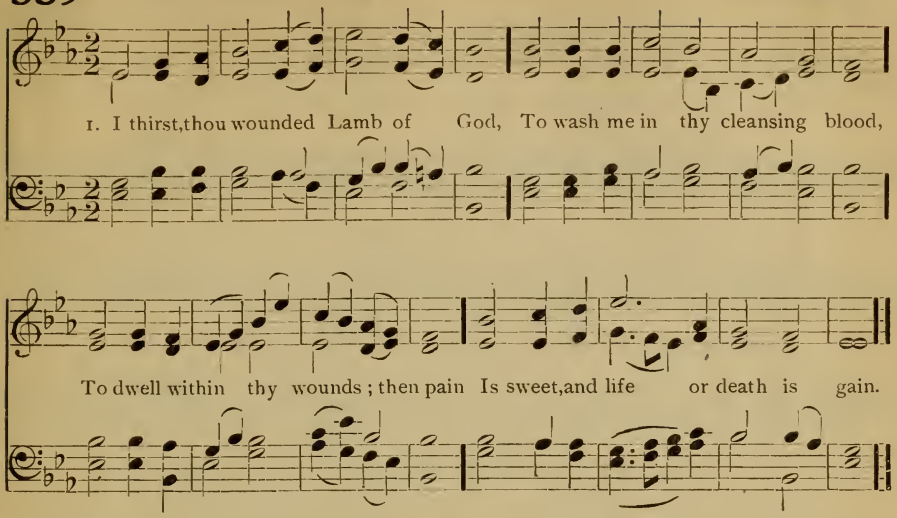
3 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And nowhere else but there.

4 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll:
The circle where my passions move,
And center of my soul.

Isaac Watts

## 339 DUKE STREET L. M.

John Hatton


1. I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God, To wash me in thy cleansing blood,
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee!
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

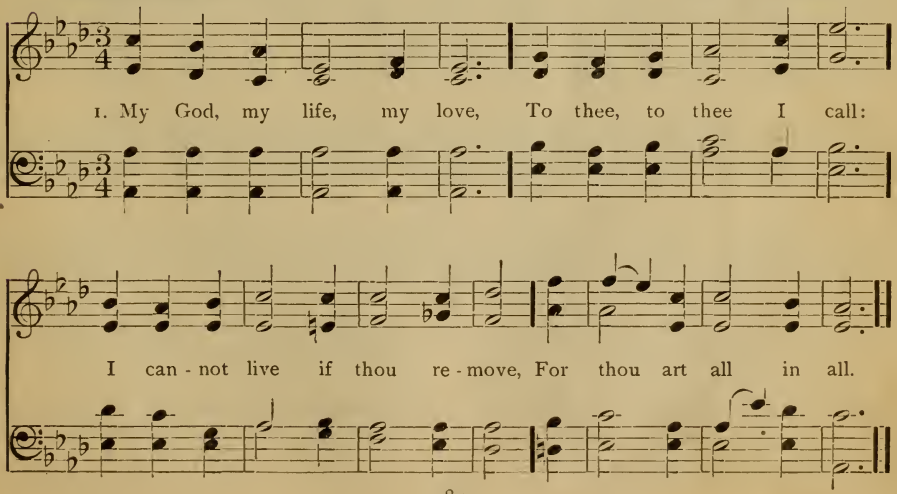
3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side!
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quick'ning spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move:
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

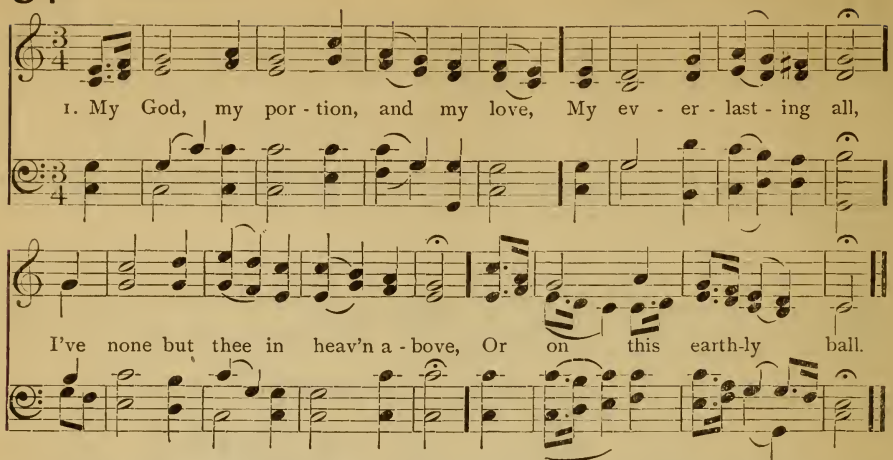
Count Zinzendorf. Tr. by John Wesley

## GREENWOOD S. M.

Joseph E. Sweetser



## 340 HOWARD C. M.

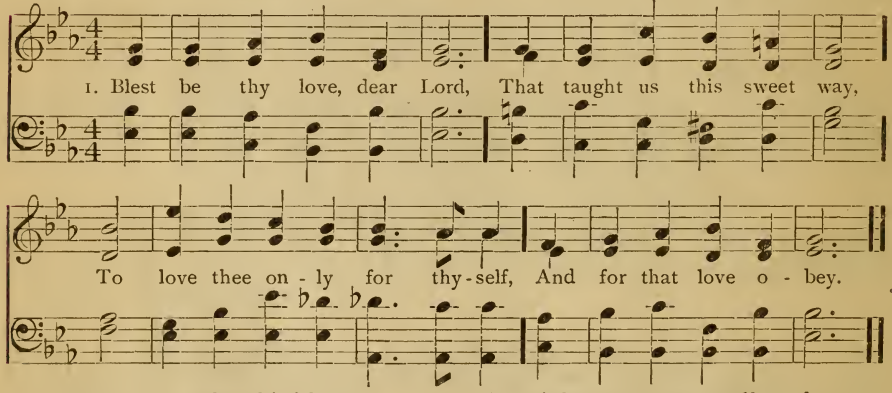
Elizabeth H. Cuthbert

2 To thee I owe my wealth, and friends,
And health, and safe abode:
Thanks to thy name for meaner things;
But they are not my God.

3 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

4 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy grace,
And I desire no more.

Isaac Watts

## 341 ST. ANDREW S. M.

Joseph Barnby

2 O thou, our souls' chief hope,
We to thy mercy fly;
Where'er we are, thou canst protect,
Whate'er we need, supply.

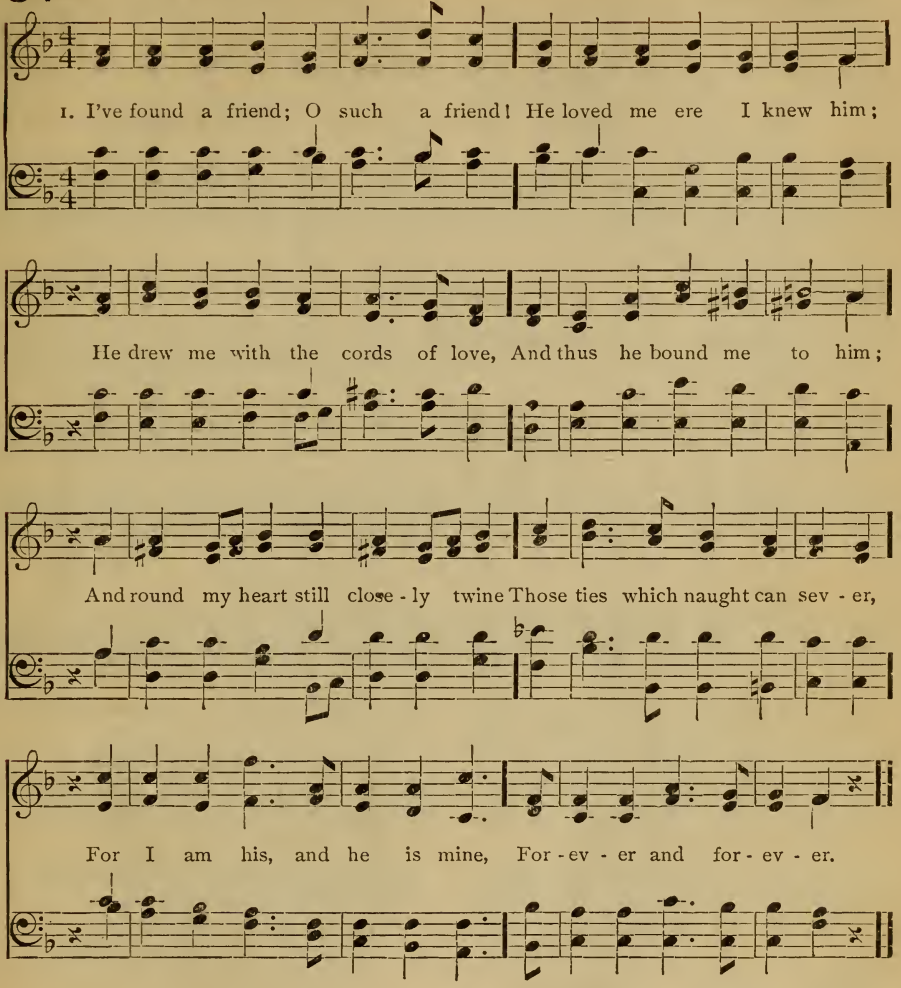
3 Whether we sleep or wake,
To thee we both resign;
By night we see, as well as day,
If thy light on us shine.

4 Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to thee;
In death we live, as well as life,
If thine in death we be.

J. Austin

## 342 CONSTANCE 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Arthur Sullivan


1. I've found a friend; O such a friend! He loved me ere I knew him;
He drew me with the cords of love, And thus he bound me to him;
And round my heart still close - ly twine Those ties which naught can sev - er,
For I am his, and he is mine, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.

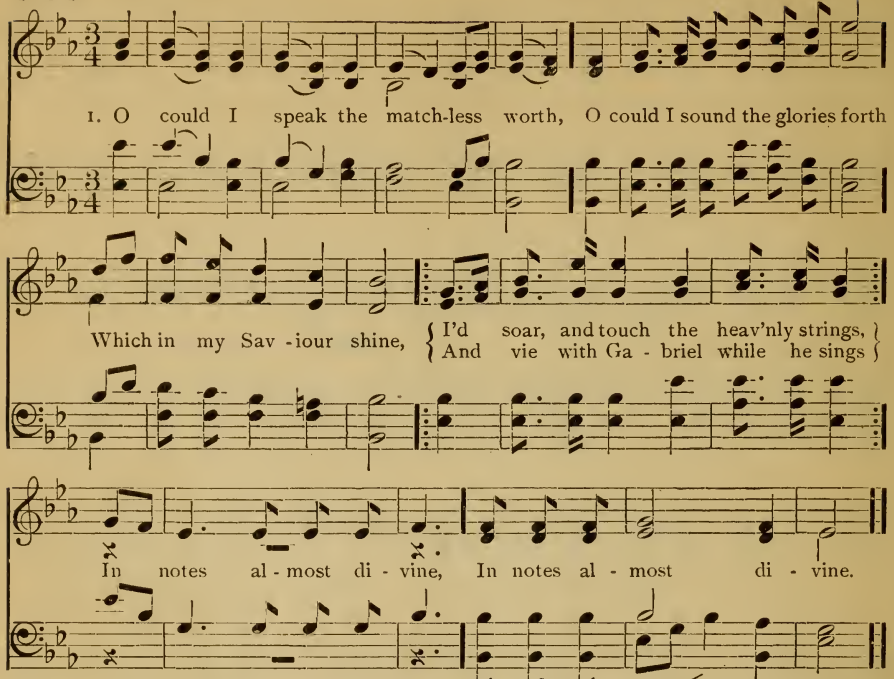
2 I've found a friend; O such a friend!
He bled, he died to save me;
And not alone the gift of life,
But his own self he gave me.
Naught that I have mine own I'll call,
I'll hold it for the giver; [all,
My heart, my strength, my life, my
Are his, and his forever.

3 I've found a friend; O such a friend,
So kind and true and tender!
So wise a counsellor and guide,
So mighty a defender!
From him who loves me now so well
What power my soul shall sever?
Shall life or death, shall earth or hell?
No: I am his forever.

James G. Small

## 343 ARIEL 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6

Arr. from Mozart, by Lowell Mason


1. O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the glories forth
Which in my Sav - iour shine, { I'd soar, and touch the heav'nly strings, / And vie with Ga - briel while he sings }
In notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine:
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise.
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then with my Saviour, brother, friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

Samuel Medley

## 344 (ARIEL) 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6

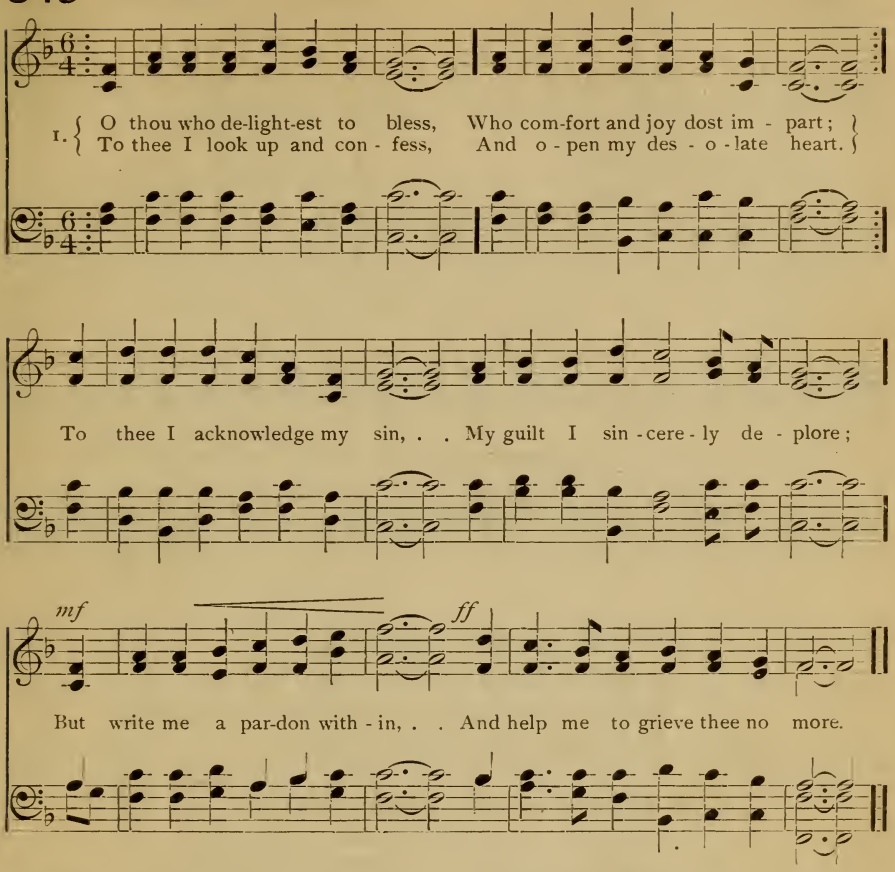
1 O love divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable:
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God:
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine!
Be mine this better part!

Charles Wesley

## 345 HANNAH 8. 8. 8. 8. D.

Rev. Wm. H. Acornley

1. O thou who de-light-est to bless, Who com-fort and joy dost im - part;
To thee I look up and con - fess, And o - pen my des - o - late heart.
To thee I acknowledge my sin, . . My guilt I sin - cere - ly de - plore;
mf
ff
But write me a par-don with - in, . . And help me to grieve thee no more.

2 When trouble and sorrow combine
To rob me of joyful repose;
Calamities make me repine
And failure increases my woes;
I lean upon Jesus my Friend,
And cast upon him all my care;
I joy in the help he doth lend,
And in his salvation I share.

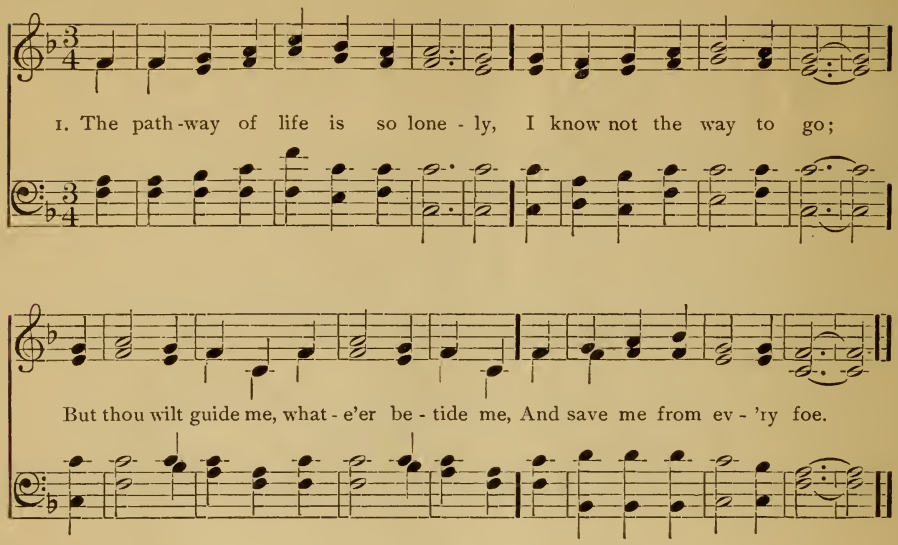
3 When Satan, the foe of my soul
Compasses the path that I take;
Temptations their billows do roll,
And friends and companions forsake,
E'en then will I trust in my Lord;
He vict'ry and strength will bestow;
By faith I'll lay hold on his word,
And triumph o'er every woe.

4 When pain and afflictions assail,
And batter and ravage my frame;
Physicians and friends shall all fail,
And death my frail body shall claim,
Then angels shall bear me above,
To dwell in the heaven of light;
Forever I'll sing of his love,
And bask in the glorious sight.

Wm. H. Acornley

## 346 PLYMOUTH 9. 7. 10. 7

Rev. Wm. H. Acornley




2 The trials of life are so heavy,
And darkness comes o'er my soul;
But thou canst lighten, canst bless and brighten,
And give me complete control.

3 The sorrows and griefs that beset me,
O'erwhelm me with doubts and fears;
But tho' sore broken, my God hath spoken,
And bidden me dry my tears.

4 To thee, my dear Lord, I betake me,
At times when my heart is pressed;
For joy and gladness dispel my sadness,
And give me a conscious rest.

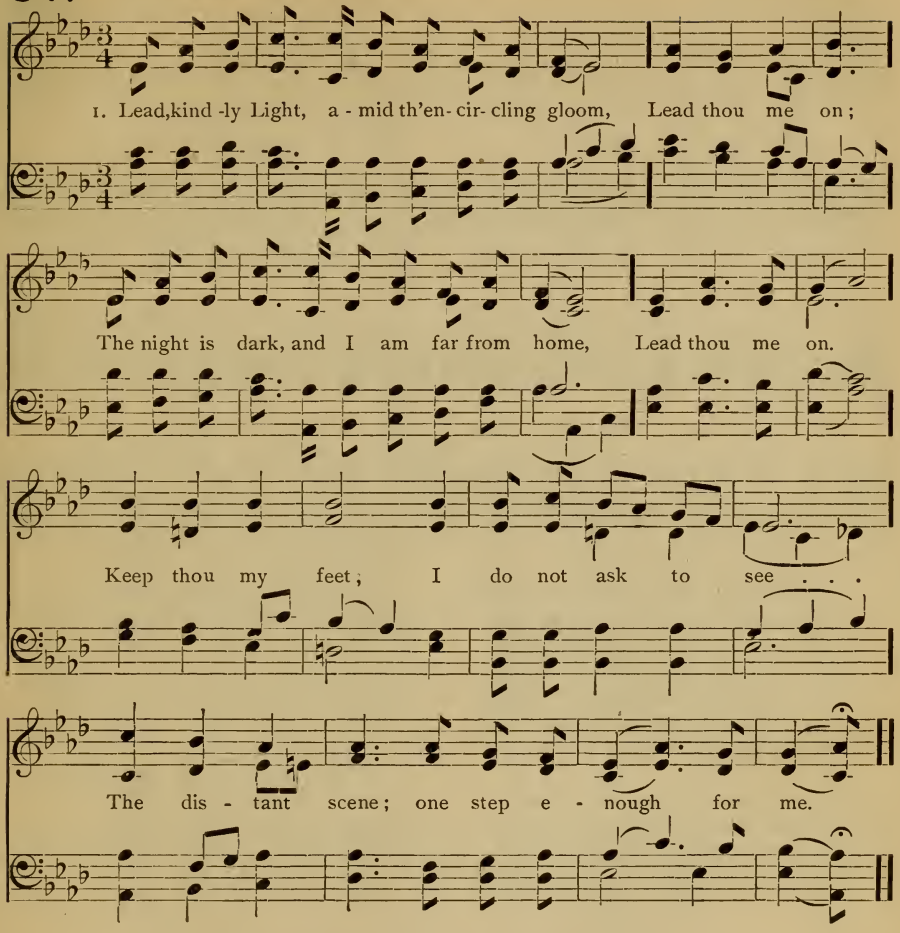
5 I love thee, my blessed Redeemer,
Rejoicing, I thee adore;
I'll join the chorus with saints victorious,
And praise thee for evermore.

W. H. Acornley



P

## 347 LUX BENIGNA 10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10 John B. Dykes

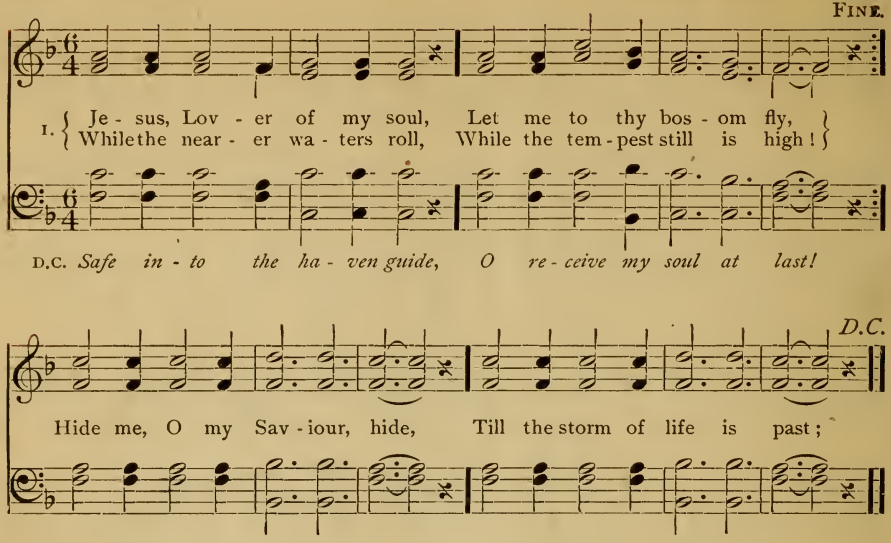

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'en-cir-cling gloom, Lead thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead thou me on.
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see . . .
The dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

 John H. Newman

## 348 MARTYN 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Simeon Butler Marsh

FINE.
1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly,
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
D.C. Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
D.C.
Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring:
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness:
False, and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!

Charles Wesley

## 349 (COVENTRY) C. M.

1 Dear refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

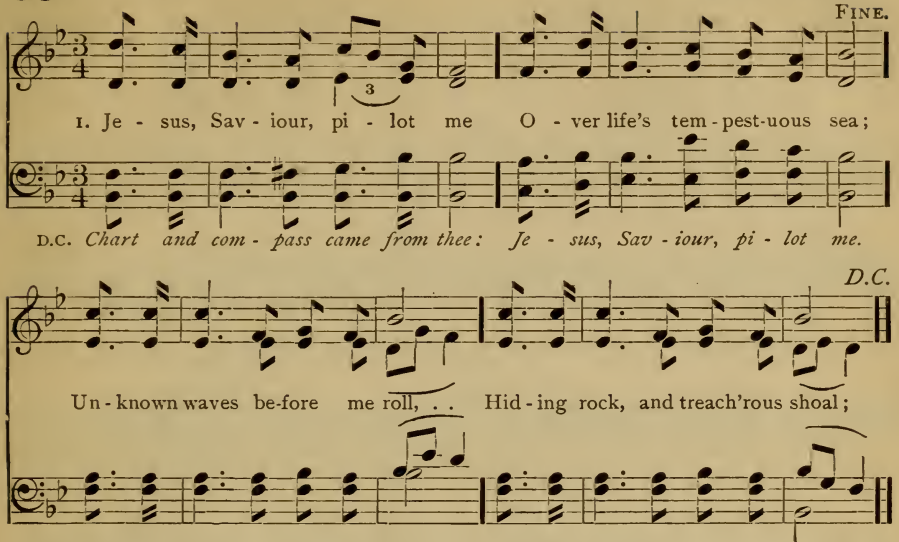
3 But, oh, when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

Anne Steele

## 350 PILOT 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7

John E. Gould


FINE.
1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pest-uous sea;
D.C. Chart and com - pass came from thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
D.C.
Un - known waves be-fore me roll, . . Hid - ing rock, and treach'rous shoal;

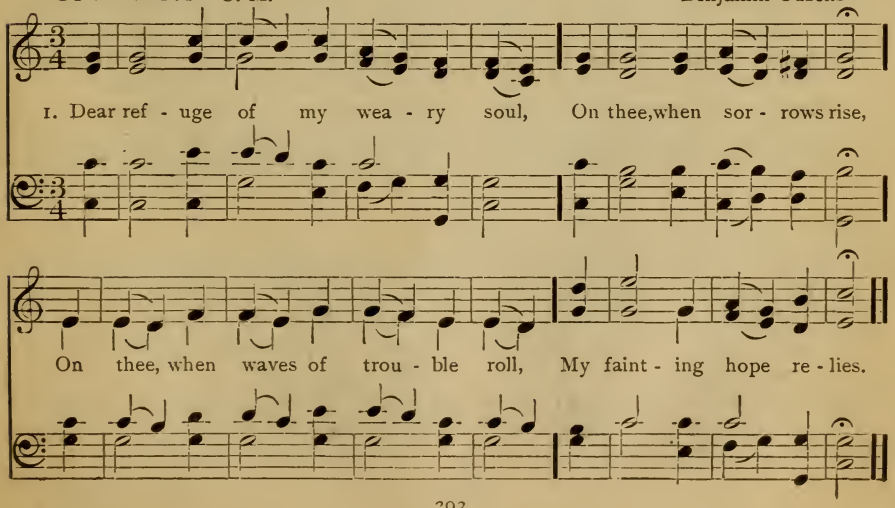
2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey thy will
When thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on thy breast,
May I hear thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

Edward Hopper

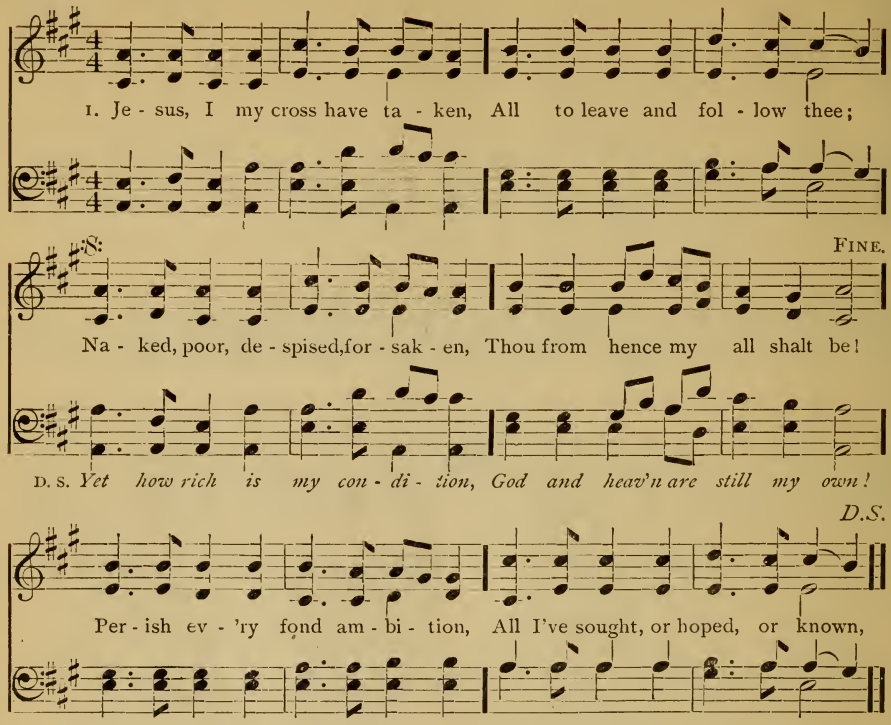
## COVENTRY C. M.

Benjamin Cuzens



## 351 ELLESDIE 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Mozart


1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave and fol - low thee;
Na - ked, poor, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou from hence my all shalt be!
FINE.
D. S. Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own!
D.S.
Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known,

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
Oh, while thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me;
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest!
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

Henry F. Lyte

## 352 (PLEYEL'S HYMN) 7. 7. 7. 7

1 Children of the heavenly King,
As we journey, let us sing;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

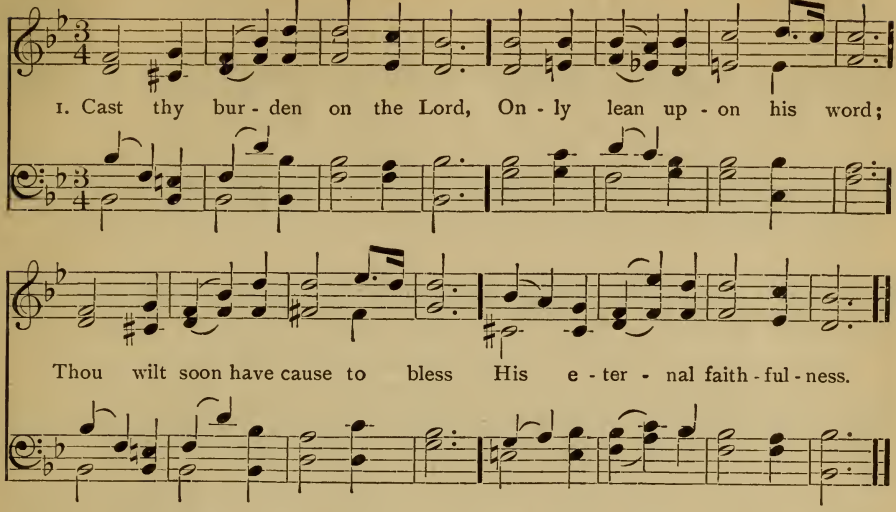
2 We are trav'ling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod:
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land:
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.

4 Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

John Cennick

## 353 MERCY 7. 7. 7. 7

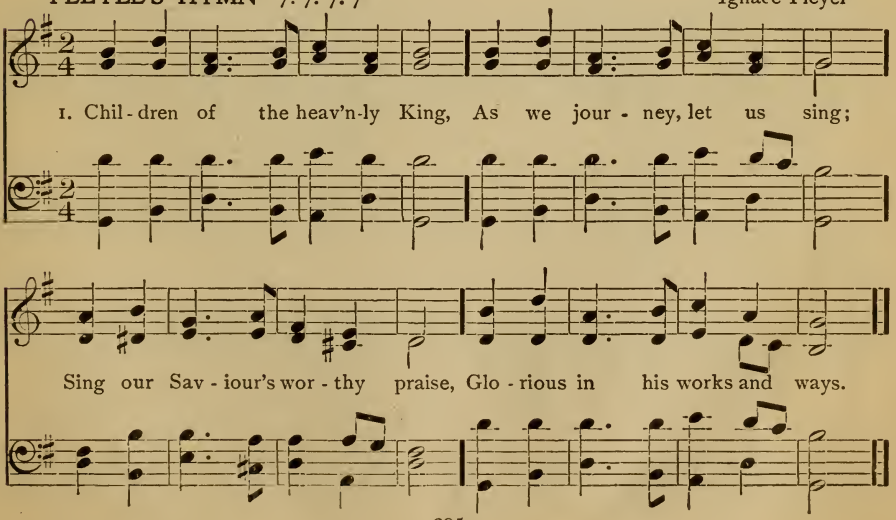
Arr. from Louis M. Gottschalk

2 Ever in the raging storm
Thou shalt see his cheering form,
Hear his pledge of coming aid:
"It is I, be not afraid."

3 Cast thy burden at his feet;
Linger at his mercy-seat:
He will lead thee by the hand
Gently to the better land.

4 He will gird thee by his power,
In thy weary, fainting hour:
Lean, then, loving, on his word;
Cast thy burden on the Lord.

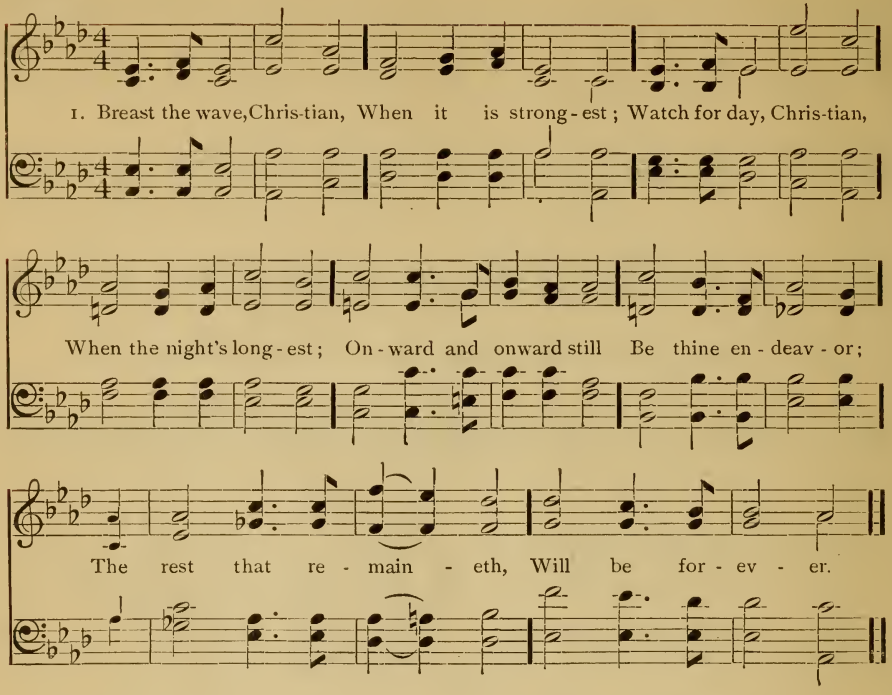
## PLEYEL'S HYMN 7. 7. 7. 7

Ignace Pleyel



## 354 ONWARD 5. 5. 5. 5. 6. 5. 6. 5.

William C. Filby


1. Breast the wave, Chris-tian, When it is strong-est; Watch for day, Chris-tian,
When the night's long-est; On-ward and onward still Be thine en-deav-or;
The rest that re-main-eth, Will be for-ev-er.

2 Fight the fight, Christian,
Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian,
Heaven is before thee:
He who hath promisèd
Faltereth never;
The love of eternity
Flows on forever.

3 Lift the eye, Christian,
Just as it closeth;
Raise the heart, Christian,
Ere it reposeth;
Thee from the love of Christ
Nothing shall sever;
And, when thy work is done,
Praise him forever.

Joseph Stammers

## 355 (VIGIL) S. M.

1 If, on a quiet sea,
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We'll own the favoring gale.

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the tempest, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

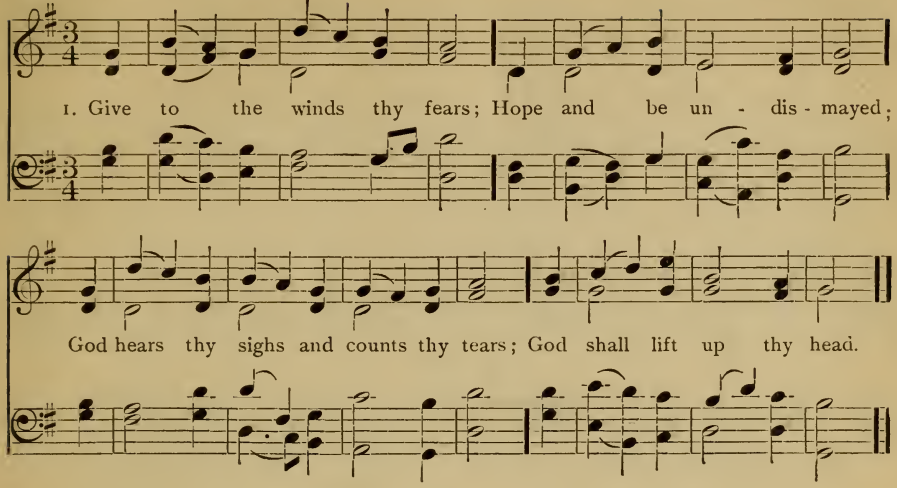
3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to thy control;
Thy tender mercies shall illume
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us, in every state,
To make thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

Augustus M. Toplady

## 356 THATCHER S. M.

George F. Handel



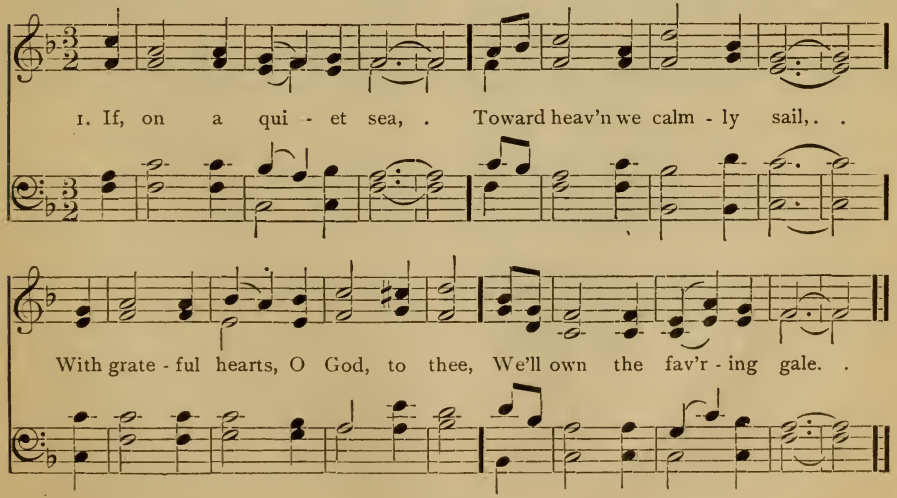

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way; [storms,
Wait thou his time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 What though thou rulest not!
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

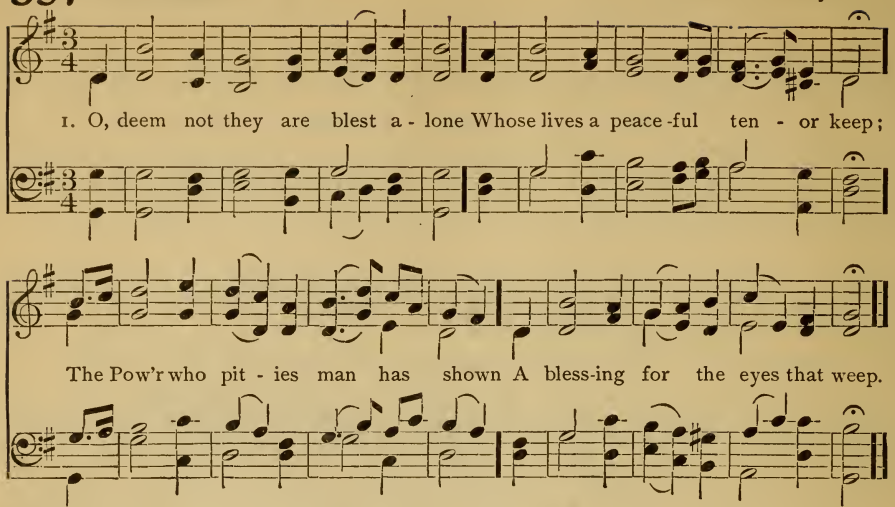
4 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work has wrought,
That caused thy needless fear.

Tr. John Wesley

## VIGIL S. M.

Arr. for St. Alban's Tune Book

## 357 SEASONS L. M.

Pleyel


1. O, deem not they are blest a - lone Whose lives a peace -ful ten - or keep;
The Pow'r who pit - ies man has shown A bless-ing for the eyes that weep.

2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears:
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

3 There is a day of sunny rest,
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

4 For God hath marked each sorrowing
And numbered every secret tear; [day,
And heaven's eternal bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

William Cullen Bryant

## 358 (SEASONS) L. M.

1 O love divine! that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain, while thou art near.

2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, "Thou art near!"

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, "Thou art near!"

4 On thee we fling our burdening woe,
O love divine, forever dear;
Content to suffer while we know,
Living and dying, thou art near!

Oliver Wendell Holmes

## 359 (GEER) C. M.

1 I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

2 And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar:
No harm from him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

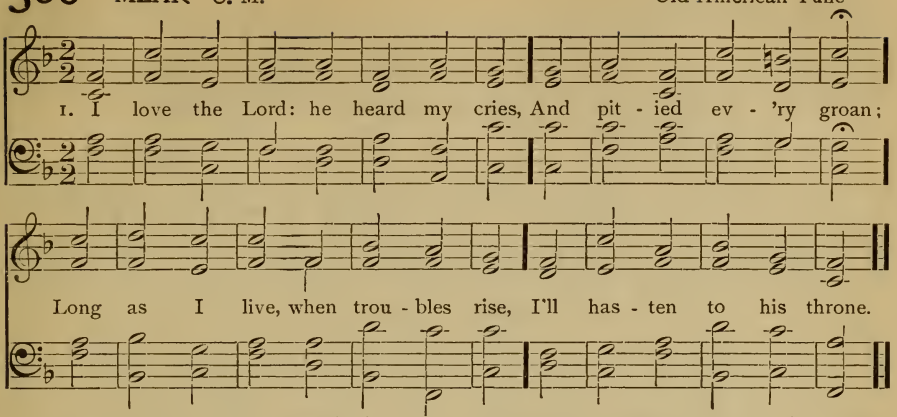
3 I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.

4 And thou, O Lord, by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on thee.

John G. Whittier

## 360 MEAR C. M.

Old American Tune

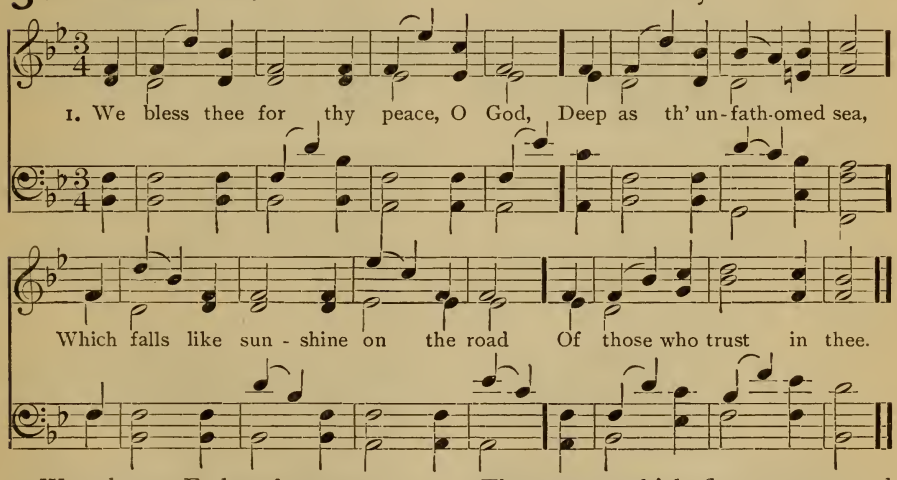



2 I love the Lord: he bowed his ear,
And chased my grief away;
O let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray.

3 The Lord beheld me sore distressed,
He bade my pains remove:
Return, my soul, to God, thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.

Isaac Watts

## 361 GEER C. M.

Henry W. Greatorex

1. We bless thee for thy peace, O God, Deep as th' un-fath-omed sea,
Which falls like sun - shine on the road Of those who trust in thee.

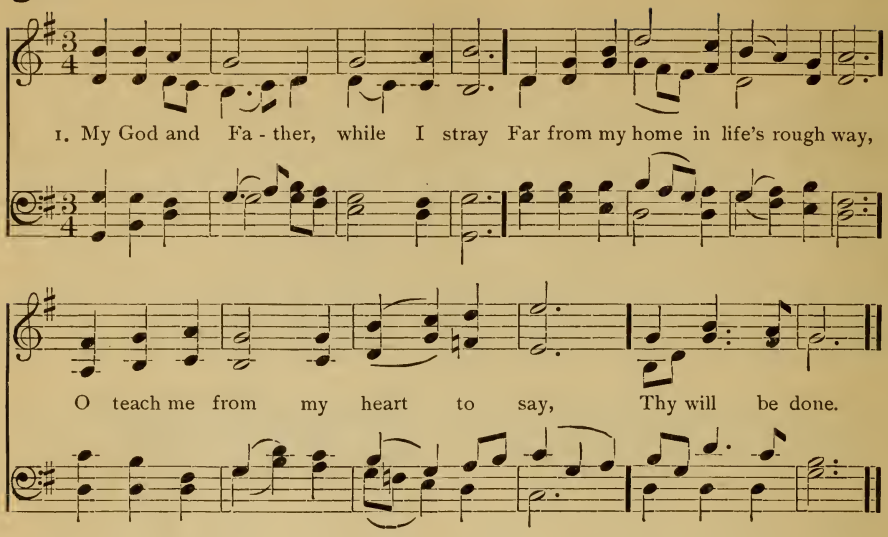
2 We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast:

3 That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial-way too long,
But leaves the end with thee:

4 That peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep,
God's sunshine o'er the whole.

5 O Father, give our hearts this peace,
Whate'er the outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to thee.

## 362 ALMSGIVING 8. 8. 8. 4

J. B. Dykes

2 Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done.

3 If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee what was thine:
Thy will be done.

4 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done.

5 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done.

Charlotte Elliott

## 363 (MELODY) C. M.

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile;

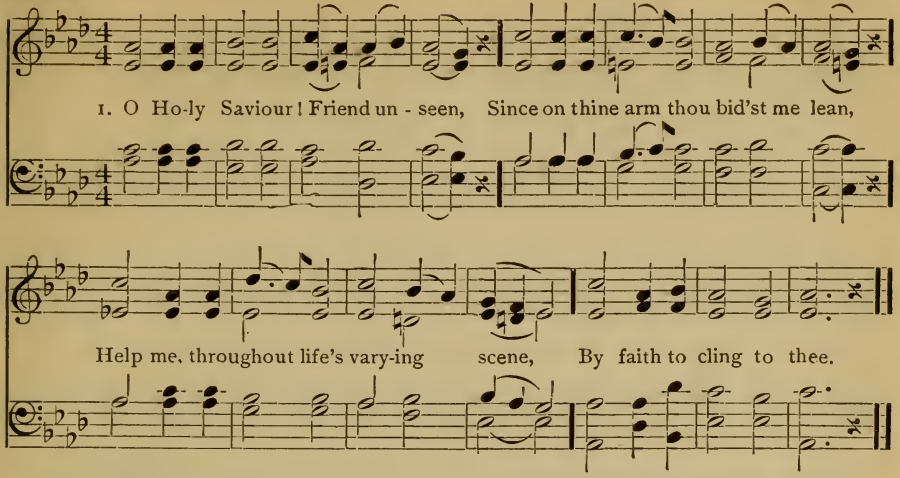
5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed.

6 Lord, give us such a faith as this;
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

William Hiley Bathurst

## 364 FLEMMING 8. 8. 8. 6

Arr. from Friedrich F. Flemming


1. O Ho-ly Saviour! Friend un - seen, Since on thine arm thou bid'st me lean,
Help me, throughout life's vary-ing scene, By faith to cling to thee.

2 Blest with this fellowship divine,
Take what thou wilt, I'll ne'er repine;
E'en as the branches to the vine,
My soul would cling to thee.

3 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove,
With patient, uncomplaining love
Still would I cling to thee.

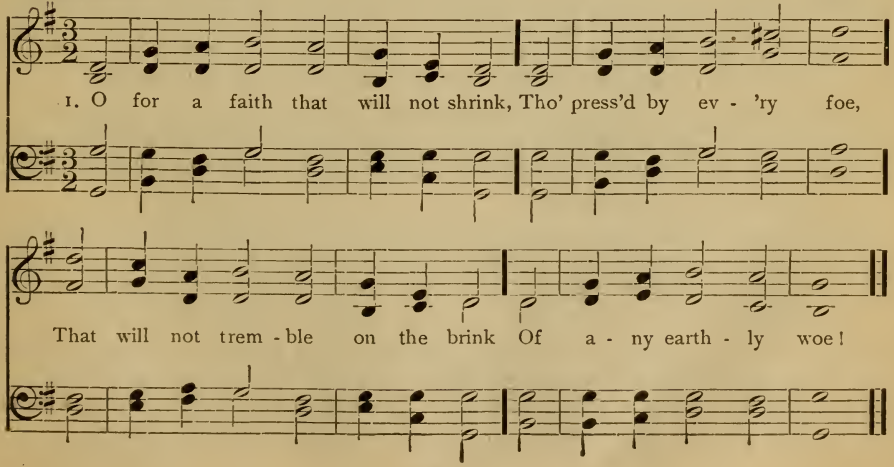
4 Though faith and hope may long be tried,
I ask not, need not aught beside;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to thee!

5 Blest is my lot, whate'er befall;
What can disturb me, who appal,
While as my strength, my rock, my all,
Saviour, I cling to thee?

Charlotte Elliott

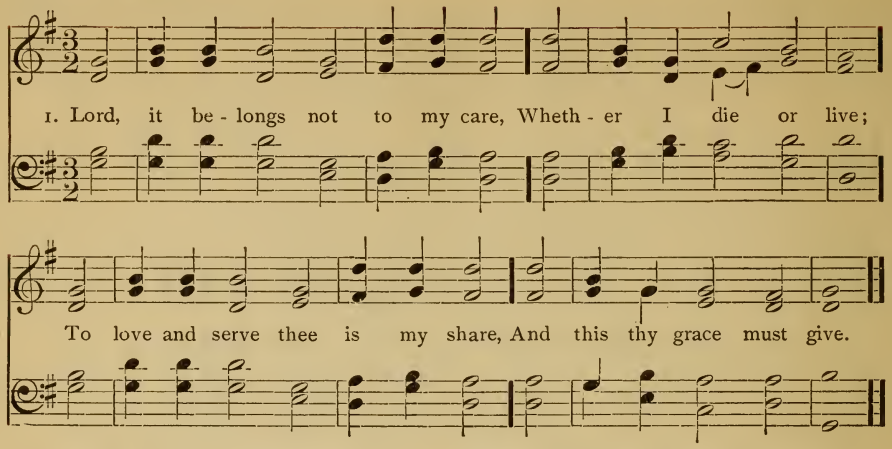
## MELODY C. M.

L. P. Cole



## 365 MARLOW C. M.

John Chetham




2 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

3 Come, Lord, when grace hath made
Thy blessed face to see: [me meet
For, if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be?

4 My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

Richard Baxter

## 366 (MARLOW) C. M.

1 From lips divine, like healing balm
To hearts oppressed and torn,
The heavenly consolation fell,
"Blessed are they that mourn."

2 Unto the hopes by sorrow crushed
A noble faith succeeds;
And life, by trials furrowed, bears
The fruit of loving deeds.

3 How rich, how sweet, how full of
Our human spirits are, [strength
Baptized into the sanctities
Of suffering and of prayer!

4 Yes, heavenly wisdom, love divine,
Breathed through the lips which said
"O blessed are the hearts that mourn;
They shall be comforted."

William H. Burleigh

## 367 (GOULD) C. M.

1 O thou from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.

2 If, for thy sake, upon my name
Reproach and shame shall be,
I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If thou remember me.

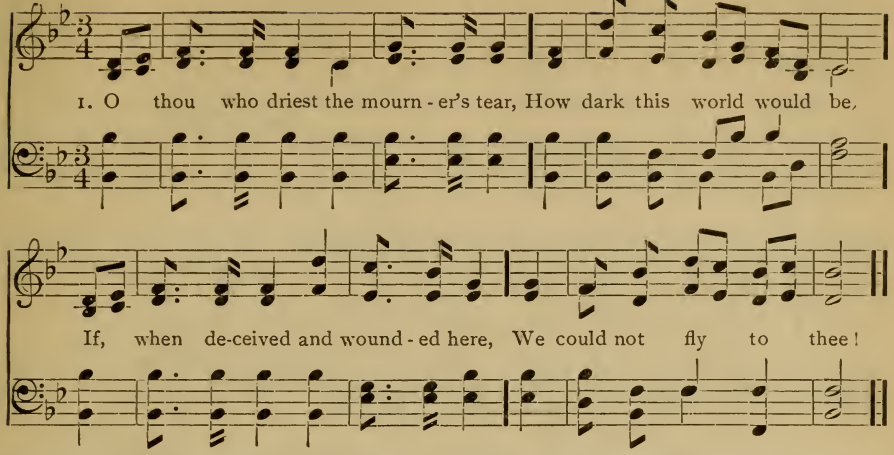
3 When in the solemn hour of death,
I wait thy just decree,
Saviour, with my last parting breath,
I'll cry, "Remember me."

4 And when before thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to thee,
Then, with the saints at thy right hand,
O Lord, remember me.

Thomas Haweis

## 368 HEBER C. M.

George Kingsley


1. O thou who driest the mourn - er's tear, How dark this world would be,
If, when de-ceived and wound - ed here, We could not fly to thee!

2 The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

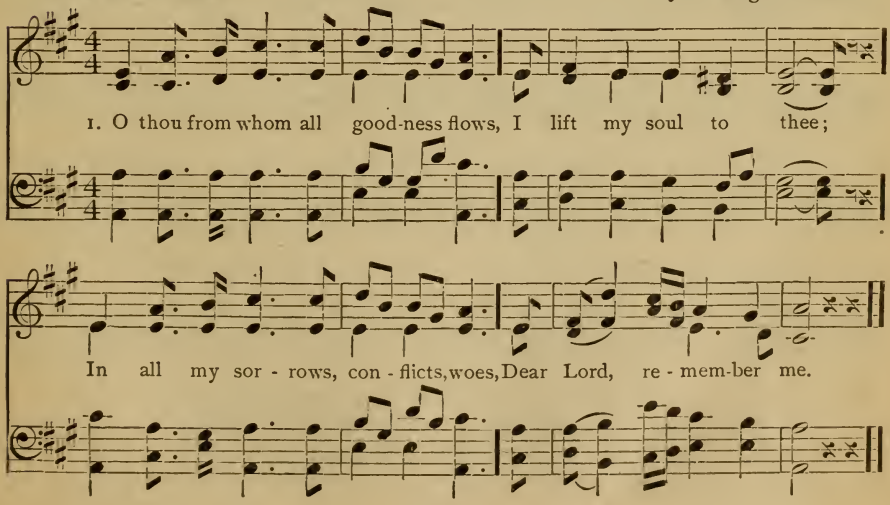
3 O, who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above!

4 Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

Thomas Moore

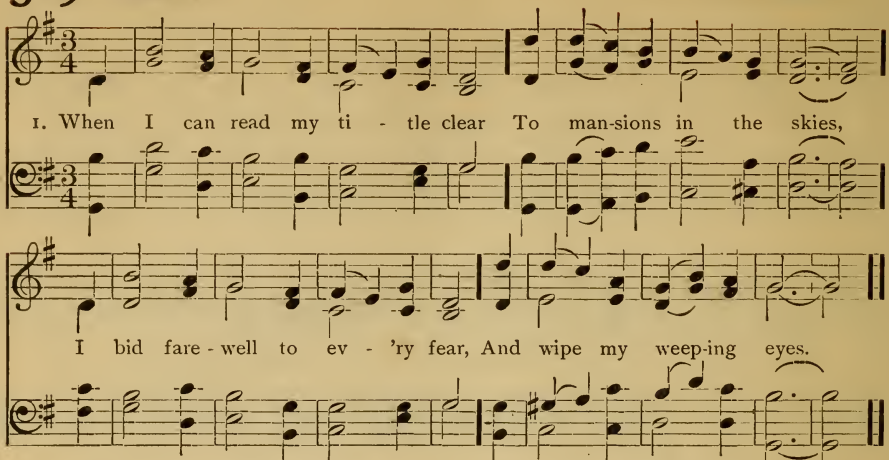
## GOULD C. M.

John Edgar Gould



## 369 BELMONT C. M.

W. Gardiner




2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

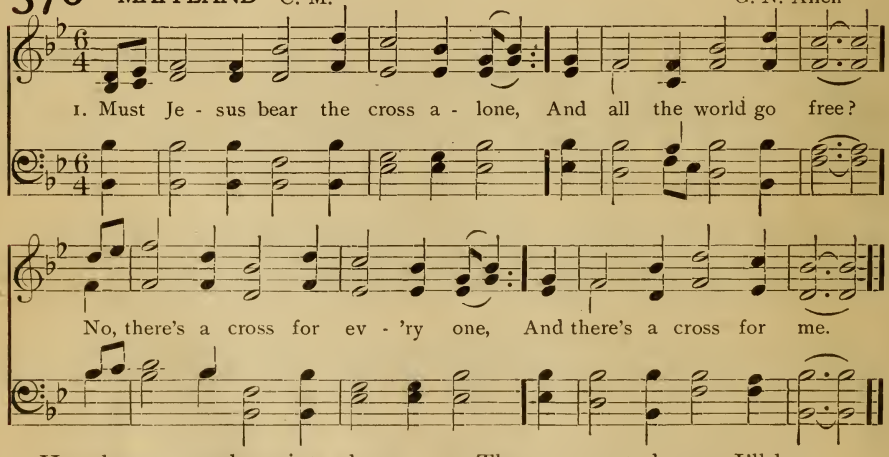
3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall,
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Isaac Watts

## 370 MAITLAND C. M.

G. N. Allen



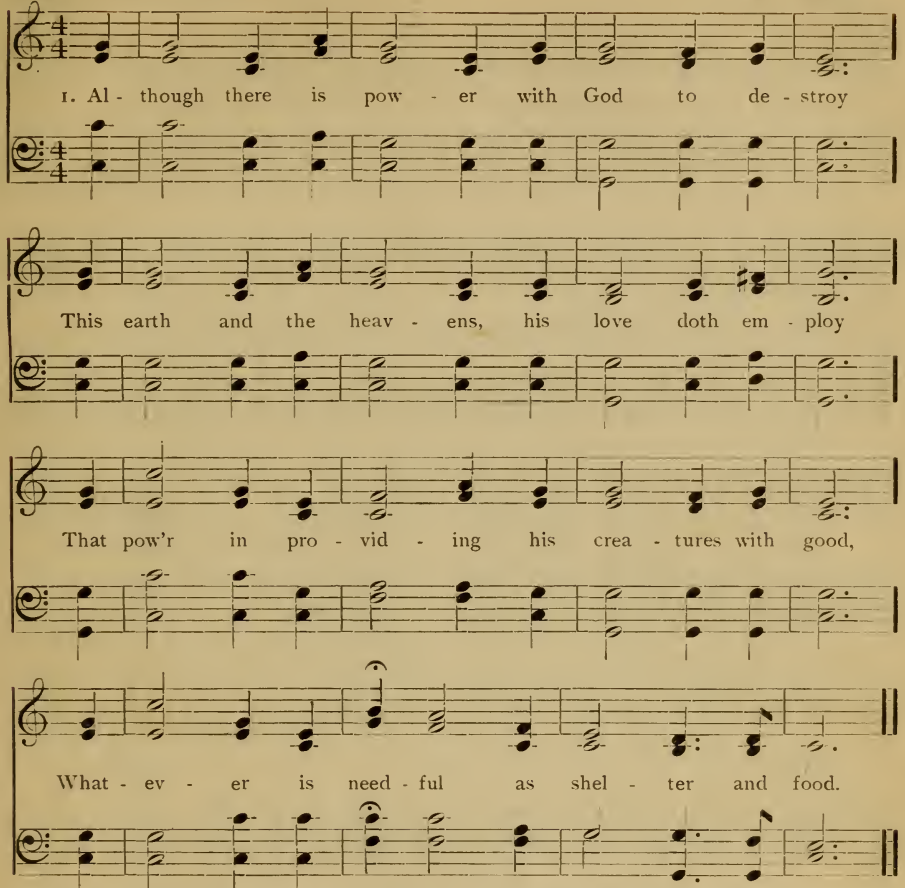

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

Thomas Shepherd, alt.

## 371 HOLCOMB 11. 11. 11. 11

M. C. Baker


1. Al - though there is pow - er with God to de - stroy
This earth and the heav - ens, his love doth em - ploy
That pow'r in pro - vid - ing his crea - tures with good,
What - ev - er is need - ful as shel - ter and food.

2 Although there is power with God to destroy,
He keepeth the angels in constant employ;
To heirs of salvation, he sends them to lend
Their aid and protection: — to bless and defend.

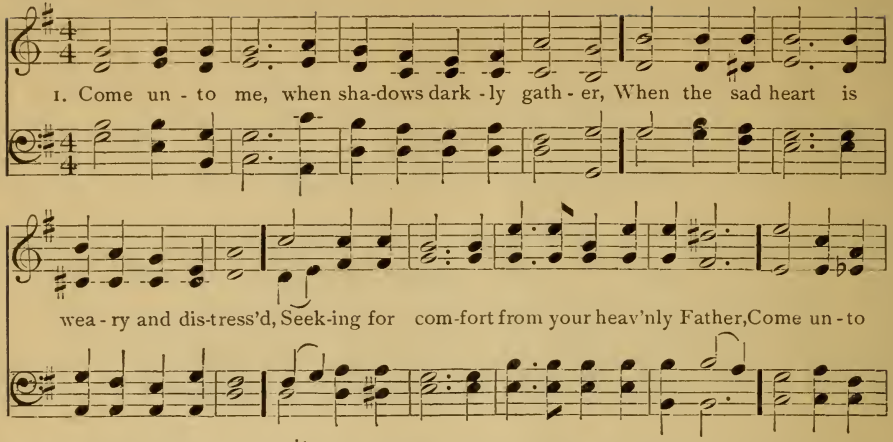
3 Although he is mighty, exalted on high,
He stoops to the lowly, he lists to their cry;
Not one of his children, however mean born,
Is ever neglected, nor treated with scorn.

4 To all of his creatures that dwell here below,
Whatever their natures, his goodness doth flow;
Not one is forgotten, alike on them all,
The sunshine and showers of heaven do fall.

M. C. Baker

## 372 ADRIAN 11. 10. 11. 10

T. F. Rinehart

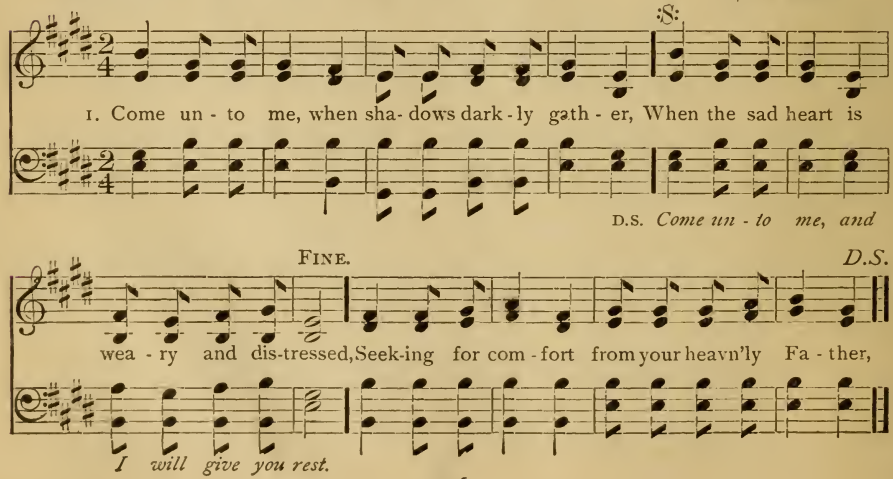

1. Come un - to me, when sha-dows dark - ly gath - er, When the sad heart is
wea - ry and dis-tress'd, Seek-ing for com-fort from your heav'nly Father, Come un - to
rit.
me, and I will give you rest.

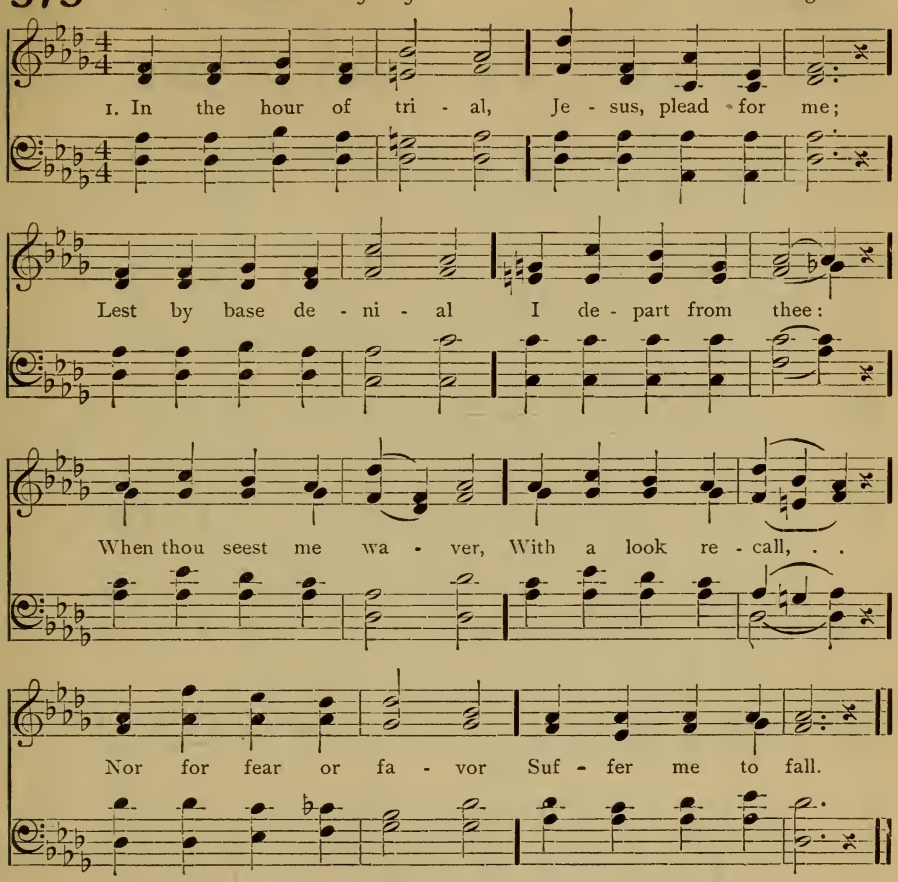
2 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

3 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed;
Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

## HENLEY 11. 10. 11. 10. (*Second Tune*)

Lowell Mason


1. Come un - to me, when sha- dows dark - ly gath - er, When the sad heart is
D.S. Come un - to me, and
FINE.
D.S.
wea - ry and dis-tressed, Seek-ing for com - fort from your heavn'ly Fa - ther,
I will give you rest.

## 373 SPENCER LANE 6. 5. 6. 5. D. English

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me;
Lest by base de - ni - al I de - part from thee:
When thou seest me wa - ver, With a look re - call, . .
Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall.

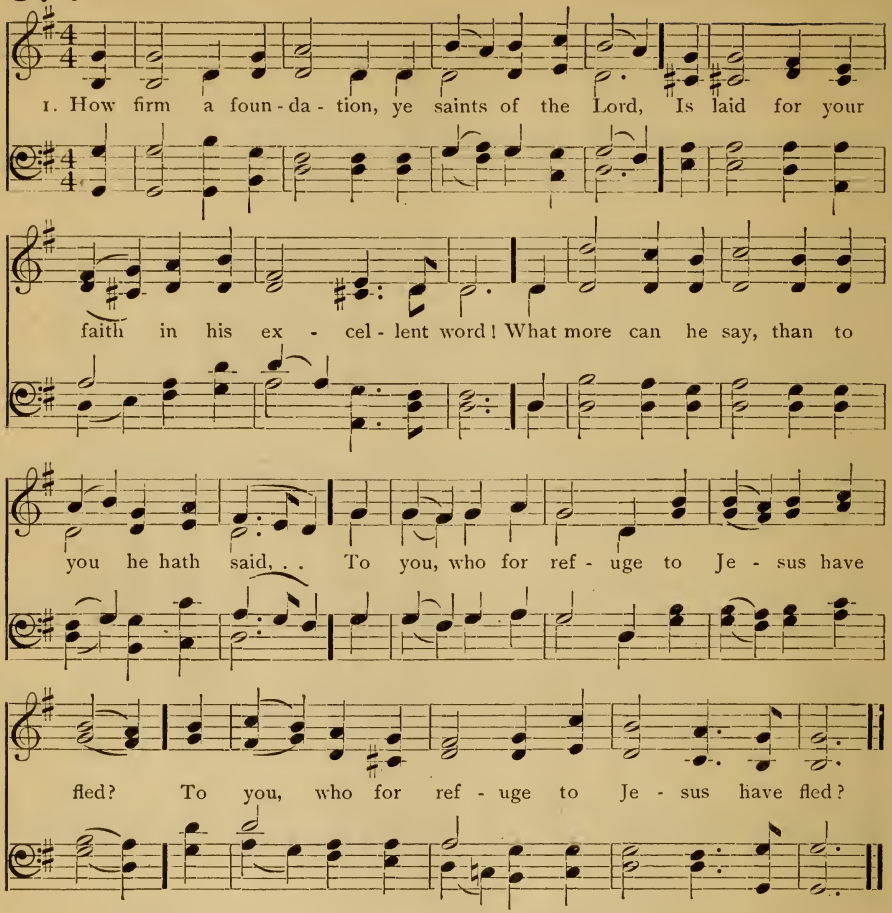
2 With forbidden pleasures,
Would this vain world charm;
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

3 Should thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, or woe;
Or should pain attend me
On my path below:
Grant that I may never
Fail thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on thee.

4 When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth
To the dust again;
On thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Jesus take me dying,
To immortal life.

J. Montgomery, alt.

## 374 PORTUGUESE 11. 11. 11. 11


1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
faith in his ex - cel - lent word! What more can he say, than to
you he hath said, . . To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have
fled? To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.

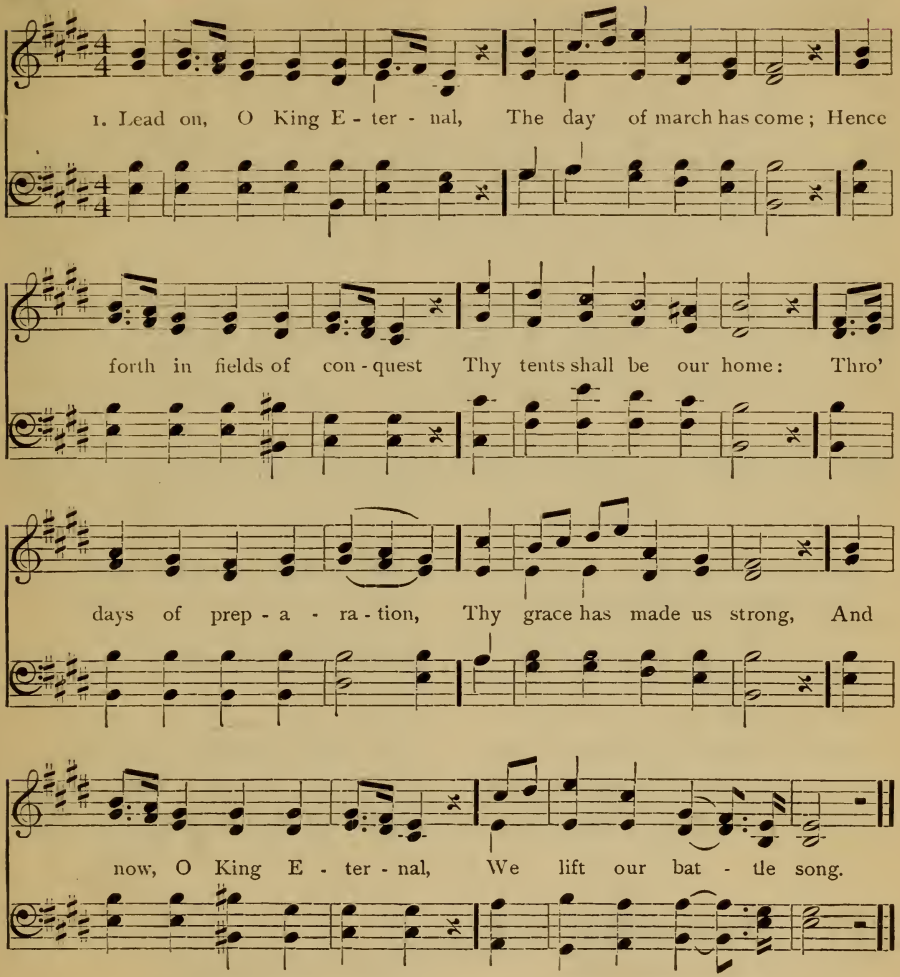
3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

George Keith

## 375 BAKER CHAPEL 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Leon Sampaix


1. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, The day of march has come; Hence
forth in fields of con - quest Thy tents shall be our home: Thro'
days of prep - a - ra - tion, Thy grace has made us strong, And
now, O King E - ter - nal, We lift our bat - tle song.

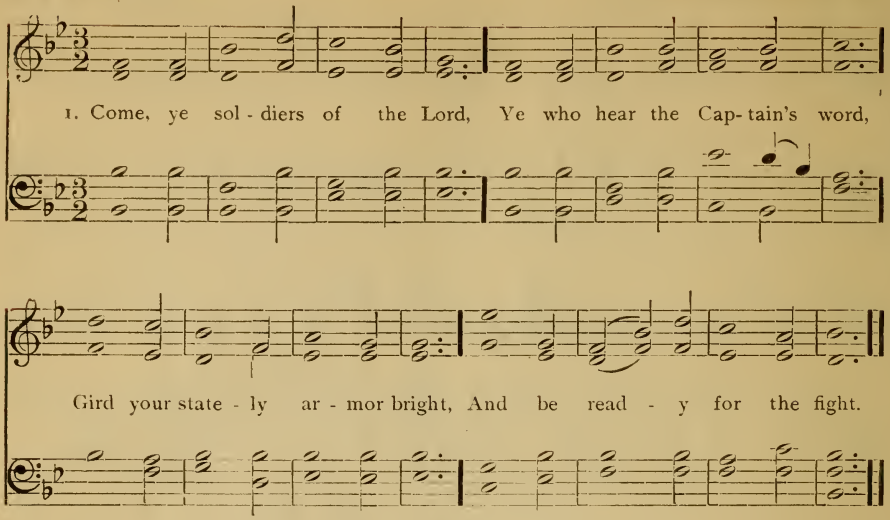
2 Lead on, O King Eternal,
Till sin's fierce war shall cease,
And holiness shall whisper
The sweet Amen of peace;
For not with swords' loud clashing,
Nor roll of stirring drums,
But deeds of love and mercy,
The heavenly kingdom comes.

3 Lead on, O King Eternal;
We follow, not with fears;
For gladness breaks like morning
Where'er thy face appears;
Thy cross is lifted o'er us;
We journey in its light:
The crown awaits the conquest;
Lead on, O God of might.

E. W. Shurtleff

## 376 FIELDEN 7. 7. 7. 7

Rev. Wm. H. Acornley




2 See your foes around you stand,
Led by Satan's mighty band;
But their power you need not fear,
For your Captain Lord is near.

3 Arm you with the Sacred Word,
Wield the spirit's two-edged sword;
Soon your foes will leave the field,
And to Jesus' power will yield.

4 Yield to your Commander's will,
Trust his wisdom, and his skill;
He will give you vict'ry sure,
If you to the end endure.

5 Heaven's gates will soon unfold,
Then in bliss that ne'er was told
You shall with the blood-washed throng
Join to sing the triumph song.

W. H. Acornley

## 377 (STATE STREET) S. M.

1 Sow in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.

2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown:

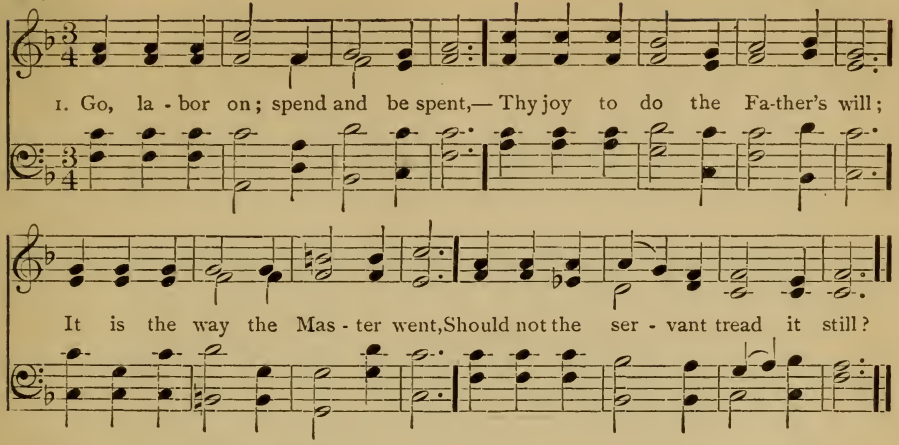
3 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

4 Thou canst not toil in vain:
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

James Montgomery

## 378 QUEBEC L. M.

H. Baker


1. Go, la - bor on; spend and be spent,— Thy joy to do the Fa-ther's will;
It is the way the Mas - ter went, Should not the ser - vant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on; enough, while here,
If he shall praise thee, if he deign
The willing heart to mark and cheer:
No toil for him shall be in vain.

3 Toil on,—faint not; keep watch and pray!
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway;
Compel the wanderer to come in.

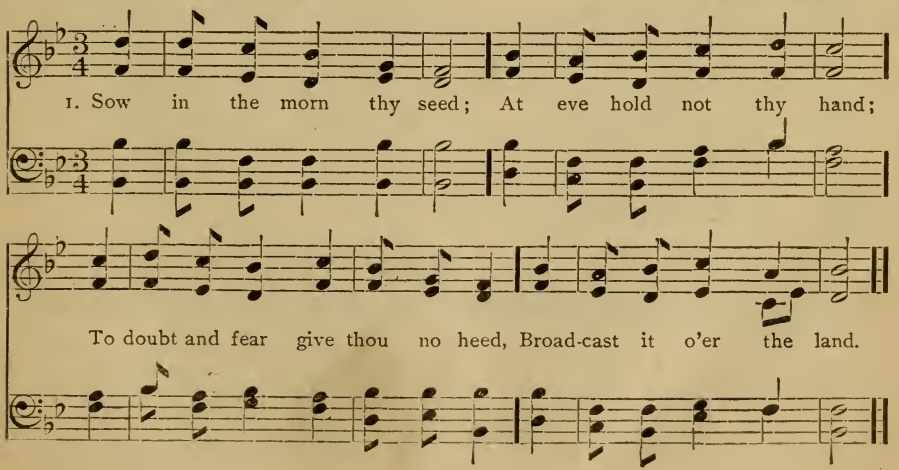
4 Go, labor on, while it is day,
The world's dark night is hastening on.
Speed, speed thy work! cast sloth away!
It is not thus that souls are won.

5 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come"!

Horatius Bonar

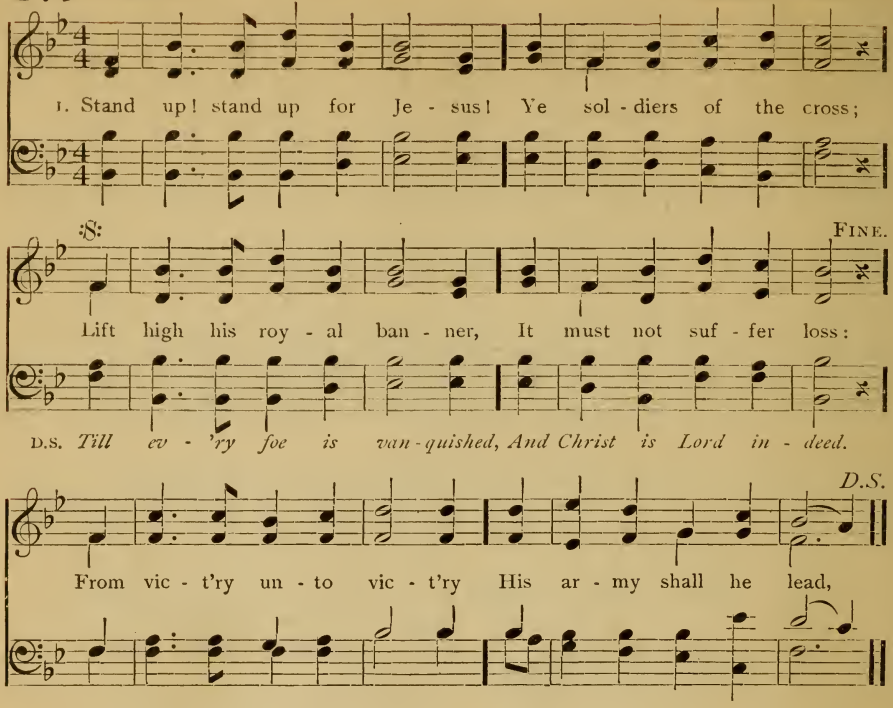
## STATE STEEET S. M.

I. C. Woodman



## 379 WEBB 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

George J. Webb


1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross;
:S:
FINE.
Lift high his roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
D.S. Till ev - 'ry foe is van - quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
D.S.
From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall he lead,

2 Stand up! — stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up! — stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day, the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song;
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally!

George Duffield

## 380 (SILVER STREET) S. M.

1 Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on, [supplies
Strong in the strength which God
Through his eternal Son;

2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

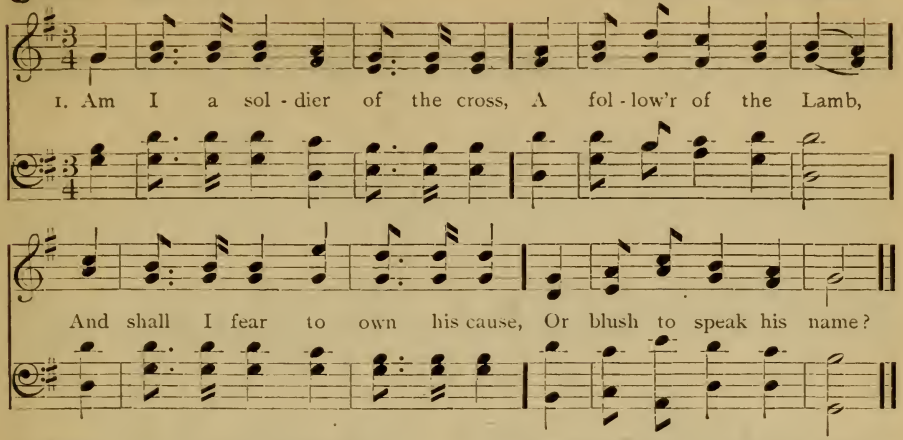
3 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued,
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:

4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

Charles Wesley

## 381 ARLINGTON C. M.

Arr. from Thomas A. Arne




2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

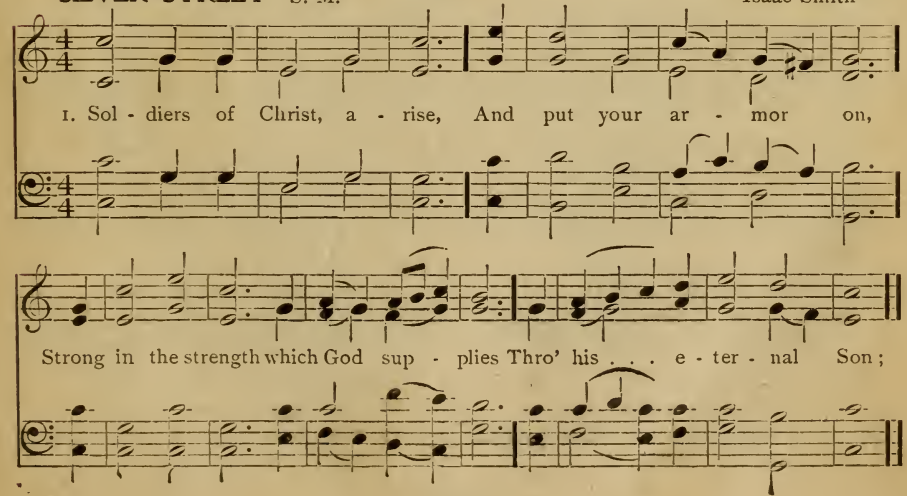
5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die:
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

Isaac Watts

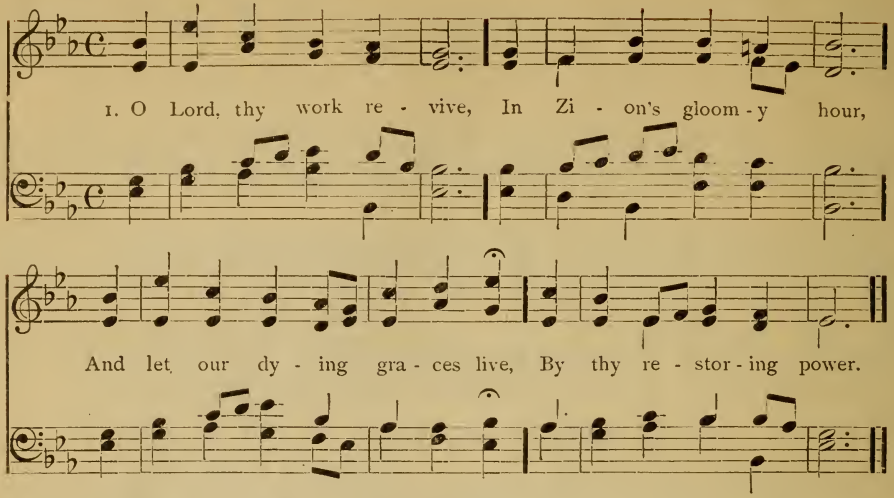
## SILVER STREET S. M.

Isaac Smith



## 382 PADDINGTON S. M.

Basil Wood




2 O let thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer;
Their covenant again renew,
And walk in filial fear.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of humble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,
Till rebels shall obey.

4 Now lend thy gracious ear;
Now listen to our cry:
O come, and bring salvation near;
Our souls on thee rely.

Phœbe H. Brown

## 383 (PADDINGTON) S. M.

1 My soul, weigh not thy life
Against thy heavenly crown;
Nor suffer Satan's deadliest strife
To beat thy courage down.

2 With prayer and crying strong,
Hold on the fearful fight,
And let the breaking day prolong
The wrestling of the night.

3 The battle soon will yield,
If thou thy part fulfill;
For strong as is the hostile shield,
Thy sword is stronger still.

4 Thine armor is divine,
Thy feet with victory shod;
And on thy head shall quickly shine
The diadem of God.

## 384 (LABAN) S. M.

1 My soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

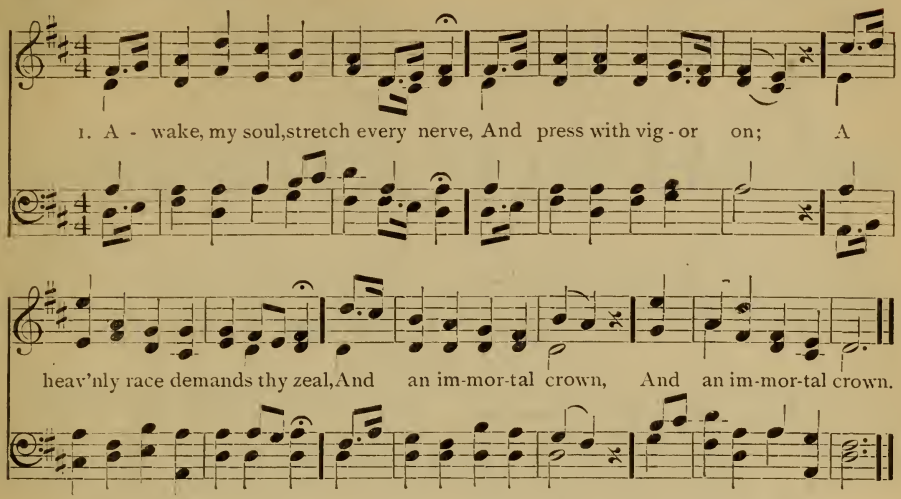
3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

George Heath

## 385 CHRISTMAS C. M.

From Handel


1. A - wake, my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vig - or on; A
heav'nly race demands thy zeal, And an im-mor-tal crown, And an im-mor-tal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye: —

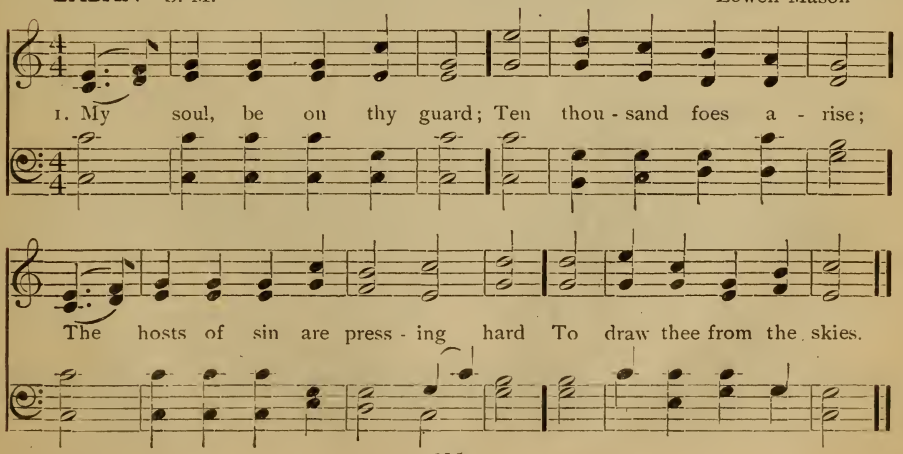
4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new luster boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs'
Shall blend in common dust. [gems

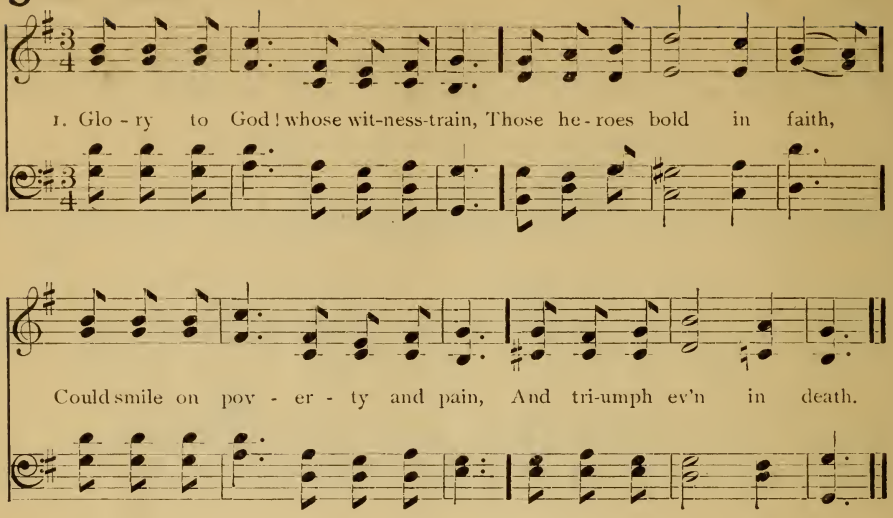
5 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

Philip Doddridge

## LABAN S. M.

Lowell Mason



## 386 LAMBETH C. M.

2 Oh, may that faith our hearts sustain,
Wherein they fearless stood,
When, in the power of cruel men,
They poured their willing blood.

3 God whom we serve, our God, can save,
Can damp the scorching flame,
Can build an ark, can smooth the wave,
For such as love his name.

4 Lord! if thine arm support us still
With its eternal strength,
We shall o'ercome the mightiest ill,
And conquerors prove at length.

## 387 (LEACH) C. M.

1 Sing, O ye ransomed of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing;
Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 A hand divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.

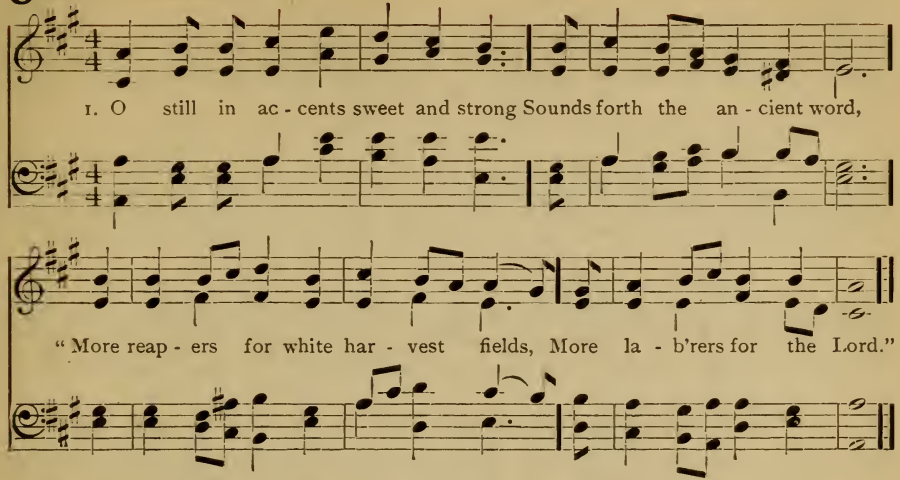
3 There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows all are fled.

4 March on in your Redeemer's strength;
Pursue his footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your eye,
While laboring up the hill.

Philip Doddridge

## 388 DEDHAM C. M.

William Gardiner


1. O still in ac - cents sweet and strong Sounds forth the an - cient word,
"More reap - ers for white har - vest fields, More la - b'rers for the Lord."

2 We hear the call; in dreams no more
In selfish ease we lie,
But, girded for our Father's work,
Go forth beneath his sky.

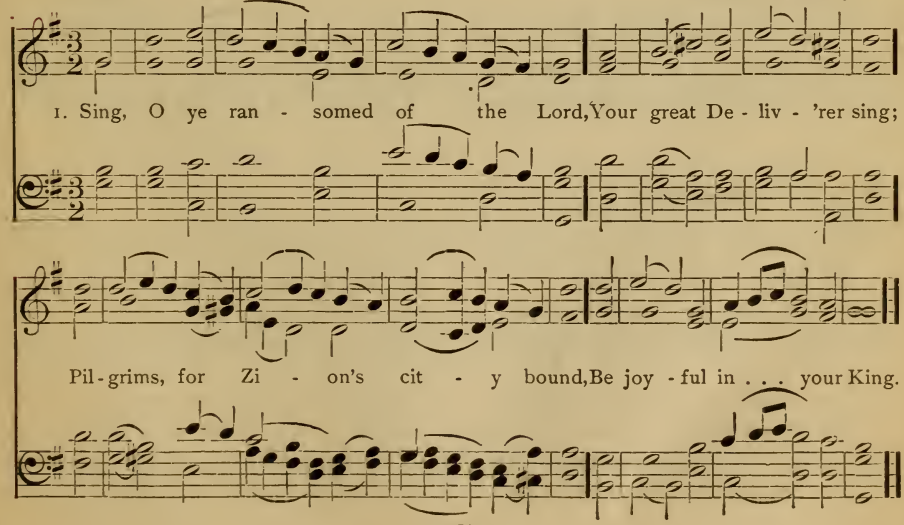
3 Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood,
And prayers of saints were sown,
We, to their labors entering in,
Would reap where they have strown.

4 O thou whose call our hearts has stirred,
To do thy will we come;
Thrust in our sickles at thy word,
And bear our harvest home.

Samuel Longfellow

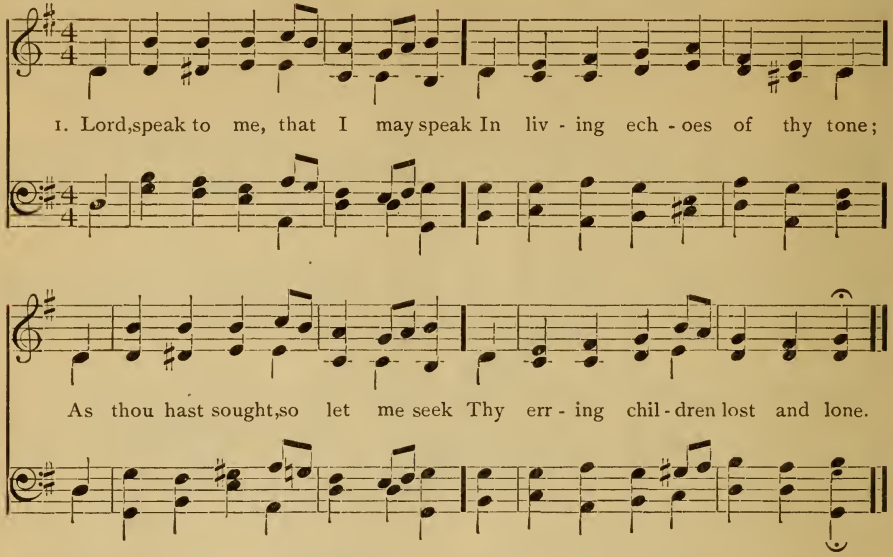
## LEACH C. M.

Old English Melody



## 389 CANONBURY L. M.

Arr. from Robert Schumann


1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv - ing ech - oes of thy tone;
As thou hast sought, so let me seek Thy err - ing chil - dren lost and lone.

2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

3 O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the rock, and strong in thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

4 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

5 O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until thy blessèd face I see,
Thy rest, thy joy, thy glory share.

Frances R. Havergal

## 390 (MENDON) L. M.

1 Forth in thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labors to pursue;
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 Thee will I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see;
And labor on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.

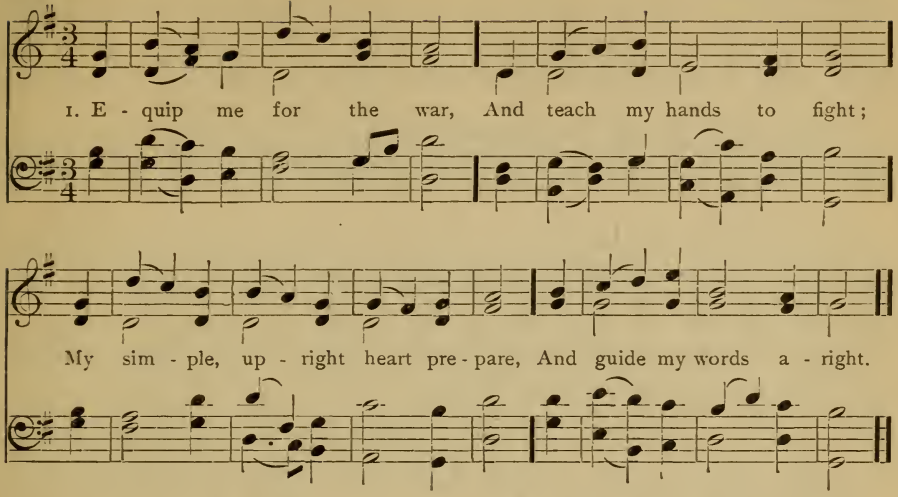
3 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day.

4 For thee delightfully employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given;
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

Charles Wesley

## 391 THATCHER S. M.

George F. Handel




2 Control my every thought,
My whole of sin remove;
Let all my works in thee be wrought,
Let all be wrought in love.

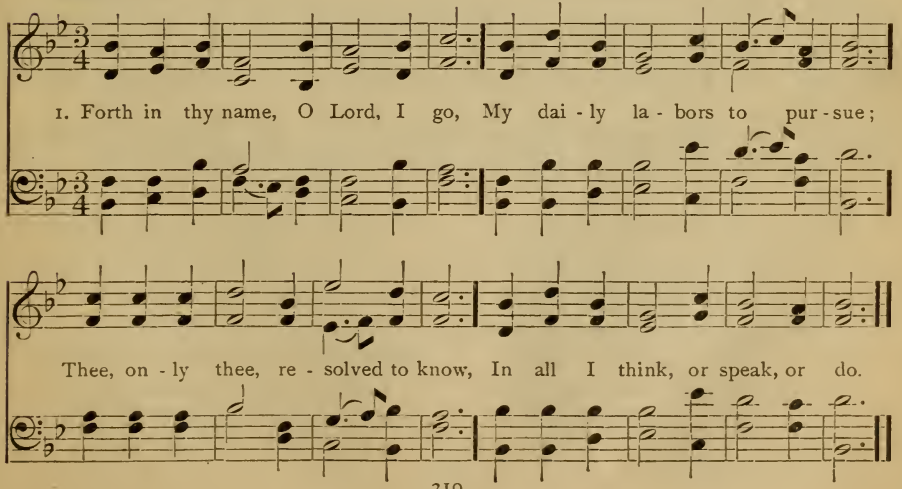
3 O arm me with the mind,
Meek Lamb, that was in thee;
And let my knowing zeal be joined
With perfect charity.

4 With calm and tempered zeal
Let me enforce thy call;
And vindicate thy gracious will
Which offers life to all.

Charles Wesley

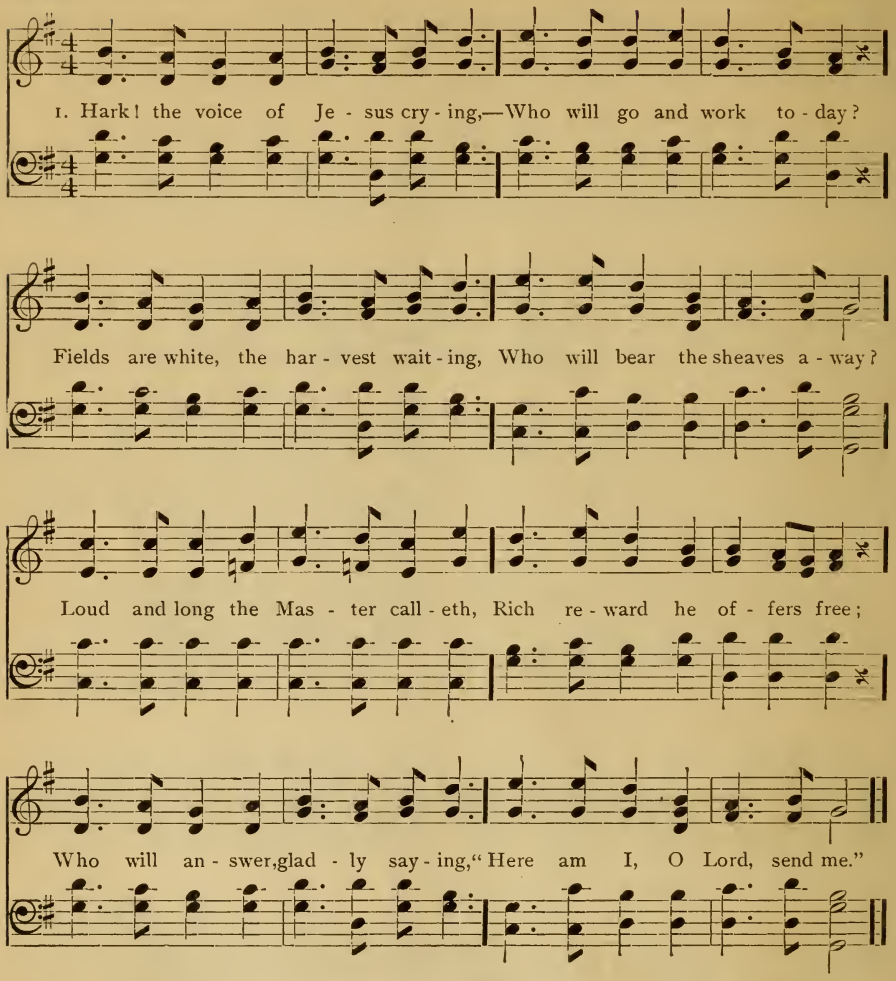
## MENDON L. M.

German Melody; Arr. by S. Dyer



## 392 MISSION SONG 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

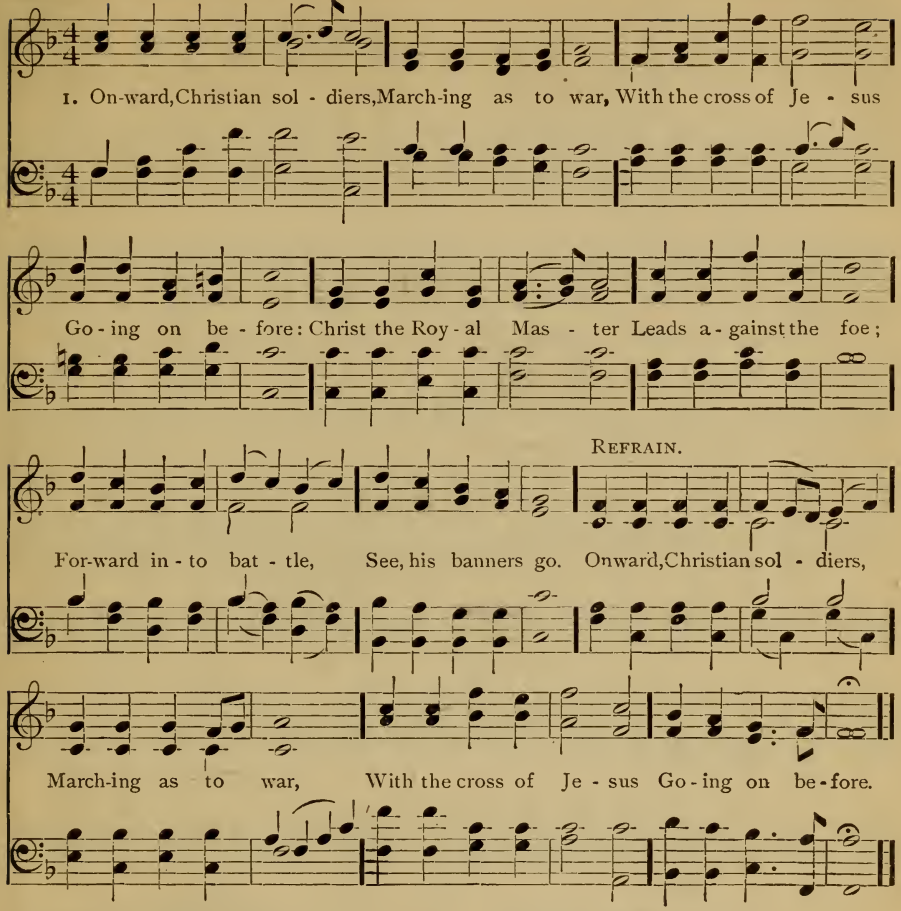
P. P. Van Arsdale


1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus cry - ing,—Who will go and work to - day?
Fields are white, the har - vest wait - ing, Who will bear the sheaves a - way?
Loud and long the Mas - ter call - eth, Rich re - ward he of - fers free;
Who will an - swer, glad - ly say - ing, "Here am I, O Lord, send me."

2 If you cannot cross the ocean
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say he died for all.

3 While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do!"
Gladly take the task he gives you,
Let his work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when he calleth,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

D. March

## 393 ST. GERTRUDE 6. 5. 6. 5. 12l. Arthur Sullivan

1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers, March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
Go - ing on be - fore: Christ the Roy - al Mas - ter Leads a - gainst the foe;
Refrain.
For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, his banners go. Onward, Christian sol - diers,
March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

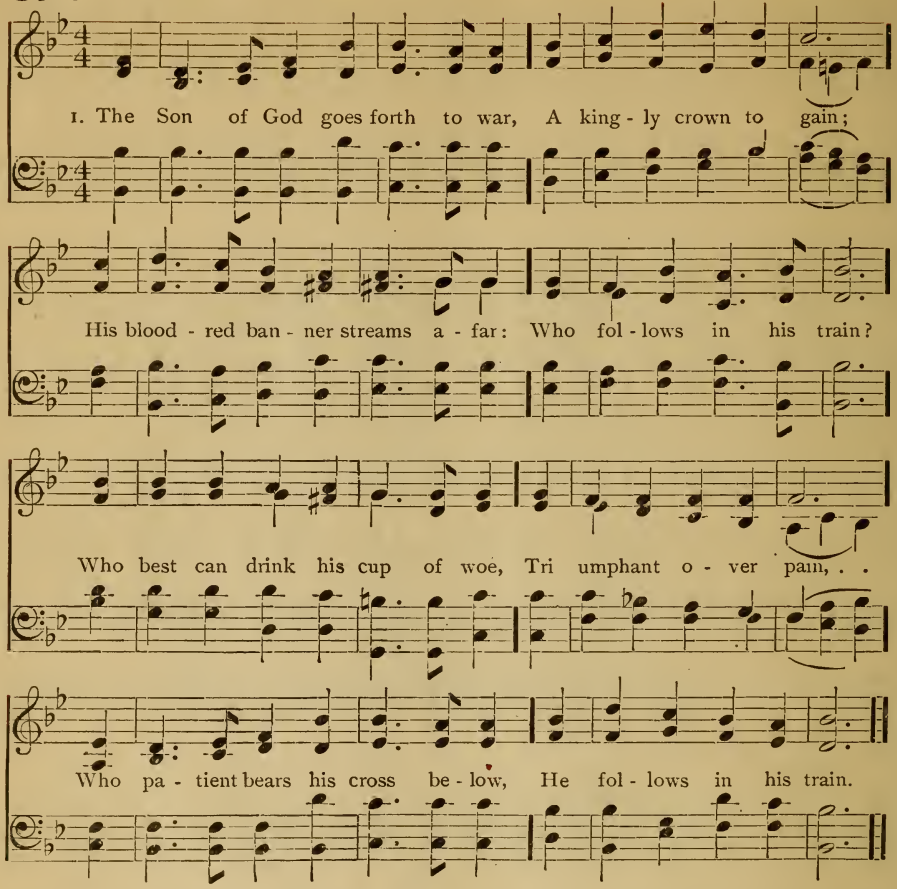
2 Like a mighty army
Moves the church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity. — Ref.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail. — Ref.

4 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing. — Ref.

Sabine Baring-Gould

## 394 ALL SAINTS NEW C. M. D.

Henry S. Cutler

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;
His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in his train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri umphant o - ver pain, . .
Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in his train.

2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on him to save:
Like him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

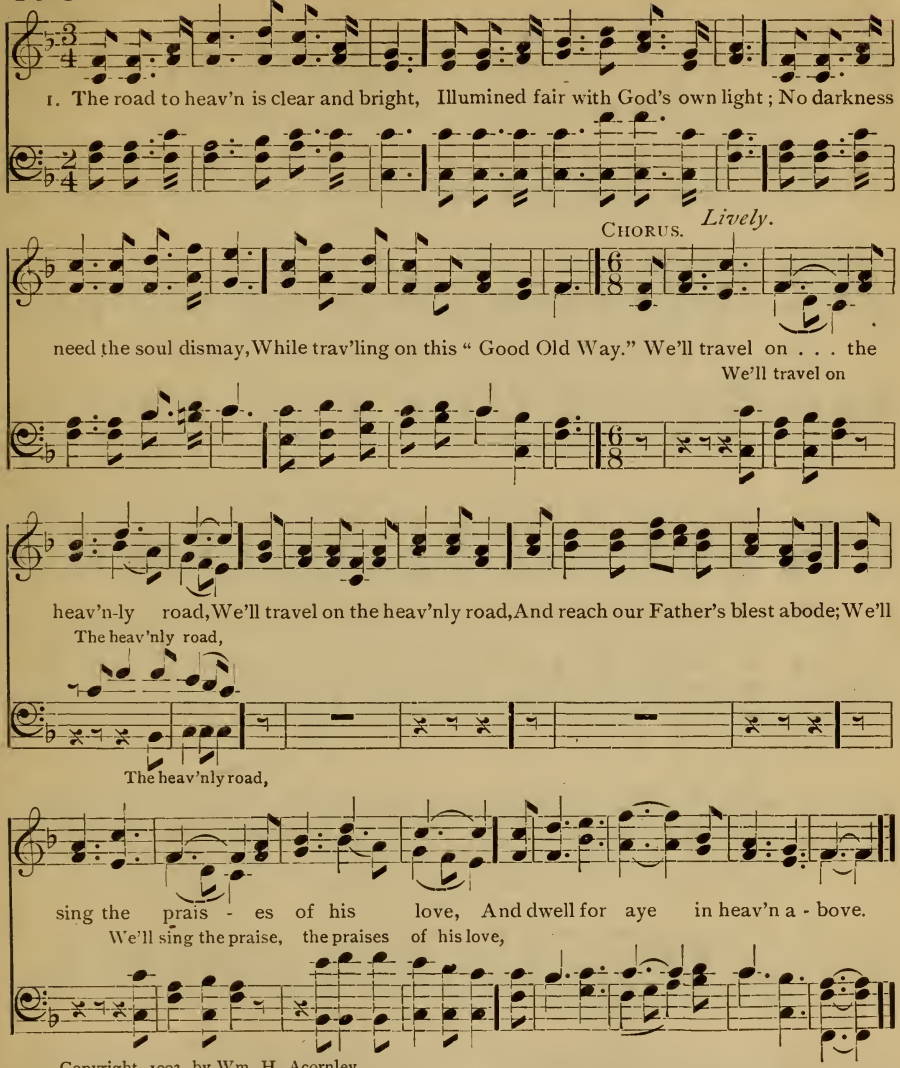
3 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came, [knew,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
And mocked the cross and flame:
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to
Who follows in their train? [feel:

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed:
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

Reginald Heber

## 395 THE ROAD TO HEAVEN

Wm. H. Acornley


1. The road to heav'n is clear and bright, Illumined fair with God's own light; No darkness
CHORUS. Lively.
need the soul dismay, While trav'ling on this "Good Old Way." We'll travel on . . . the
We'll travel on
heav'n-ly road, We'll travel on the heav'nly road, And reach our Father's blest abode; We'll
The heav'nly road,
The heav'nly road,
sing the prais - es of his love, And dwell for aye in heav'n a - bove.
We'll sing the praise, the praises of his love,

Copyright, 1903, by Wm. H. Acornley.

2 The road to heaven is pure and clean,
And spotless all who walk therein;
The blood of Christ has been applied,
And sinful hearts are purified.

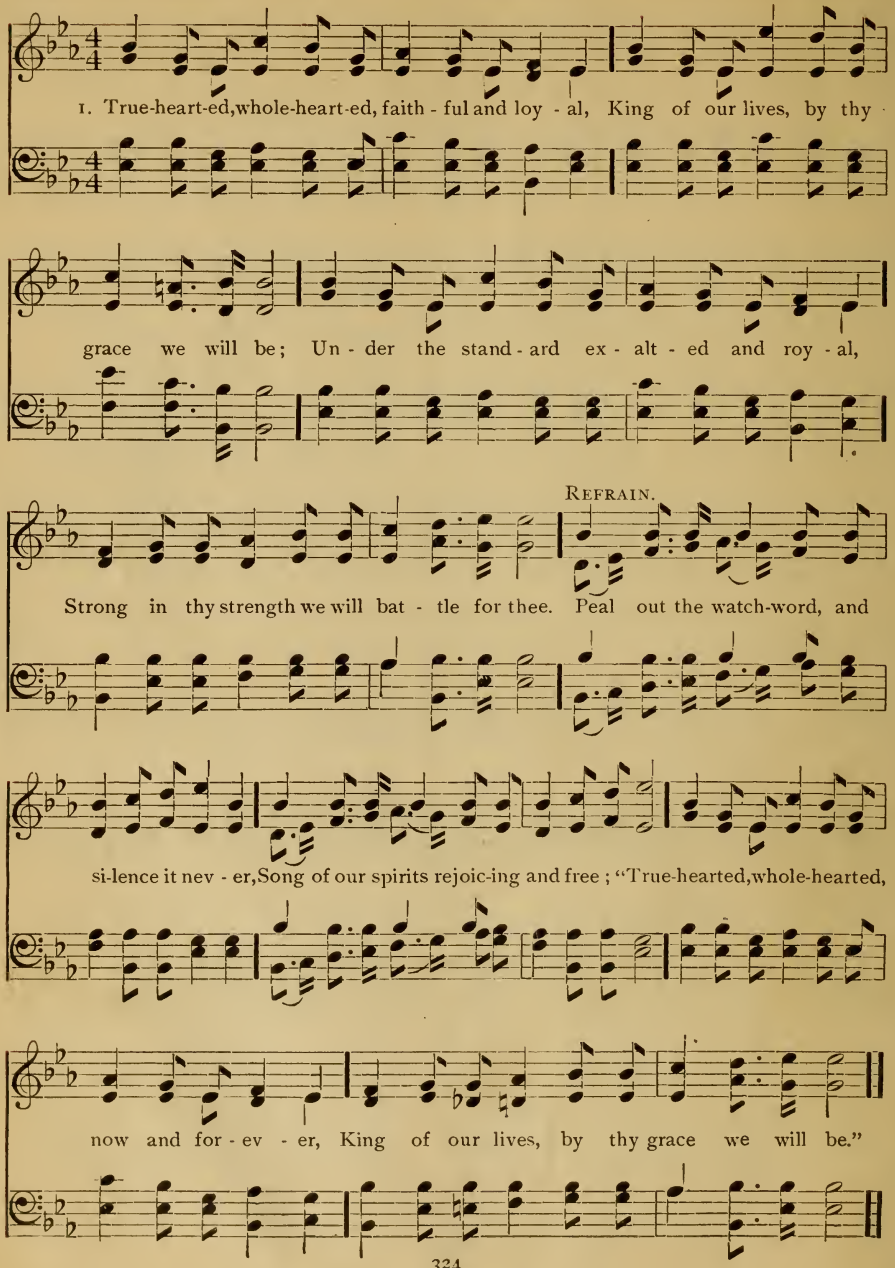
3 The road to heaven is free to all
Who for the Saviour's mercy call;
Who trust the merits of his blood,
And tread the pathway he has trod.

4 The road to heaven is open wide
To those who e'er in Christ abide;
Who feel his love and trust his grace,
And long to see his blessed face.

Wm. H. Acornley

## 396 ALLEGIANCE 11. 10. 11. 10. with Refrain

Leon Sampaix


1. True-heart-ed, whole-heart-ed, faith - ful and loy - al, King of our lives, by thy
grace we will be; Un - der the stand - ard ex - alt - ed and roy - al,
REFRAIN.
Strong in thy strength we will bat - tle for thee. Peal out the watch-word, and
si-lence it nev - er, Song of our spirits rejoic-ing and free; "True-hearted, whole-hearted,
now and for - ev - er, King of our lives, by thy grace we will be."

2 True-hearted, whole-hearted! fullest allegiance
Yielding henceforth to our glorious King;
Valiant endeavor and loving obedience
Freely and joyously now would we bring. — REF.

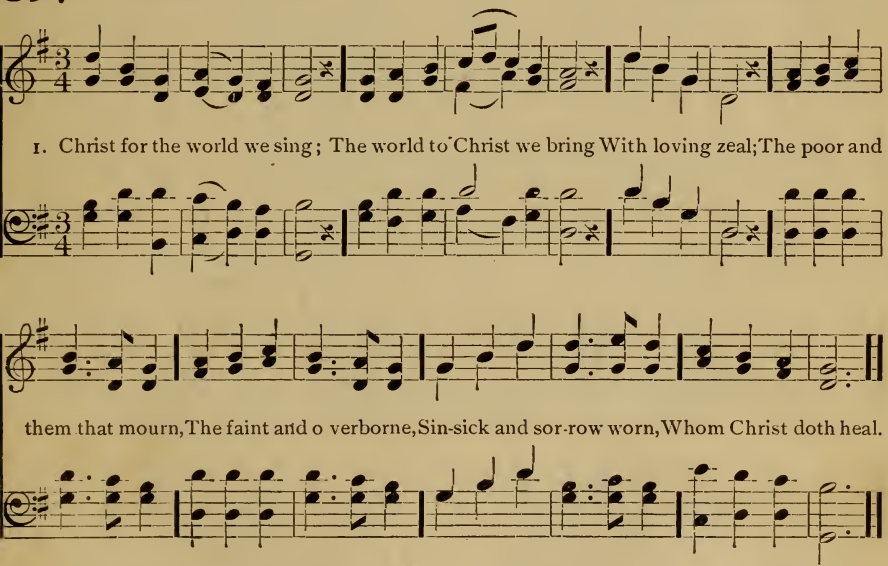
3 True-hearted! Saviour, thou knowest our story;
Weak are the hearts that we lay at thy feet,
Sinful and treacherous; yet, for thy glory,
Heal them, and cleanse them from sin and deceit. — REF.

4 Whole-hearted! Saviour, belovèd and glorious,
Take thy great power and reign thou alone,
Over our wills and affections victorious,
Freely surrendered, and wholly thine own. — REF.

Frances R. Havergal

## 397 ITALIAN HYMN 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4

Felice de Giardini


1. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring With loving zeal; The poor and
them that mourn, The faint and o verborne, Sin-sick and sor-row worn, Whom Christ doth heal.

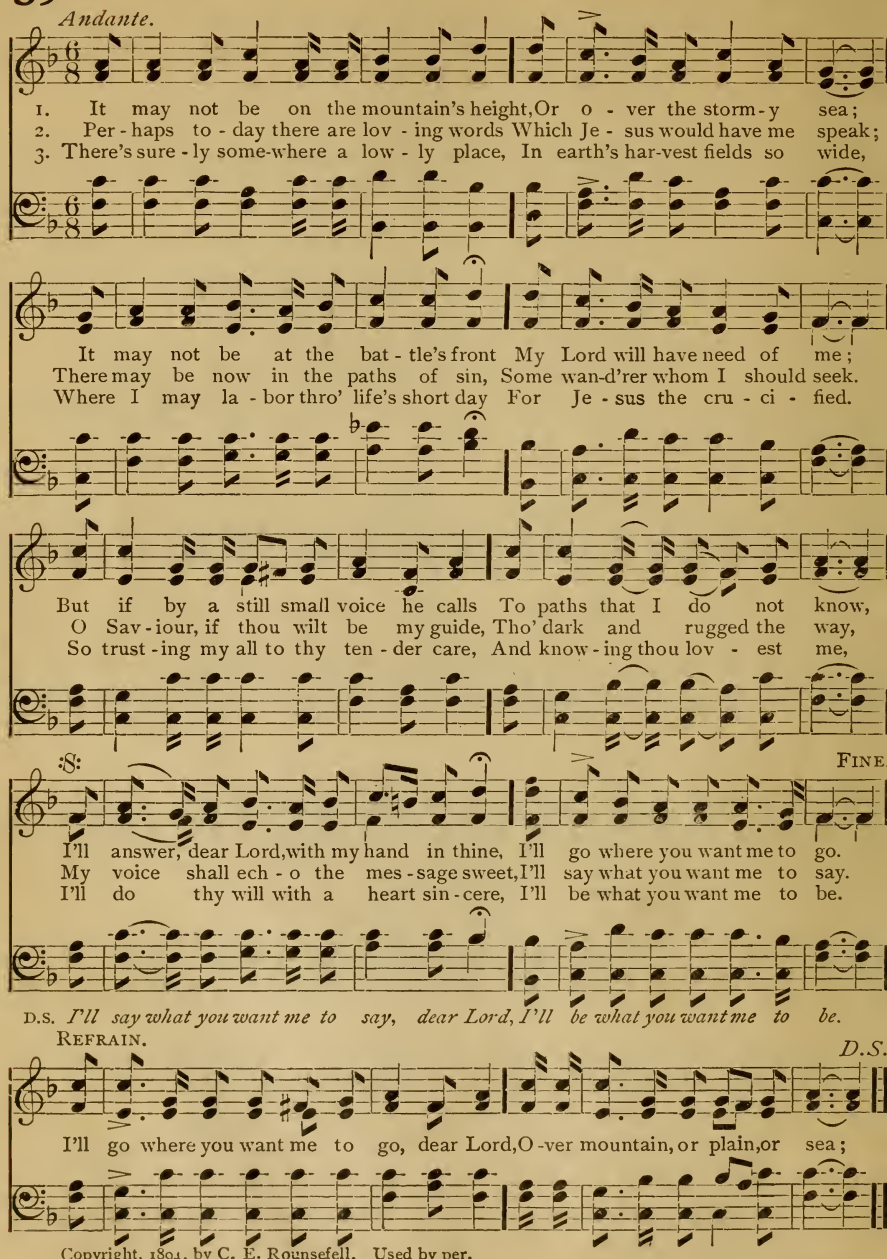
2 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With fervent prayer;
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost
From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With joyful song;
The new-born souls whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

Samuel Wolcott

## 398 I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO

Carrie E. Rounsefell


Andante.
1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm - y sea;
2. Per - haps to - day there are lov - ing words Which Je - sus would have me speak;
3. There's sure - ly some-where a low - ly place, In earth's har-vest fields so wide,
It may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin, Some wan-d'rer whom I should seek.
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus the cru - ci - fied.
But if by a still small voice he calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav - iour, if thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
So trust - ing my all to thy ten - der care, And know - ing thou lov - est me,
:S:
FINE.
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o the mes - sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do thy will with a heart sin - cere, I'll be what you want me to be.
D.S. I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.
REFRAIN.
D.S.
I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O - ver mountain, or plain, or sea;

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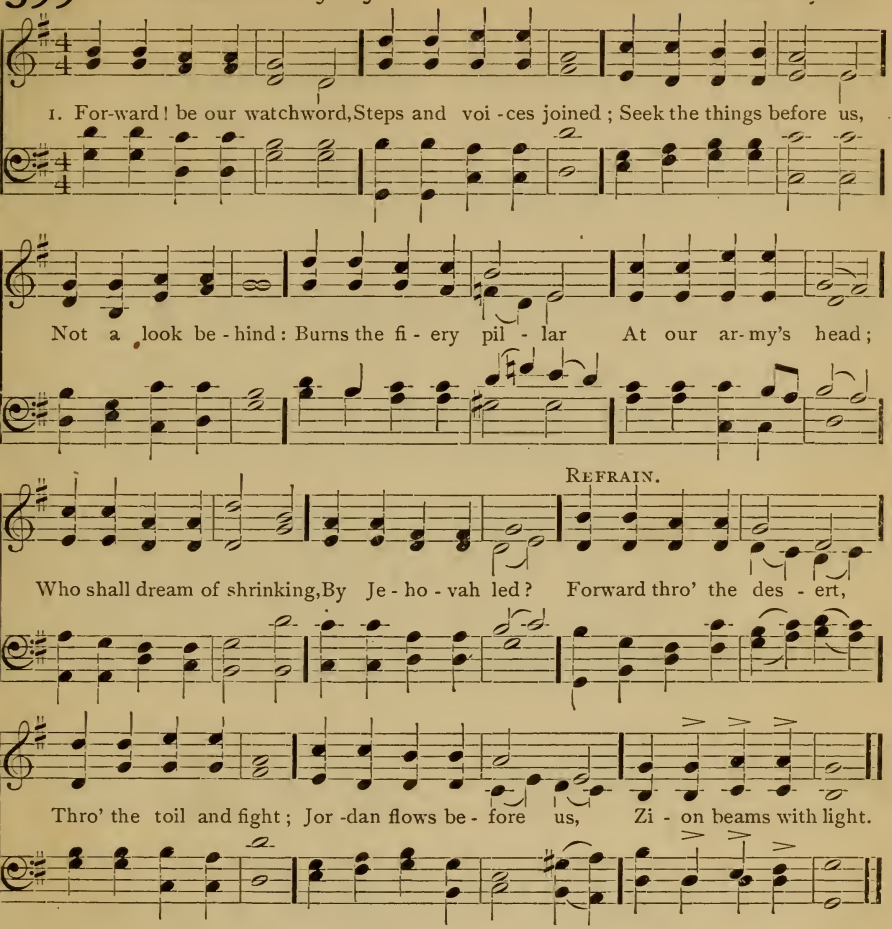
Mary Brown

## 399 ST. ALBAN'S 6. 5. 6. 5. 12l.

Arr. from Haydn


1. For-ward! be our watchword, Steps and voi-ces joined; Seek the things before us,
Not a look be-hind: Burns the fi-ery pil-lar At our ar-my's head;
REFRAIN.
Who shall dream of shrinking, By Je-ho-vah led? Forward thro' the des-ert,
Thro' the toil and fight; Jor-dan flows be-fore us, Zi-on beams with light.

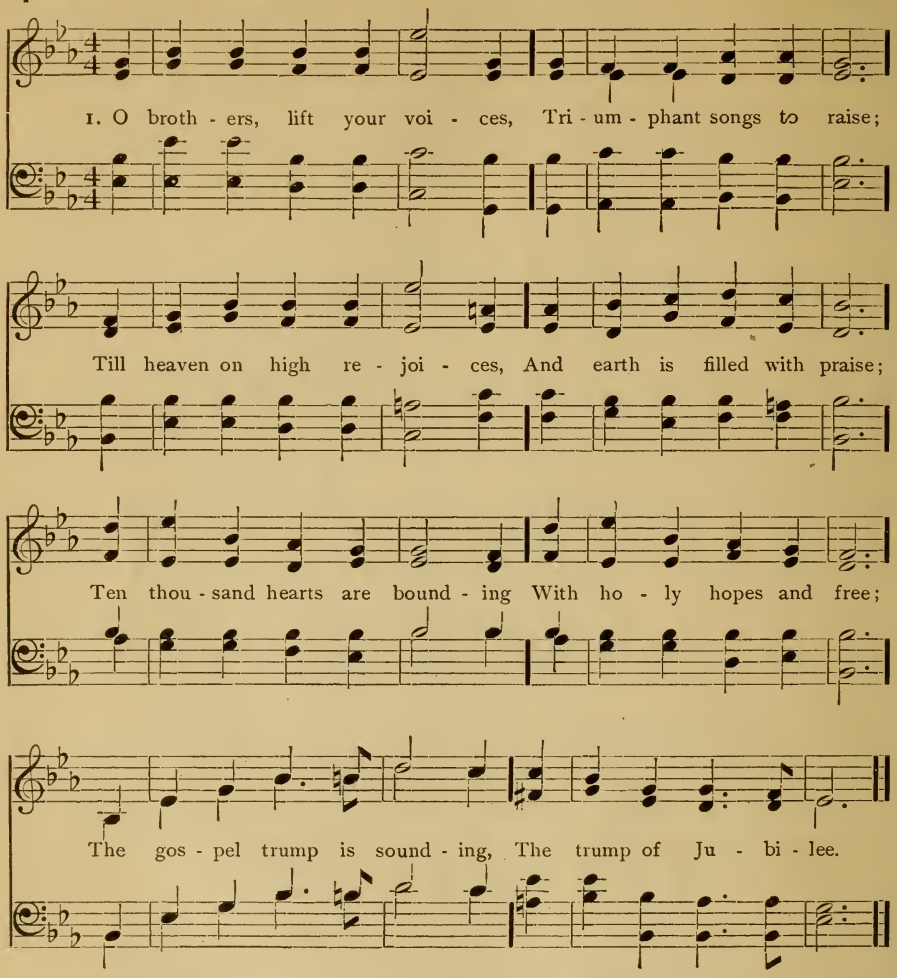
2 Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth,
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth:
Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day;
Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray.
Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night;
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light!

3 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love him
One day to be shared;
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word.
Forward, marching eastward
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

Henry Alford

## 400 GREENLAND 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Arr. from Michael Haydn

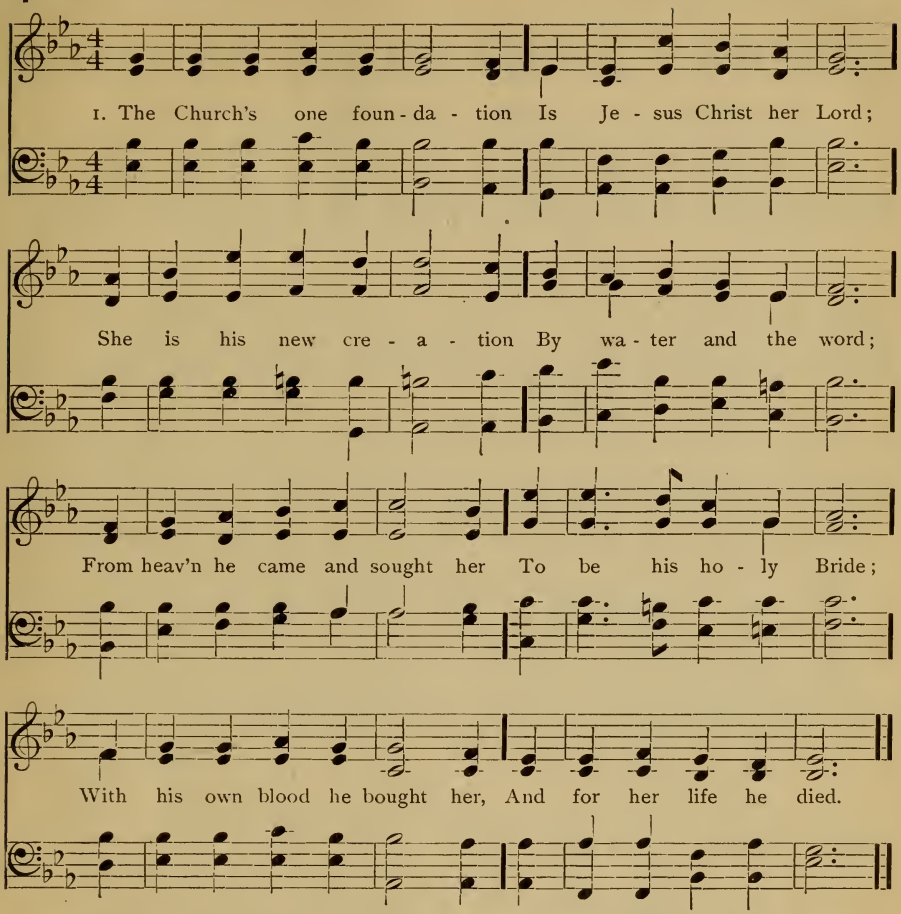

1. O broth - ers, lift your voi - ces, Tri - um - phant songs to raise;
Till heaven on high re - joi - ces, And earth is filled with praise;
Ten thou - sand hearts are bound - ing With ho - ly hopes and free;
The gos - pel trump is sound - ing, The trump of Ju - bi - lee.

2 O Christian brothers, glorious
Shall be the conflict's close;
The cross hath been victorious,
And shall be o'er its foes:
Faith is our battle-token;
Our Leader all controls;
Our trophies, fetters broken;
Our captives, ransomed souls.

3 Not unto us, Lord Jesus,
To thee all praise be due,
Whose blood-bought mercy frees us,
Has freed our brethren too.
Not unto us: in glory
The angels catch the strain,
And cast their crowns before thee
Exultingly again.

Edward H. Bickersteth

## 401 AURELIA 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Samuel S. Wesley

1. The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
She is his new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word;
From heav'n he came and sought her To be his ho - ly Bride;
With his own blood he bought her, And for her life he died.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

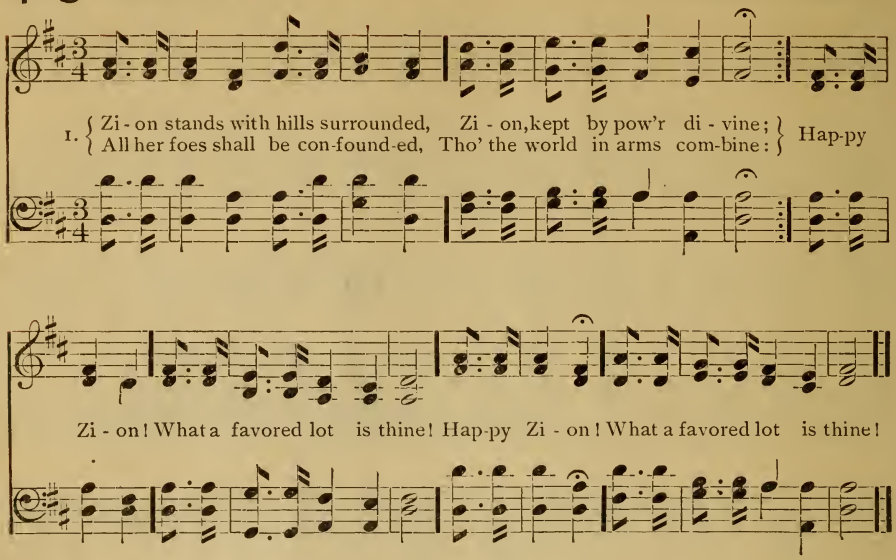
3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppressed,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distressed,
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great church victorious
Shall be the church at rest.

Samuel J. Stone

## 403 ZION 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7

Thomas Hastings


1. Zi - on stands with hills surrounded, Zi - on, kept by pow'r di - vine;
All her foes shall be con-found-ed, Tho' the world in arms com-bine:
Hap-py
Zi - on! What a favored lot is thine! Hap-py Zi - on! What a favored lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee,
God, thine everlasting light.

Thomas Kelly

## 404 (ZION) 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7

1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion, long in hostile lands;
Mourning captive,
God himself shall loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

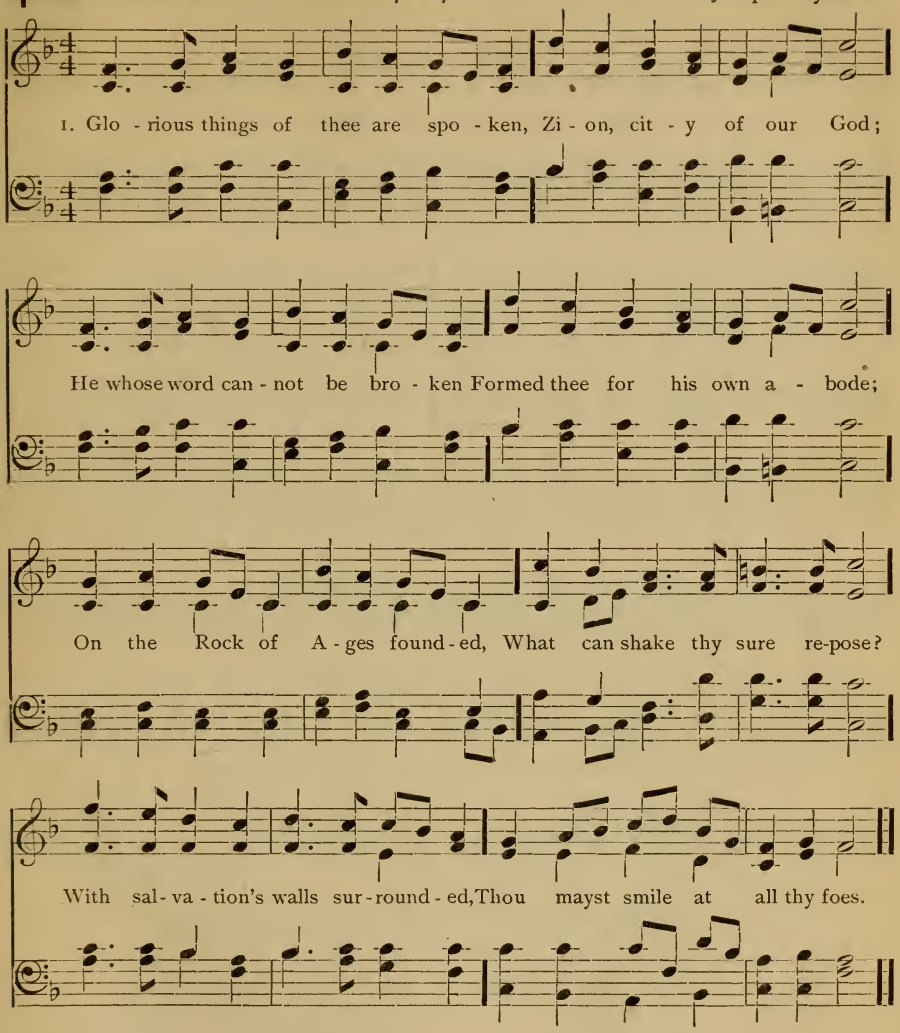
3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now is past;
God thy Saviour will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last:
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

Thomas Kelly

## 402 AUSTRIAN HYMN 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

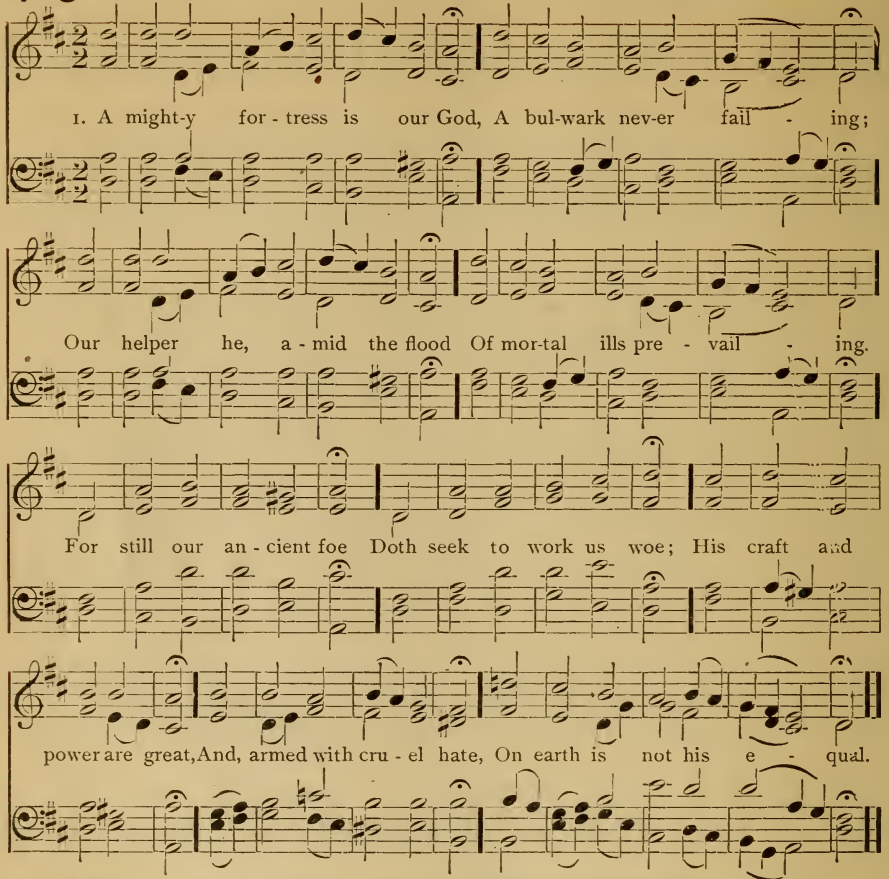
Joseph Haydn


1. Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
He whose word can - not be bro - ken Formed thee for his own a - bode;
On the Rock of A - ges found - ed, What can shake thy sure re-pose?
With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round - ed, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage;
Grace, which, like the Lord the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna [pray.
Which he gives them when they

John Newton

## 405 EIN' FESTE BURG 8. 7. 8. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6. 7 Martin Luther

1. A might-y for - tress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail - ing;
Our helper he, a - mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre - vail - ing.
For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and
power are great, And, armed with cru - el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.

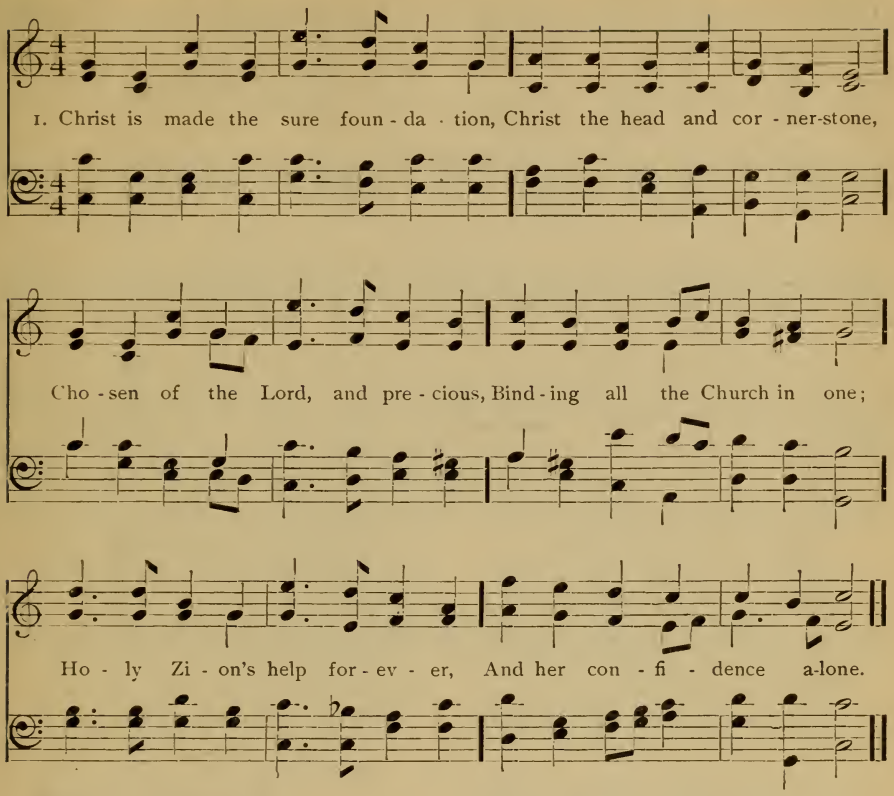
2 Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is he;
Lord Sabaoth his name,
From age to age the same,
And he must win the battle.

3 And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us,
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.
The prince of darkness grim —
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him.

4 That word above all earthly powers —
No thanks to them — abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours,
Through him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill,
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is forever.

Martin Luther. Tr. F. H. Hedge

## 406 REGENT SQUARE 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7 Henry Smart


1. Christ is made the sure foun - da - tion, Christ the head and cor - ner-stone,
Cho - sen of the Lord, and pre - cious, Bind - ing all the Church in one;
Ho - ly Zi - on's help for - ev - er, And her con - fi - dence a-lone.

2 All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody;
God the One in Three adoring
In glad hymns eternally.

3 To this temple, where we call thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day:
With thy wonted loving-kindness
Hear thy people as they pray;
And thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls alway.

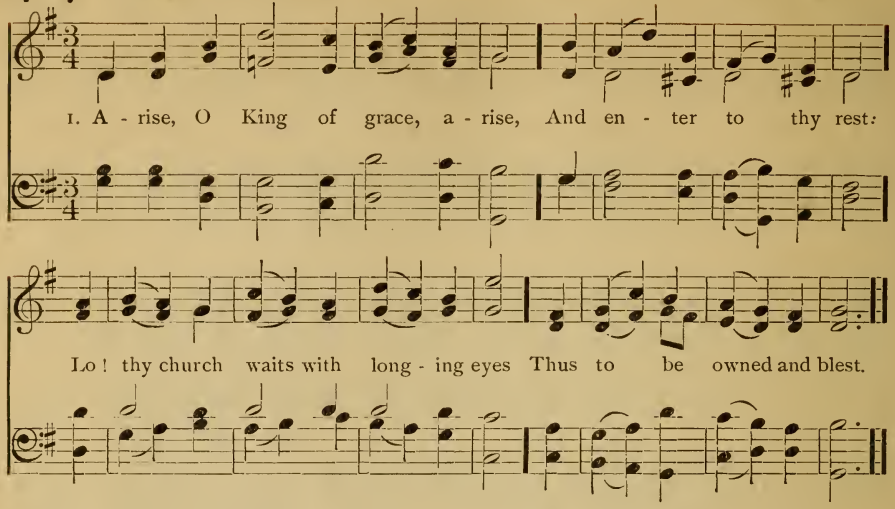
4 Here vouchsafe to all thy servants
What they ask of thee to gain,
What they gain from thee forever
With the blessèd to retain,
And hereafter in thy glory
Evermore with thee to reign.

5 Laud and honor to the Father,
Laud and honor to the Son,
Laud and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One,
One in might, and One in glory,
While unending ages run.

(Latin, 7th cent.) Tr. John M. Neale

## 407 CHESTERFIELD C. M.

T. Haweis




2 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

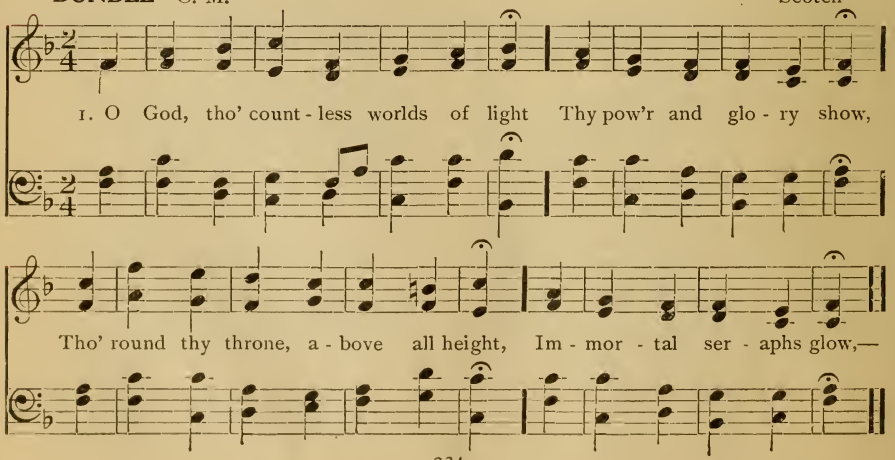
4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.

5 Here let him hold a lasting throne;
And, as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

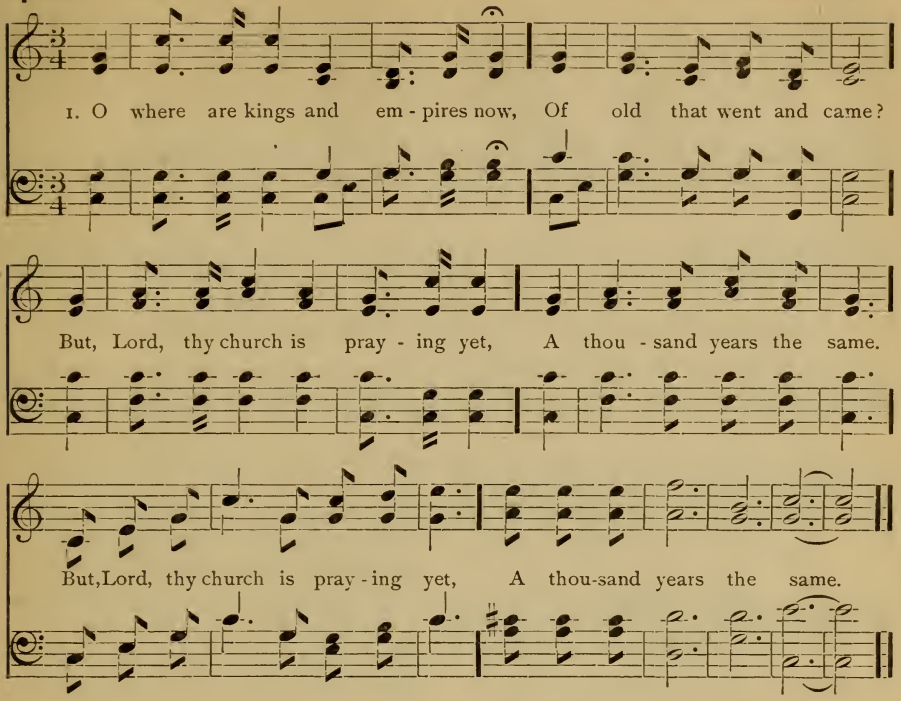
Isaac Watts

## DUNDEE C. M.

Scotch



## 408 ZERAH C. M.

Lowell Mason

1. O where are kings and em - pires now, Of old that went and came?
But, Lord, thy church is pray - ing yet, A thou - sand years the same.
But, Lord, thy church is pray - ing yet, A thou-sand years the same.

2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy church, O God!
Though earthquake shocks are threatening her,
And tempests are abroad;

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

A. Cleveland Coxe

## 409 (DUNDEE) C. M.

1 O God, though countless worlds of light
Thy power and glory show,
Though round thy throne, above all height,
Immortal seraphs glow,—

2 Yet, Lord, where'er thy saints apart
Are met for praise and prayer,
Wherever sighs a contrite heart,
Thou, gracious God, art there.

3 With grateful joy, thy children rear
This temple, Lord, to thee;
Long may they sing thy praises here,
And here thy beauty see.

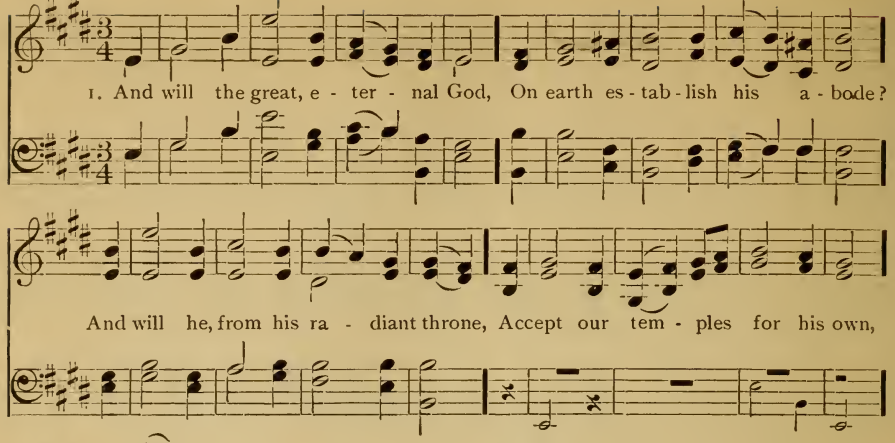
4 Here, Saviour, deign thy saints to meet,
With peace their hearts to fill;
And here, like Sharon's odors sweet,
May grace divine distill.

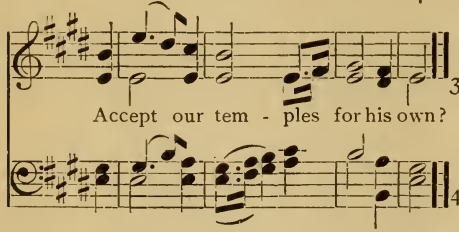
5 Here may thy truth fresh triumphs win,
Eternal Spirit, here,
In many a heart now dead in sin,
A living temple rear.

J. D. Knowles

## 410 ROTHWELL L. M.

Arr. by L. Mason


1. And will the great, e - ter - nal God, On earth es - tab - lish his a - bode?
And will he, from his ra - diant throne, Accept our tem - ples for his own,




2 These walls we to thy honor raise,
Long may they echo to thy praise;
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

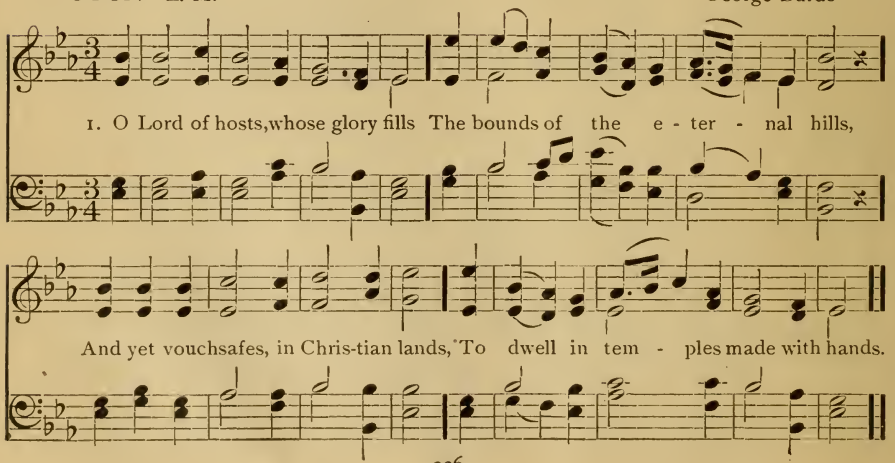
3 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
While power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

4 And in the great, decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
That crowds were born to glory here!

Philip Doddridge

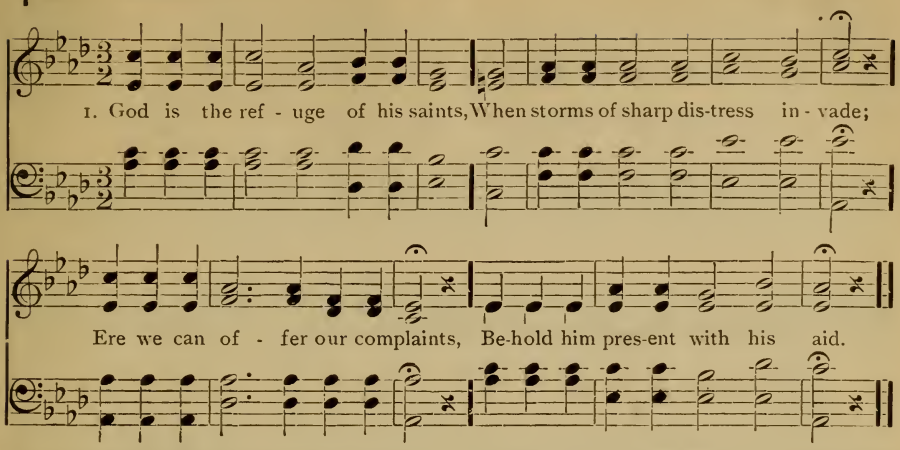
## LUTON L. M.

George Burder


1. O Lord of hosts, whose glory fills The bounds of the e - ter - nal hills,
And yet vouchsafes, in Chris-tian lands, To dwell in tem - ples made with hands.

## 411 MISSIONARY CHANT L. M.

Ch. Zeuner


1. God is the ref - uge of his saints, When storms of sharp dis-tress in - vade;
Ere we can of - fer our complaints, Be-hold him pres-ent with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world —
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar—
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

5 That sacred stream, thy holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls:
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

Isaac Watts

## 412 (LUTON) L. M.

1 O Lord of hosts, whose glory fills
The bounds of the eternal hills,
And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands,
To dwell in temples made with hands;

2 Grant that all we who here to-day
Rejoicing this foundation lay,
May be in very deed thine own,
Built on the precious corner-stone.

3 Endue the creatures with thy grace
That shall adorn thy dwelling-place;
The beauty of the oak and pine,
The gold and silver, make them thine.

4 The heads that guide endue with skill;
The hands that work preserve from ill;
That we, who these foundations lay,
May raise the topstone in its day.

J. Mason Neale

## 413 (MISSIONARY CHANT) L. M.

1 Thy temple is not made with hands,
'Tis lit by many a golden star;
The purple heights of mountain lands
Its everlasting pillars are.

2 Thee, highest heaven cannot contain,
Great Lord of earth, and sky, and sea!
Yet enter in, and bless the fane
Adoring hands have reared for thee.

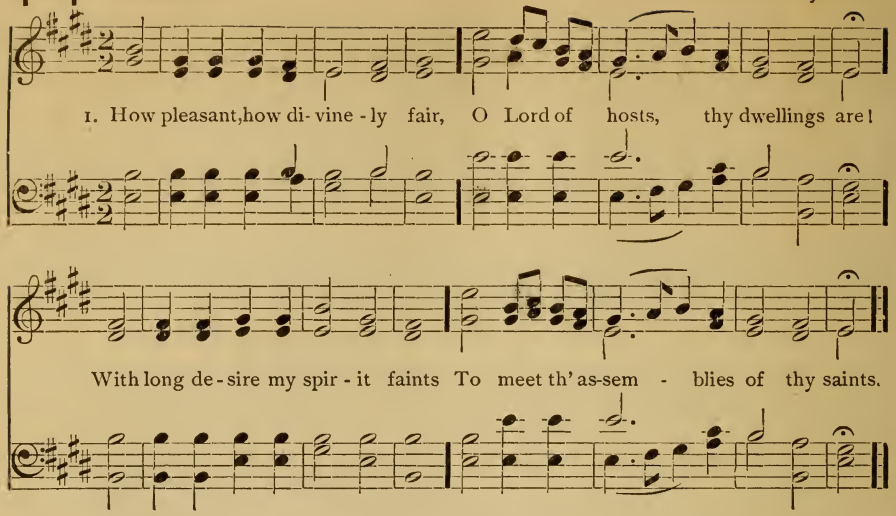
3 For welcome to the babe new-born,
For strengthening hands on bended head,
For blessings on the marriage morn,
And sweet words whispered o'er the dead;

4 For food divine to souls sufficed,
For words that warn, for prayers that press,
Arise and enter in, O Christ!
And with thy presence all things bless.

C. F. Alexander

## 414 WARREN L. M.

V. C. Taylor


1. How pleasant, how di- vine - ly fair, O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long de - sire my spir - it faints To meet th' as-sem - blies of thy saints.

2 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace:
Here they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

3 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength; and through the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

4 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length,
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

Isaac Watts

## 415 (WARREN) L. M.

1 Great God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs:
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.

4 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee;
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

Isaac Watts

## 416 (NOTTING HILL) C. M.

1 Come in, thou blessed of the Lord,
Stranger nor foe art thou:
We welcome thee with warm accord,
Our friend, our brother, now.

2 The hand of fellowship, the heart
Of love, we offer thee:
Leaving the world, thou dost but part
From lies and vanity.

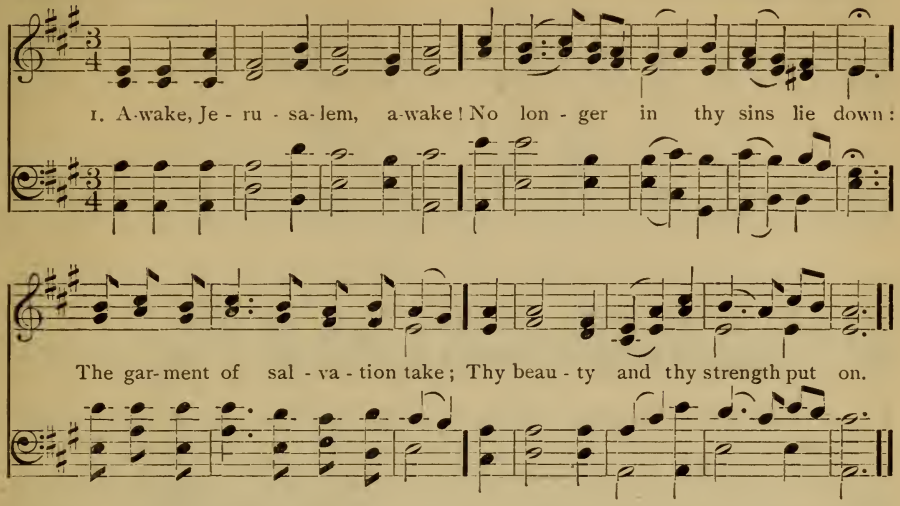
3 Come with us; we will do thee good,
As God to us hath done;
Stand but in him as those have stood
Whose faith the victory won.

4 And when, by turns, we pass away,
As star by star grows dim,
May each, translated into day,
Be lost and found in him.

James Montgomery

## 417 MIGDOL L. M.

Lowell Mason




2 Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,
And hides the promise from thine eyes;
Arise, and struggle into light;
The great Deliverer calls, "Arise!"

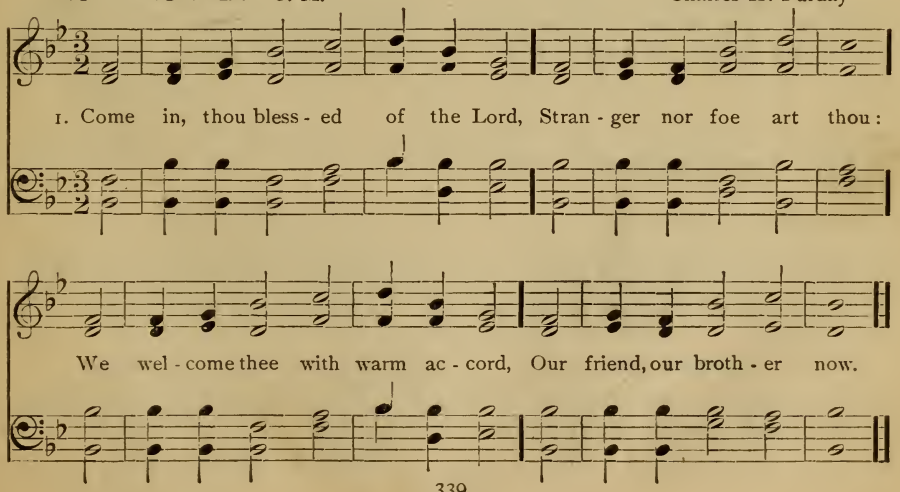
3 Shake off the bands of sad despair;
Zion, assert thy liberty;
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,
And God shall set the captive free.

4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
Be purged from every sinful stain;
Be like your Lord, his word embrace,
Nor bear his hallowed name in vain.

Charles Wesley

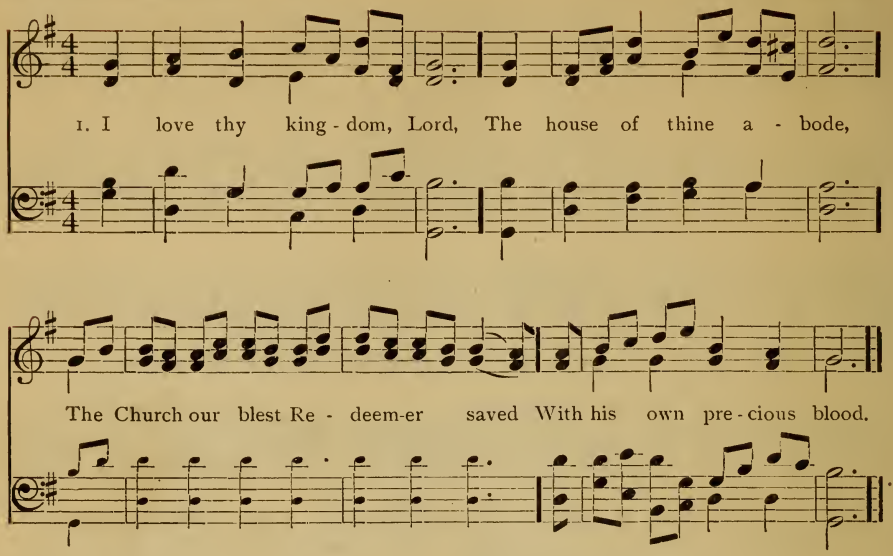
## NOTTING HILL C. M.

Charles H. Purday



## 418 SHIRLAND S. M.

Samuel Stanley




2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Timothy Dwight

## 419 (MORNINGTON) S. M.

1 Like Noah's weary dove,
That soared the earth around,
But not a resting place above
The cheerless waters found,—

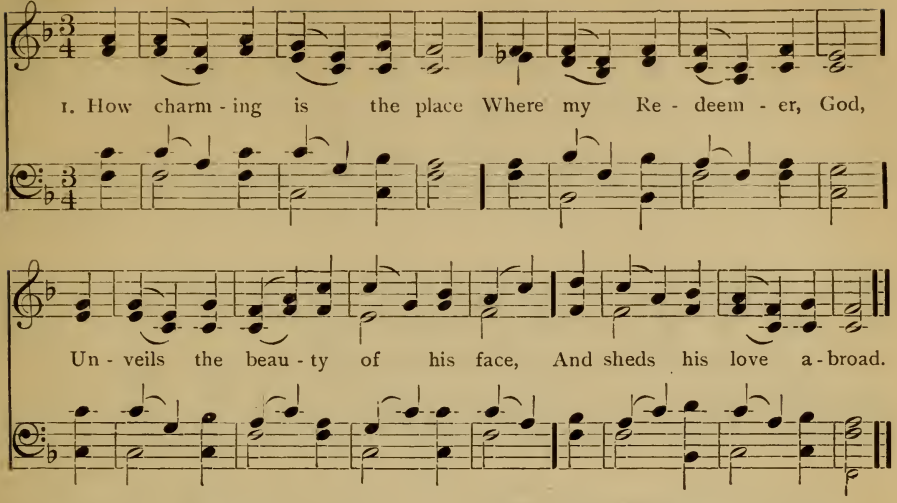
2 O cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

3 Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

4 There, safe shalt thou abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

W. A. Muhlenberg

## 420 DENNIS S. M.

Arr. from Hans G. Nägeli, by Lowell Mason

2 Not the fair palaces,
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

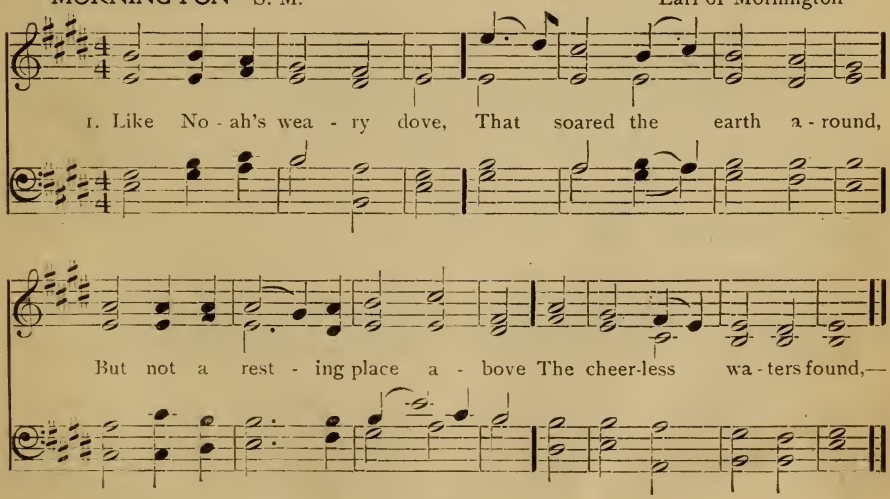
3 Here on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit
And smile on all around.

4 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

Samuel Stennett

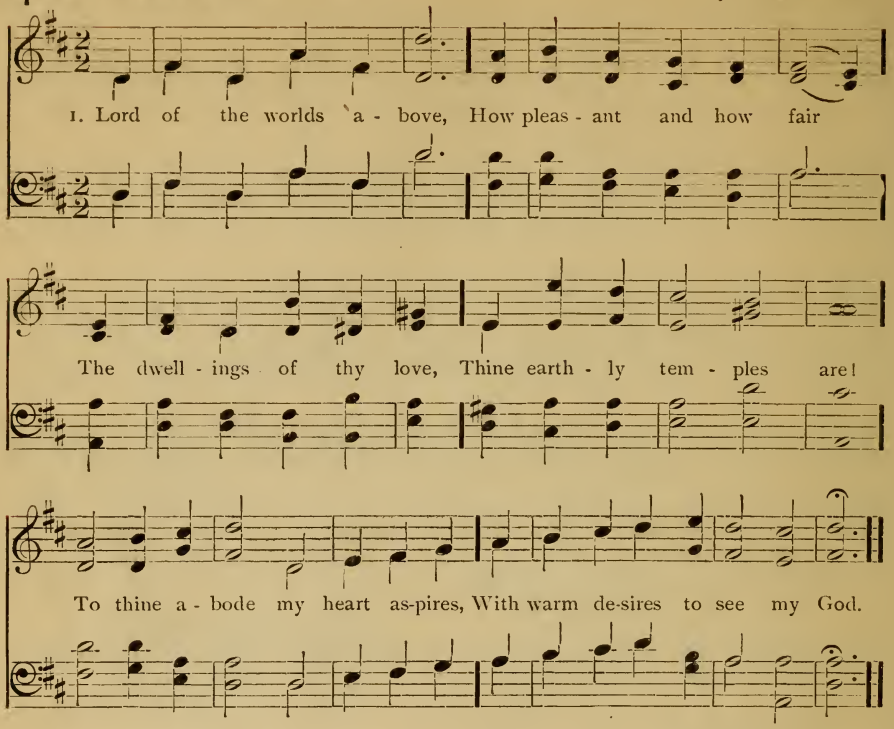
## MORNINGTON S. M.

Earl of Mornington



## 421 DARWALL 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8

John Darwall


1. Lord of the worlds a - bove, How pleas - ant and how fair
The dwell - ings of thy love, Thine earth - ly tem - ples are!
To thine a - bode my heart as-pires, With warm de-sires to see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; and happy they
That love the way to Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat! thou, God, our King,
Shalt thither bring our willing feet.

Isaac Watts

## 422 (HENDON) 7. 7. 7. 7

1 Lord of hosts! to thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise:
Thou thy people's hearts prepare
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

2 Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly bread:
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest.

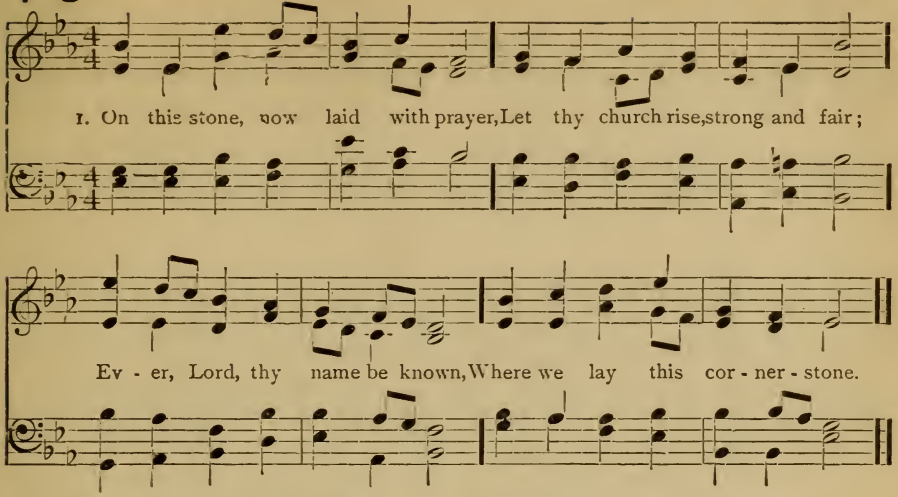
3 Here to thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land:
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah! earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply:
Hallelujah! hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

James Montgomery

## 423 THEODORA 7. 7. 7. 7

George F. Handel


1. On this stone, now laid with prayer, Let thy church rise, strong and fair;
Ev - er, Lord, thy name be known, Where we lay this cor - ner - stone.

2 Let thy holy Child, who came
Man from error to reclaim,
And for sinners to atone,
Bless, with thee, this corner-stone.

3 May thy Spirit here give rest
To the heart by sin oppressed,
And the seeds of truth be sown,
Where we lay this corner-stone.

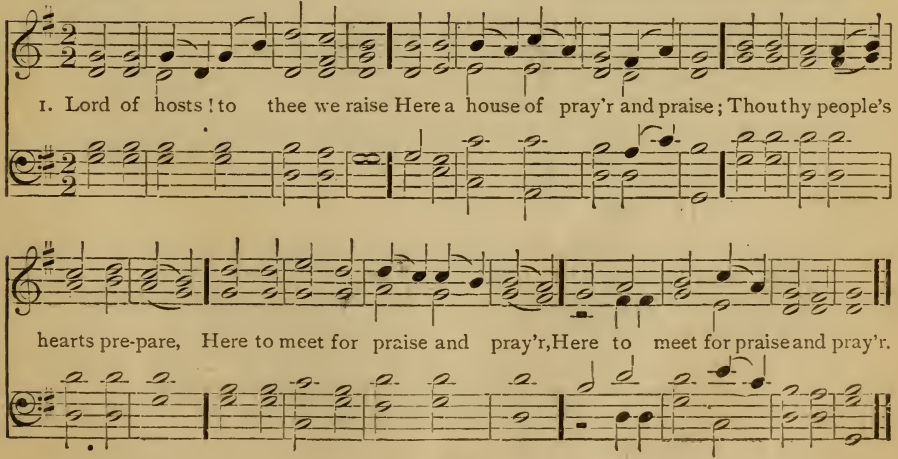
4 Open wide, O God, thy door,
For the outcast and the poor,
Who can call no house their own,
Where we lay this corner-stone.

5 By wise master-builders squared,
Here be living stones prepared
For the temple near thy throne,—
Jesus Christ its corner-stone.

John Pierpont

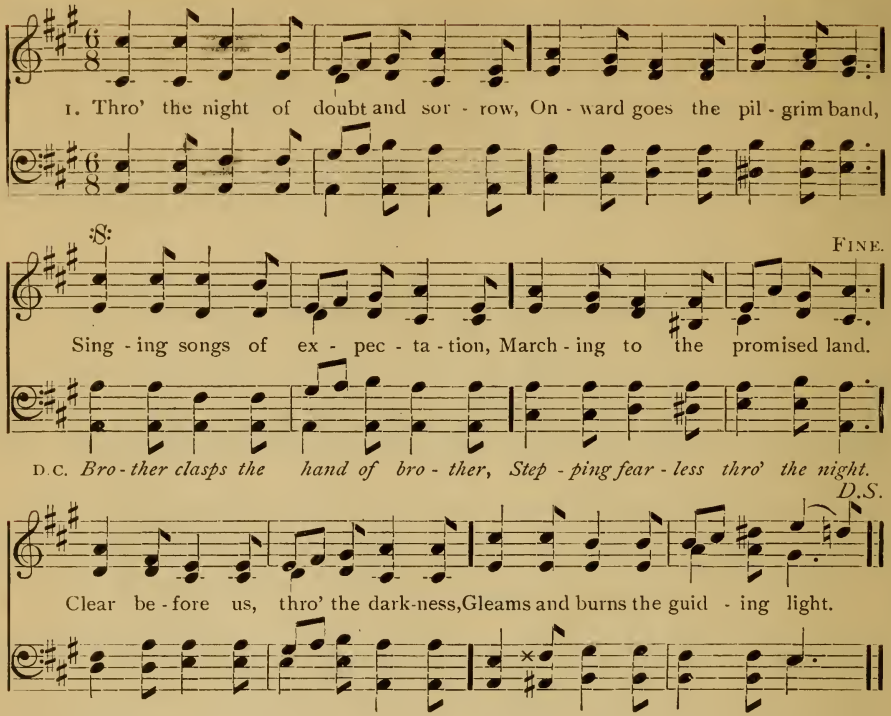
## HENDON 7. 7. 7. 7

Abraham Henri Cæsar Malan


1. Lord of hosts! to thee we raise Here a house of pray'r and praise; Thou thy people's
hearts pre-pare, Here to meet for praise and pray'r, Here to meet for praise and pray'r.

## 424 BEECROFT 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

R. DeWitt Mallary


1. Thro' the night of doubt and sor - row, On - ward goes the pil - grim band,
Sing - ing songs of ex - pec - ta - tion, March - ing to the promised land.
FINE.
D.C. Bro - ther clasps the hand of bro - ther, Step - ping fear - less thro' the night.
D.S.
Clear be - fore us, thro' the dark-ness, Gleams and burns the guid - ing light.

2 One the light of God's own presence,
O'er his ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:
One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires.

3 One the strain the lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun:
One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the one Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

S. Baring-Gould, tr.

## 425 (EVAN) C. M.

1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil his word!

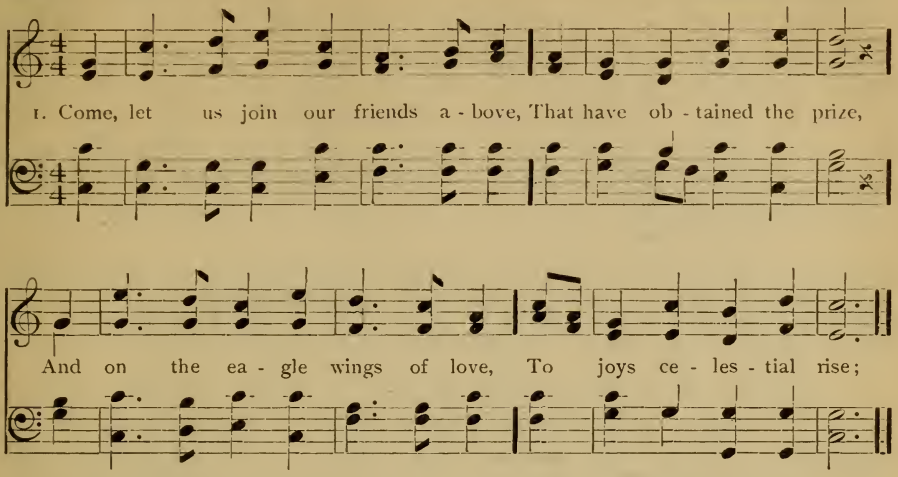
2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part!
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!

4 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

Joseph Swain

## 426 BROWN C. M.

W. B. Bradbury

2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone,
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one.

3 One family we dwell in him,
One church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death;

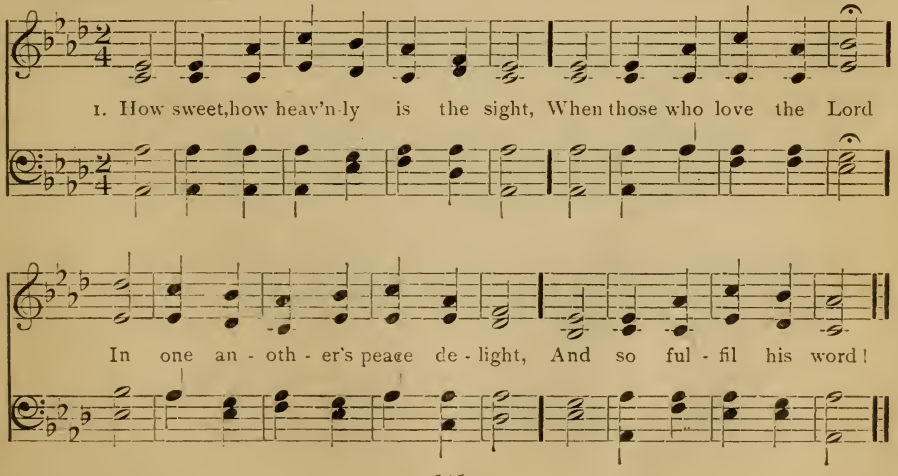
4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of his host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

5 His militant, embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heavenly land.

Charles Wesley

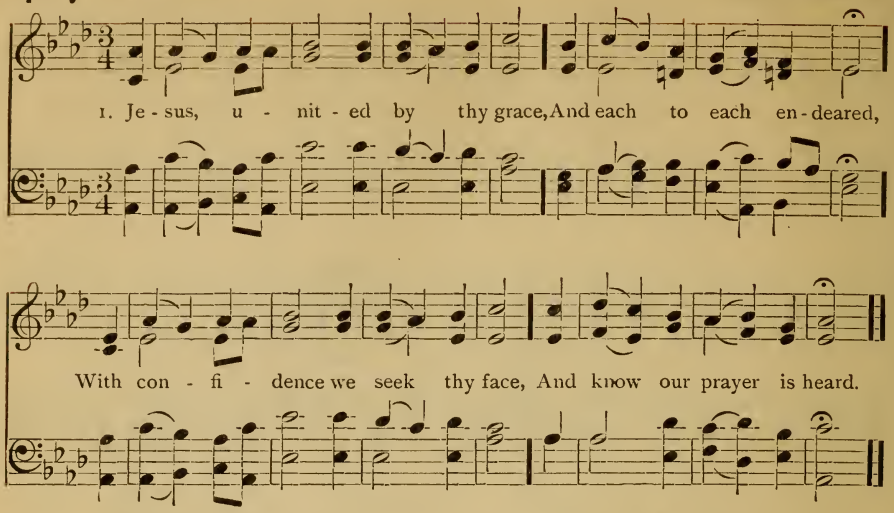
## EVAN C. M.

Celtic Melody. Arr. by William H. Havergal



## 427 ARMENIA C. M.

S. B. Pond




2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine easy yoke;
A band of love, a threefold cord,
Which never can be broke.

3 Make us into one spirit drink;
Baptize into thy name;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak, the same.

4 Touched by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree;
And ever toward each other move,
And ever move toward thee.

5 To thee inseparably joined,
Let all our spirits cleave:
O may we all the loving mind
That was in thee receive!

Charles Wesley

## 428 (ATHOL) S. M.

1 And are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give,
For his redeeming grace.

2 Preserved by power divine,
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.

3 What troubles have we seen!
What conflicts have we past!
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last!

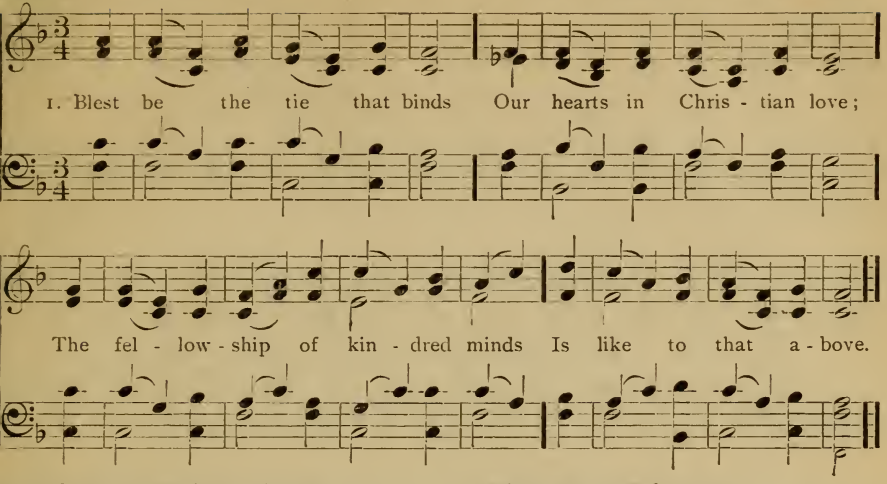
4 But out of all, the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

5 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more.

6 Let us take up the cross
Till we the crown obtain;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

Charles Wesley

## 429 DENNIS S. M.

Arr. from Hans G. Nägeli, by Lowell Mason

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

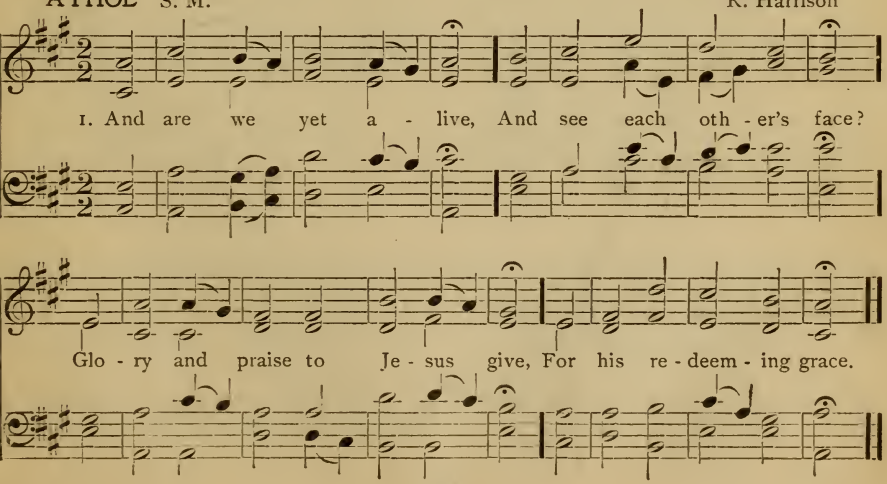
4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way,
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

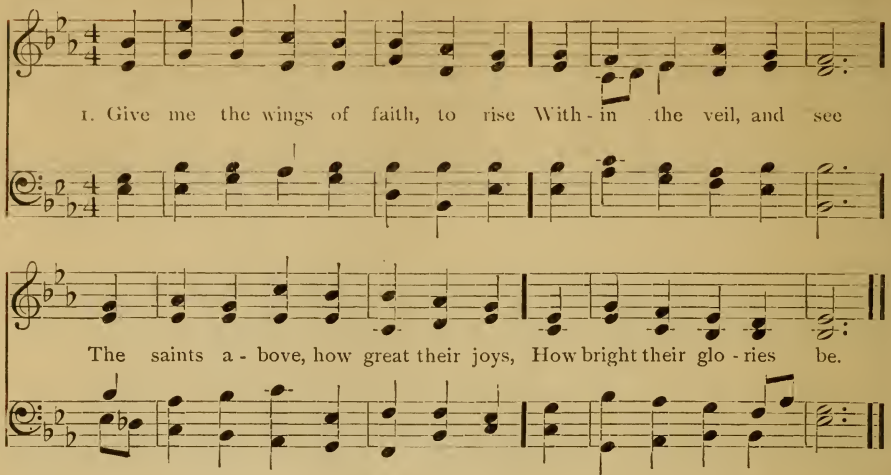
John Fawcett

## ATHOL S. M.

R. Harrison



## 430 ST. PETER C. M.

A. R. Reinagle

1. Give me the wings of faith, to rise With - in the veil, and see
The saints a - bove, how great their joys, How bright their glo - ries be.

2 Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came:
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

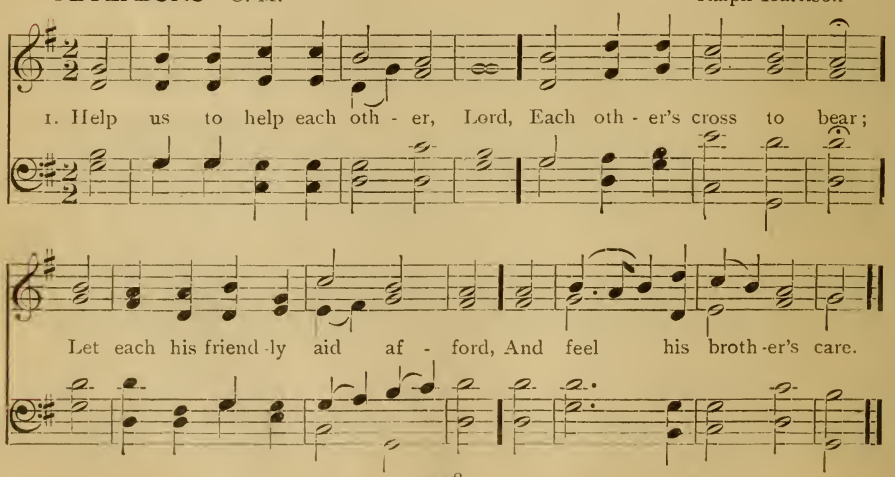
4 They marked the footsteps that he trod;
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

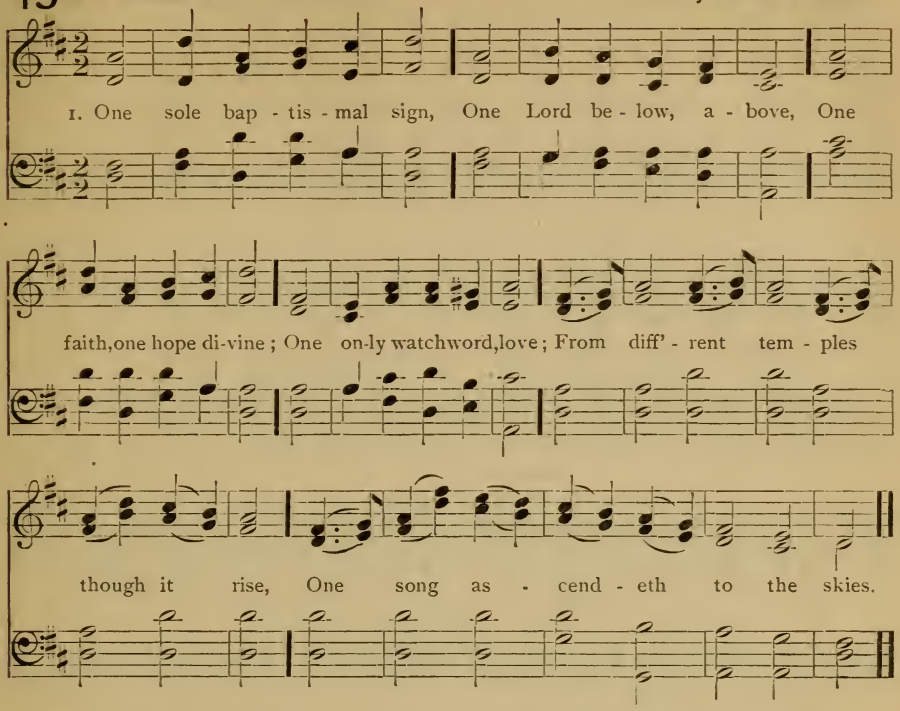
Isaac Watts

## PETERBORO C. M.

Ralph Harrison



## 431 HADDAM 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8 Arr. by Lowell Mason


1. One sole bap - tis - mal sign, One Lord be - low, a - bove, One
faith, one hope di-vine; One on-ly watchword, love; From diff' - rent tem - ples
though it rise, One song as - cend - eth to the skies.

2 Our sacrifice is one;
One priest before the throne,
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone; [dead,
Thou who didst raise him from the
Unite thy people in their Head.

3 Oh, may that holy prayer,
His tenderest and his last,
His constant, latest care
Ere to his throne he passed,
No longer unfulfilled remain,
The world's offence, his people's stain!

4 Head of thy church beneath,
The catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe,
Her unity renew;
Then shall thy perfect will be done
When Christians love and live as one.

George Robinson

## 432 (PETERBORO) C. M.

1 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear:
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

2 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve:
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

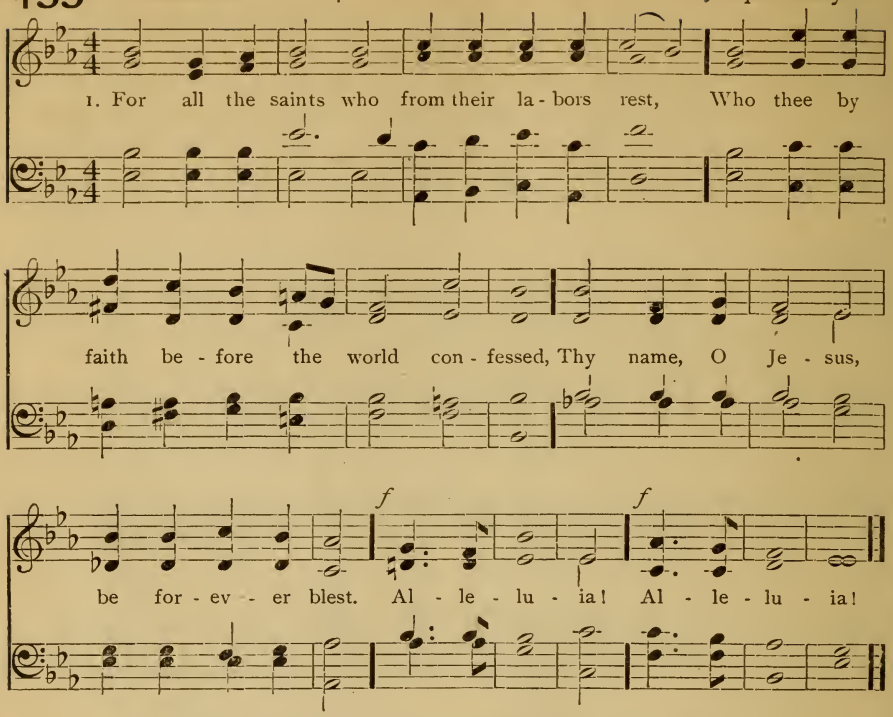
3 Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow;
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

4 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride:
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

Charles Wesley

## 433 SARUM 10. 10. 10. 4

Joseph Barnby


1. For all the saints who from their la - bors rest, Who thee by
faith be - fore the world con - fessed, Thy name, O Je - sus,
be for - ev - er blest. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

2 Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might;
Thou, Lord, their captain, in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true light. Alleluia!

3 O may thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win with them the victor's crown of gold. Alleluia!

4 O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine. Alleluia!

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia!

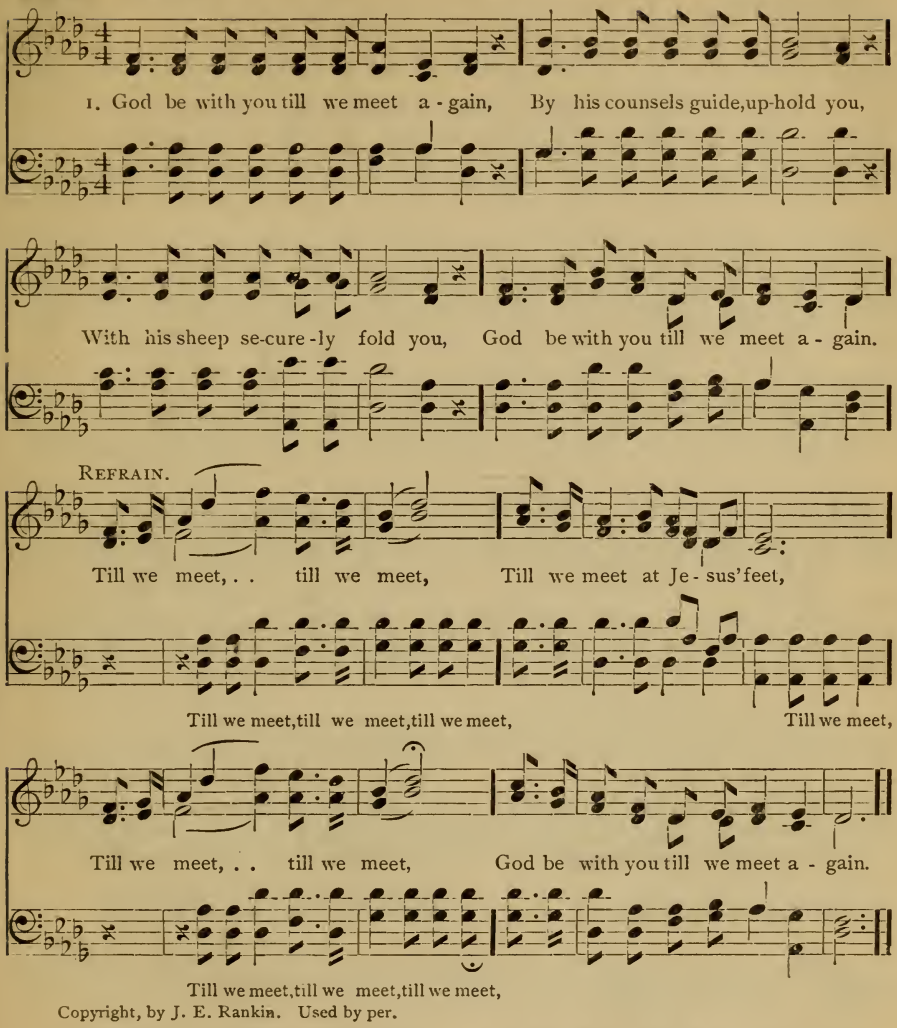
6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of paradise the blest. Alleluia!

7 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Alleluia!



William W. How

## 434 GOD BE WITH YOU 9. 8. 8. 9. with Refrain — William G. Toner


1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By his counsels guide, up-hold you,
With his sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
REFRAIN.
Till we meet, . . till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet,
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet,
Till we meet, . . till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

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2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath his wings protecting hide you,
Daily manna still divide you,
God be with you till we meet again.
[—REF.

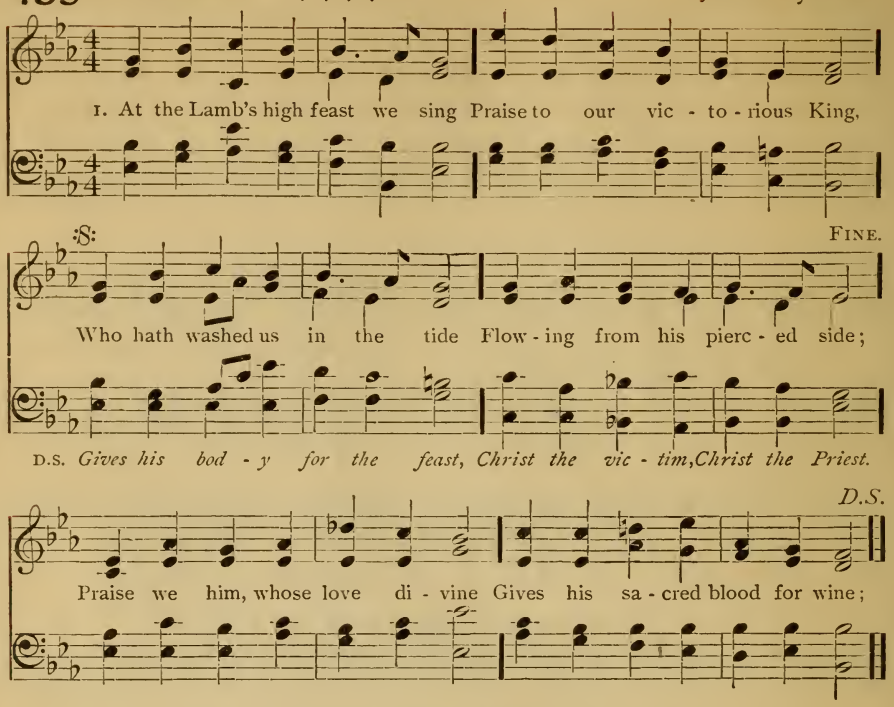
3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put his arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.
[—REF.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you, [—REF.
God be with you till we meet again.

J. E. Rankin

## 435 HOLLINGSIDE 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

John B. Dykes


1. At the Lamb's high feast we sing Praise to our vic - to - rious King,
:S:
FINE.
Who hath washed us in the tide Flow - ing from his pierc - ed side;
D.S. Gives his bod - y for the feast, Christ the vic - tim, Christ the Priest.
D.S.
Praise we him, whose love di - vine Gives his sa - cred blood for wine;

2 Where the paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed
Paschal victim, paschal bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above.

3 Mighty victim from the sky!
Hell's fierce powers beneath thee lie;
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light:
Now no more can death appall,
Now no more the grave enthrall;
Thou hast opened Paradise,
And in thee thy saints shall rise.

Tr. by R. Campbell

## 436 (EUCHARIST) L. M.

1 My God, and is thy table spread?
And does thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

2 Hail, sacred feast which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food!

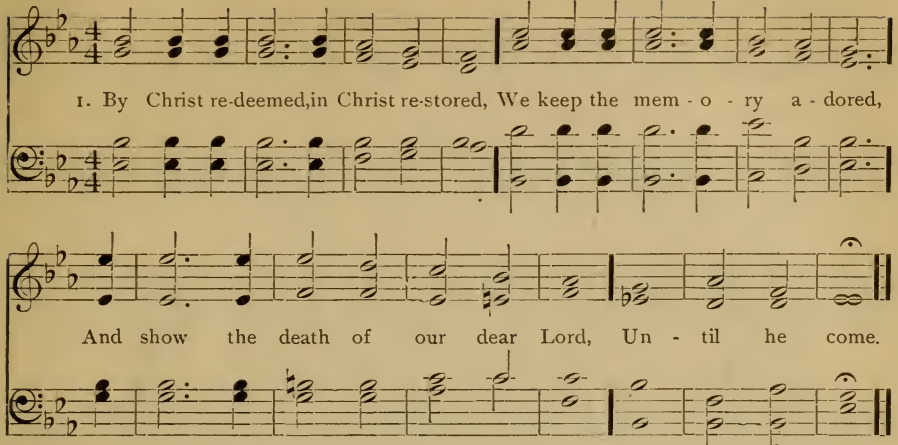
3 Why are its dainties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed?
Was not for you the victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's bread?

4 O let thy table honored be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

Philip Doddridge

## 437 HANFORD 8. 8. 8. 4

Arthur Sullivan




2 His body broken in our stead
Is here, in this memorial bread;
And so our feeble love is fed,
Until he come.

3 His fearful drops of agony,
His life-blood shed for us we see:
The wine shall tell the mystery,
Until he come.

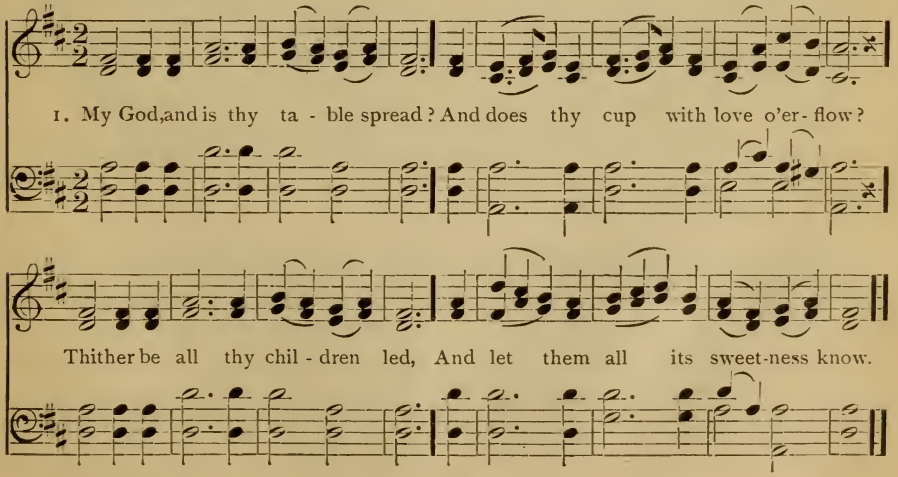
4 Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
And with the great commanding word,
The Lord shall come.

5 O blessed hope! with this elate
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But strong in faith, in patience wait,
Until he come!

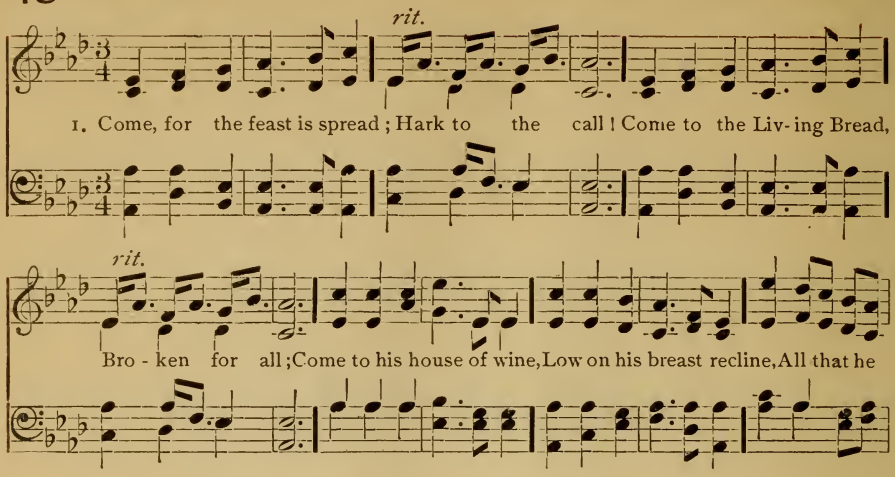
George Rawson

## EUCHARIST L. M.

I. B. Woodbury


1. My God, and is thy ta - ble spread? And does thy cup with love o'er - flow?
Thither be all thy chil - dren led, And let them all its sweet-ness know.

## 438 WELCOME 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4


rit.
1. Come, for the feast is spread; Hark to the call! Come to the Liv-ing Bread,
rit.
Bro - ken for all; Come to his house of wine, Low on his breast recline, All that he
rit.
hath is thine; Come, sin - ner, come.

1. Come, for the feast is spread;
Hark to the call!
Come to the Liv-ing Bread,
Bro-ken for all;
Come to his house of wine,
Low on his breast recline,
All that he hath is thine;
Come, sin-ner, come.

2 Come where the fountain flows—
River of life—
Healing for all thy woes,
Doubting and strife;
Millions have been supplied,
No one was e'er denied;
Come to the crimson tide,
Come, sinner, come.

3 Come to the throne of grace,
Boldly draw near;
He who would win the race
Must tarry here;
Whate'er thy want may be,
Here is the grace for thee,
Jesus thy only plea,
Come, Christian, come.

4 Jesus, we come to thee,
Oh, take us in!
Set thou our spirits free;
Cleanse us from sin!
Then, in yon land of light,
Clothed in our robes of white,
Resting not day nor night,
Thee will we sing.

Henry Burton

## 439 (GERMANY) L. M.

1 Jesus, thou joy of loving hearts,
Thou fount of life! thou light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to thee again.

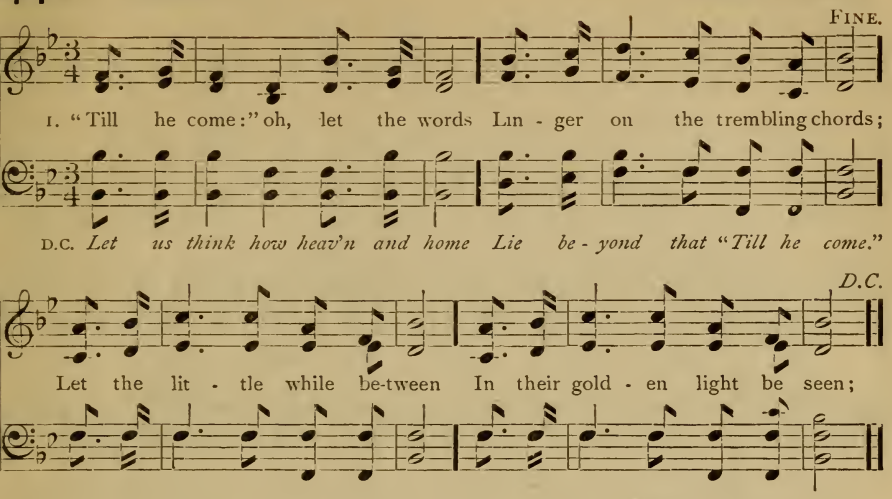
2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on thee call;
To them that seek thee thou art good,
To them that find thee, all in all.

3 We taste thee, O thou living bread,
And long to feast upon thee still;
We drink of thee, the fountain head,
And thirst our souls from thee to fill!

4 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.

Tr. Ray Palmer

## 440 TOPLADY 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7

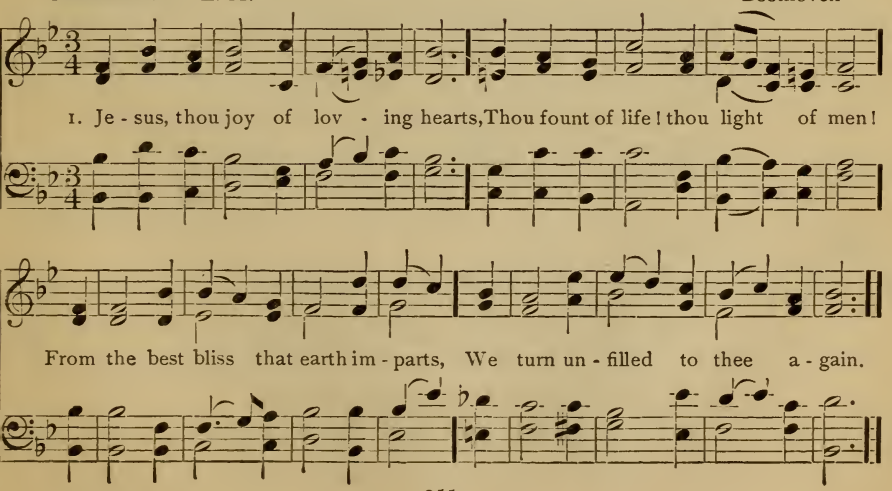
Thomas Hastings

FINE.
1. "Till he come:" oh, let the words Lin - ger on the trembling chords;
D.C. Let us think how heav'n and home Lie be - yond that "Till he come."
D.C.
Let the lit - tle while be-tween In their gold - en light be seen;

2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life joy overcast?
Hush, be every murmur dumb;
It is only — "Till he come."

3 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine, and break the bread;
Sweet memorials, — till the Lord
Call us round his heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only — "Till he come."

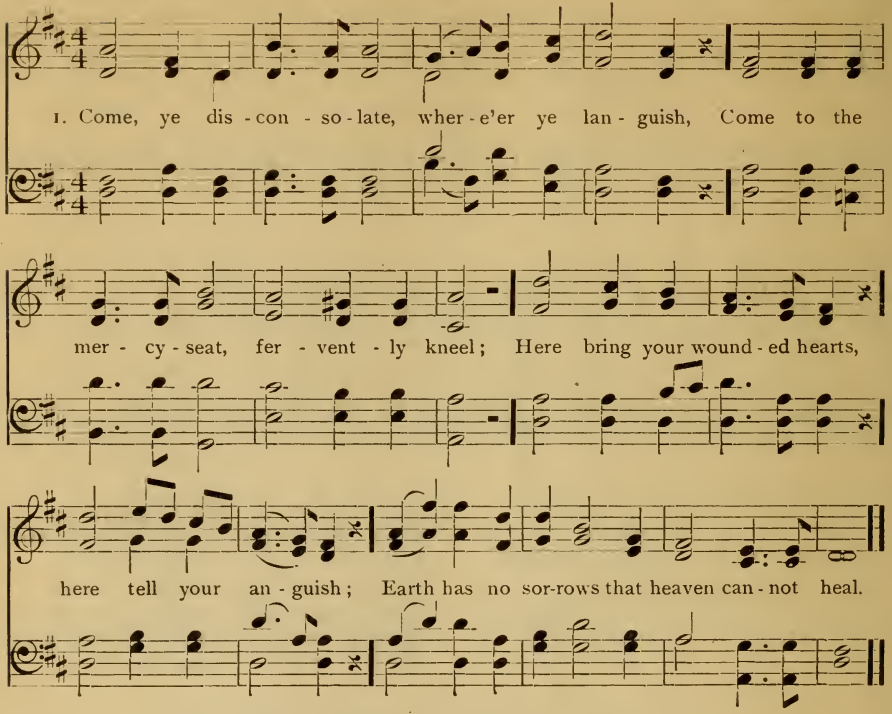
E. H. Bickersteth

## GERMANY L. M.

Beethoven

1. Je - sus, thou joy of lov - ing hearts, Thou fount of life! thou light of men!
From the best bliss that earth im - parts, We turn un - filled to thee a - gain.

## 441 ALMA 11. 10. 11. 10

Arr. from Samuel Webbe


1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish, Come to the
mer - cy - seat, fer - vent - ly kneel; Here bring your wound - ed hearts,
here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor-rows that heaven can - not heal.

2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure!
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
"Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot cure."

3 Here see the Bread of Life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast prepared; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrows but heaven can remove.

Thomas Moore. Verse 3, Thomas Hastings

## 442 (EUCHARIST) 9. 8. 9. 8

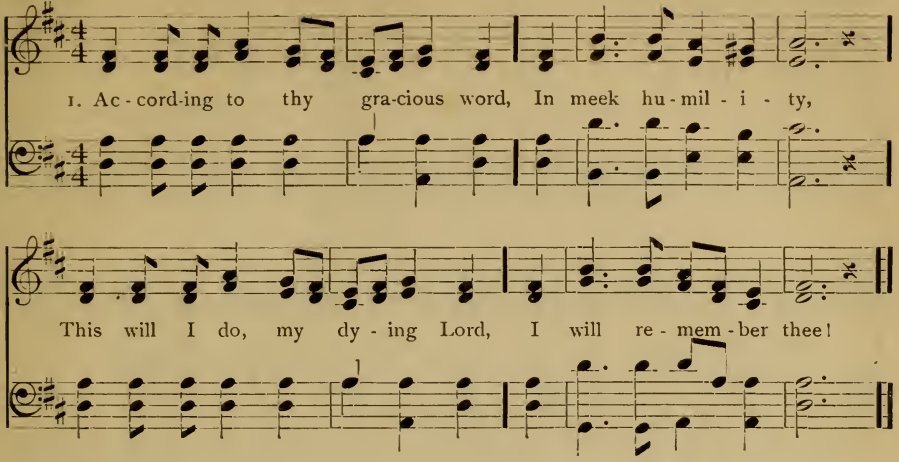
1 Bread of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead.

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be thy feast to us the token
That by thy grace our souls are fed.

R. Heber

## 443 NAOMI C. M.

Lowell Mason




2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee!

3 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember thee!

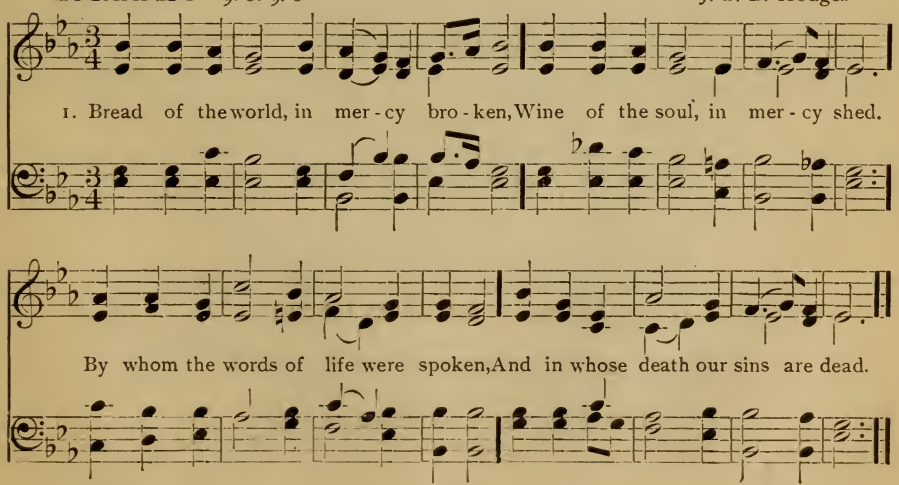
4 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee!

5 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me!

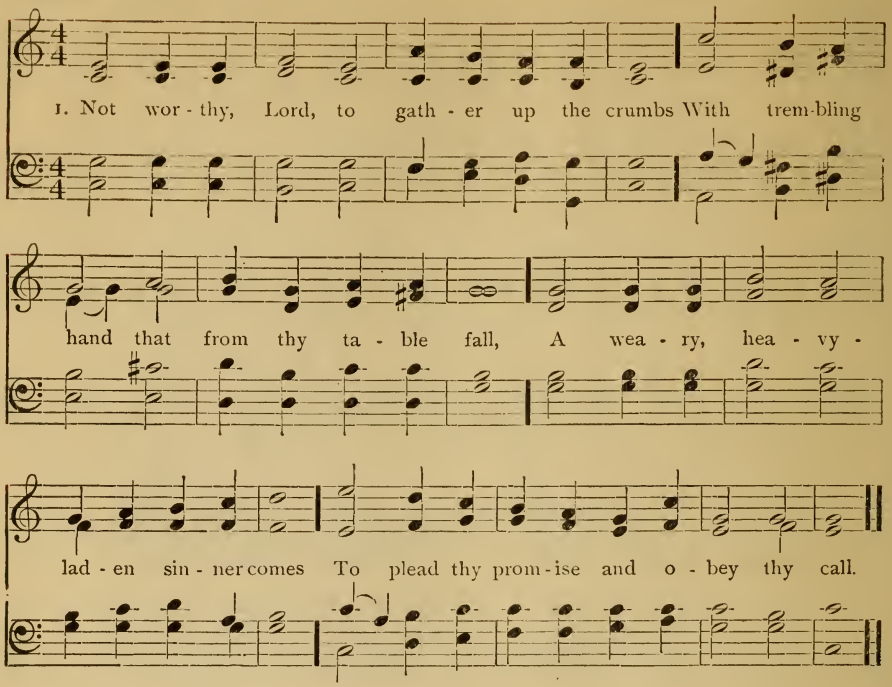
James Montgomery

## EUCHARIST 9. 8. 9. 8

J. S. B. Hodges


1. Bread of the world, in mer - cy bro - ken, Wine of the soul, in mer - cy shed.
By whom the words of life were spoken, And in whose death our sins are dead.

## 444 MORECAMBE 10. 10. 10. 10


1. Not wor - thy, Lord, to gath - er up the crumbs With trem-bling
hand that from thy ta - ble fall, A wea - ry, hea - vy -
lad - en sin - ner comes To plead thy prom - ise and o - bey thy call.

2 I am not worthy to be thought thy child,
Nor sit the last and lowest at thy board;
Too long a wanderer and too oft beguiled,
I only ask one reconciling word.

3 One word from thee, my Lord, one smile, one look,
And I could face the cold, rough world again;
And with that treasure in my heart could brook
The wrath of devils and the scorn of men.

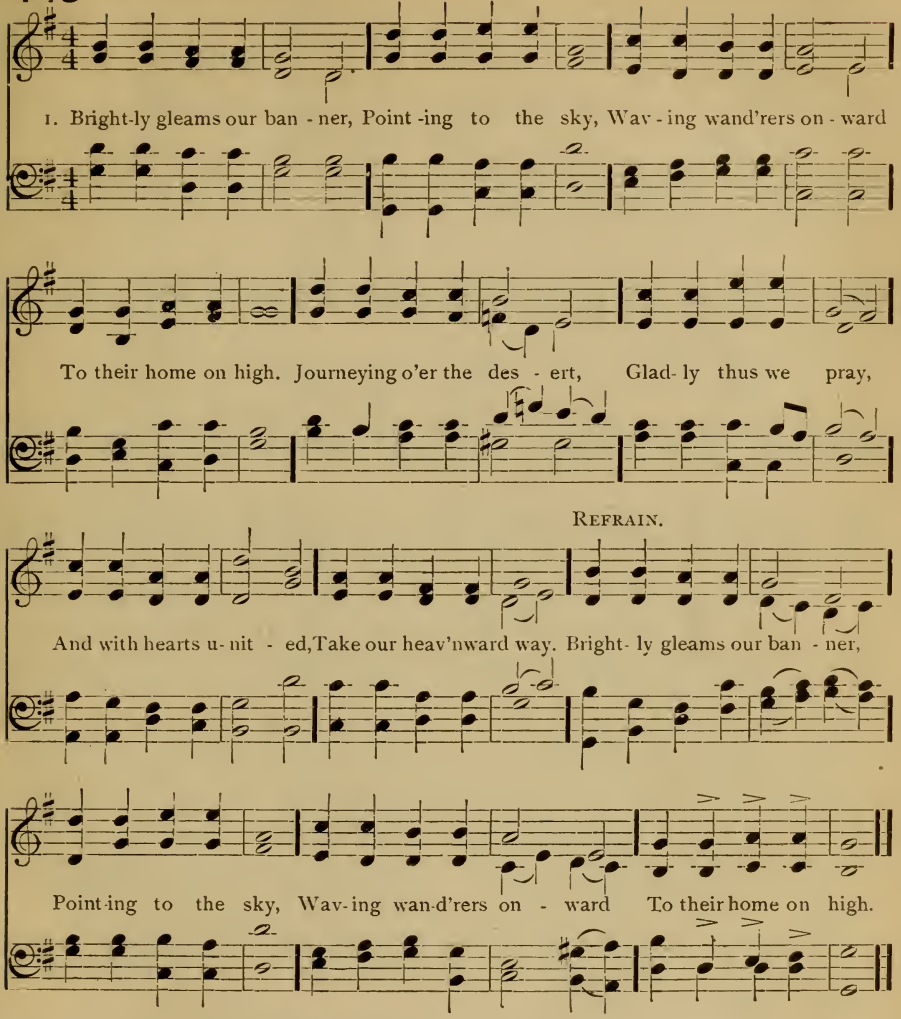
4 I hear thy voice; thou bidd'st me come and rest;
I come, I kneel, I clasp thy piercèd feet;
Thou bidd'st me take my place, a welcome guest
Among thy saints, and of thy banquet eat.

5 My praise can only breathe itself in prayer,
My prayer can only lose itself in thee;
Dwell thou for ever in my heart, and there,
Lord, let me sup with thee; sup thou with me.

Edward H. Bickersteth

## 445 ST. ALBAN'S 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

Arr. from Haydn


1. Bright-ly gleams our ban - ner, Point -ing to the sky, Wav - ing wand'rers on - ward
To their home on high. Journeying o'er the des - ert, Glad- ly thus we pray,
Refrain.
And with hearts u- nit - ed, Take our heav'nward way. Bright- ly gleams our ban - ner,
Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing wan-d'rers on - ward To their home on high.

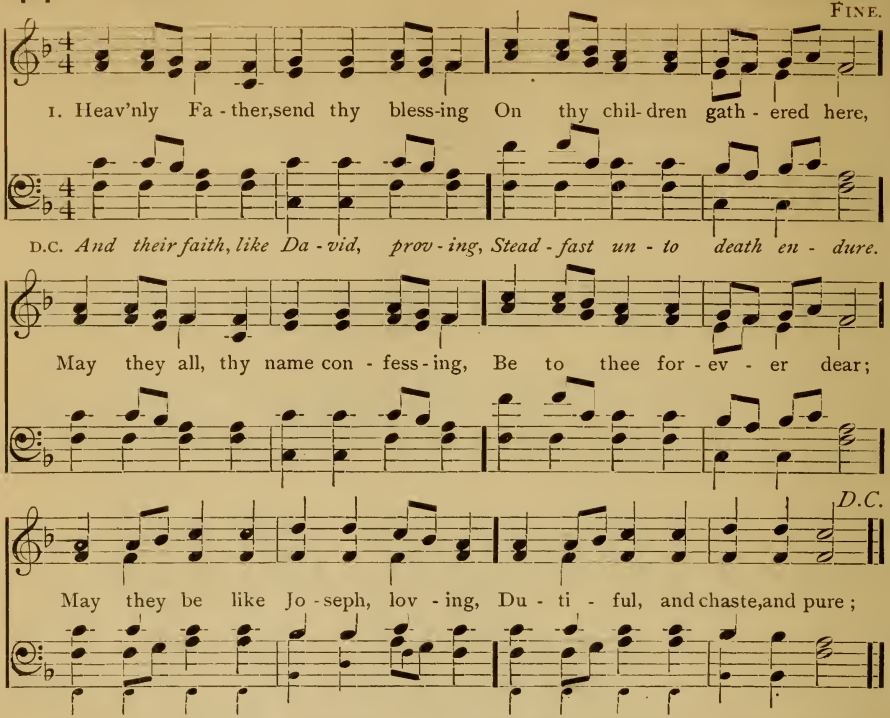
2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
At thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing
See thy children meet;
Often have we left thee,
Often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way. — Ref.

3 All our days direct us
In the way we go;
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe:
Bid thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lower;
Pardon thou and save us
In the last dread hour. — Ref.

Thomas J. Potter

## 446 GREENVILLE S. 7. S. 7. D.

J. J. Rousseau


FINE.
1. Heav'nly Fa - ther, send thy bless-ing On thy chil-dren gath - ered here,
D.C. And their faith, like Da - vid, prov - ing, Stead - fast un - to death en - dure.
May they all, thy name con - fess - ing, Be to thee for - ev - er dear;
D.C.
May they be like Jo - seph, lov - ing, Du - ti - ful, and chaste, and pure;

2 Holy Saviour, who in meekness
Didst vouchsafe a child to be,
Guide their steps and help their weakness,
Bless and make them like to thee.
Fear thy lambs when they are weary
In thine arms and at thy breast;
Through life's desert, dry and dreary,
Bring them to thy heavenly rest.

3 Spread thy golden pinions o'er them,
Holy Spirit from above;
Guide them, lead them, go before them,
Give them peace, and joy, and love:
Temples of thy glorious Godhead,
May they with thy presence shine,
And immortal bliss inherit,
And for evermore be thine.

C. Wordsworth

## 447 (MERCY) 7. 7. 7. 7

1 Lord, this day thy children meet
In thy courts with willing feet;
Unto thee this day they raise
Grateful hearts in hymns of praise.

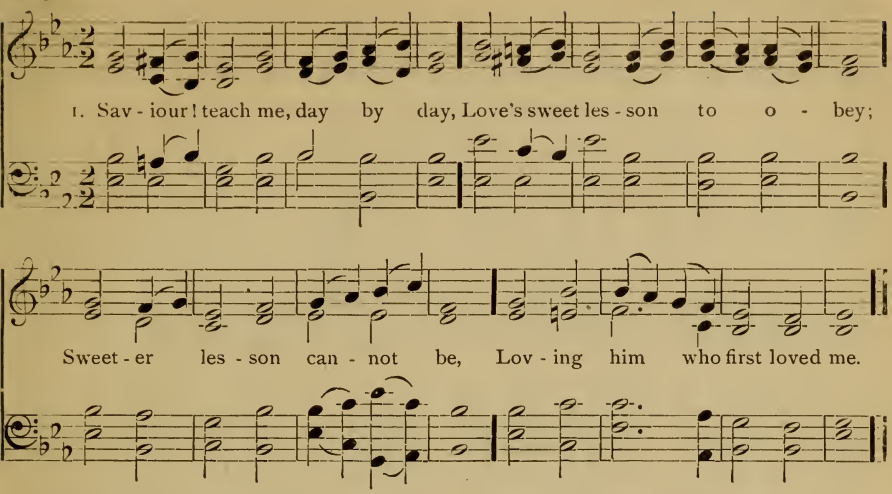
2 Help us unto thee to pray,
Hallowing our happy day;
From thy presence thus to win
Hearts all pure, and free from sin.

3 All our pleasures here below,
Saviour, from thy mercy flow:
But if earth has joys like this,
What shall be our heavenly bliss?

4 Make, O Lord, our childhood shine
With all lowly grace, like thine:
Then through all eternity
We shall live in heaven with thee.

W. W How

## 448 HOLLEY 7. 7. 7. 7

Geo. Hews

2 With a child's glad heart of love,
At thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

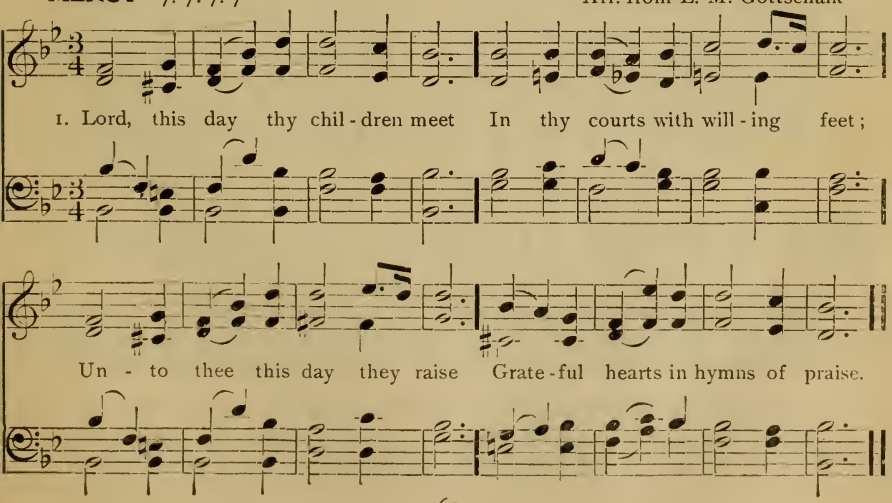
3 Teach me thus thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace;
Learning how to love from thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving him who first loved me.

Jane E. Leeson

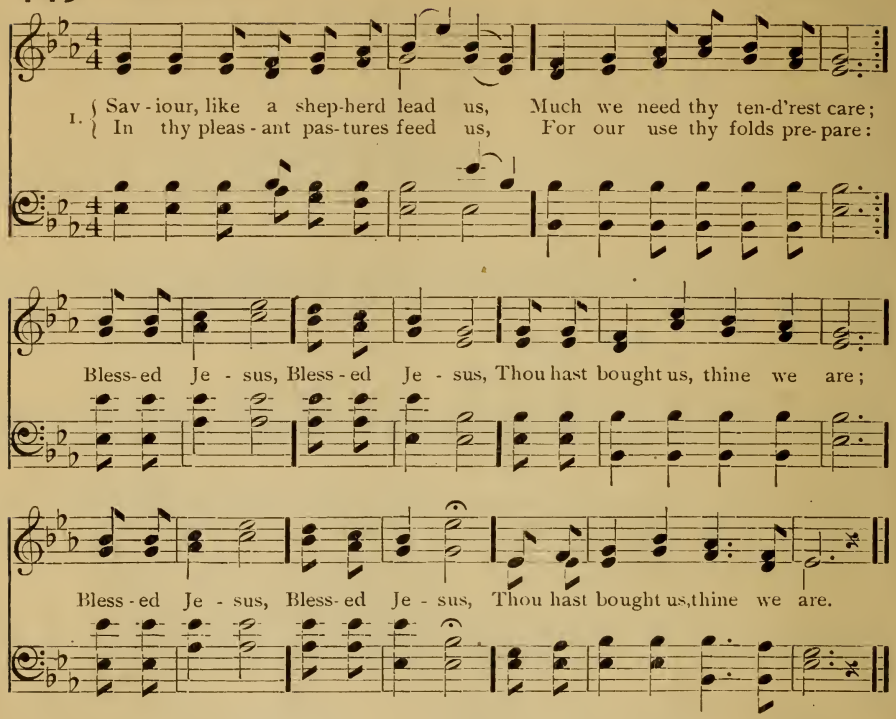
## MERCY 7. 7. 7. 7

Arr. from L. M. Gottschalk


1. Lord, this day thy chil - dren meet In thy courts with will - ing feet;
Un - to thee this day they raise Grate - ful hearts in hymns of praise.

## 449 SHEPHERD 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7

W. B. Bradbury


1. Sav - iour, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need thy ten-d'rest care;
In thy pleas - ant pas-tures feed us, For our use thy folds pre-pare:
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are;
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessèd Jesus,
We will early turn to thee.

3 Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;
Blessèd Lord and only Saviour,
With thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessèd Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Dorothy Anne Thrupp

## 450 (DORRNANCE) 8. 7. 8. 7

1 Saviour, who thy flock art feeding
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share;

2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in thy gracious arm;
There, we know, thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

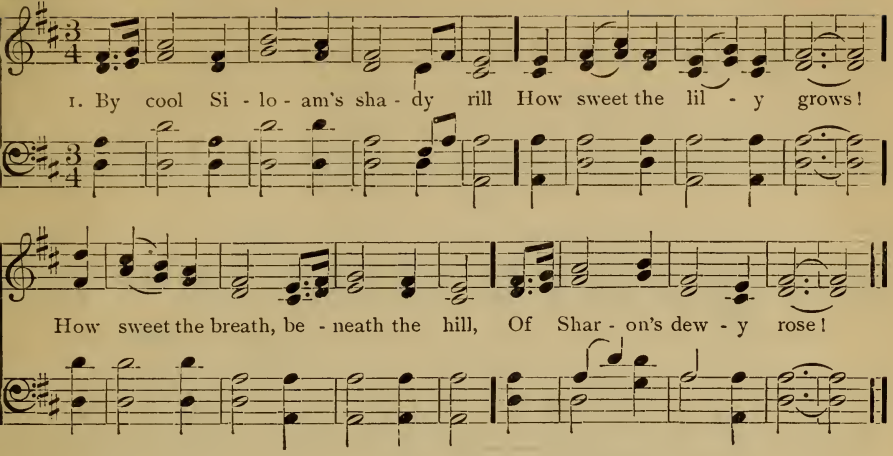
3 Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dang'rous way:

4 Then, within thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

William A. Muhlenberg

## 451 SILOAM C. M.

I. B. Woodbury




2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

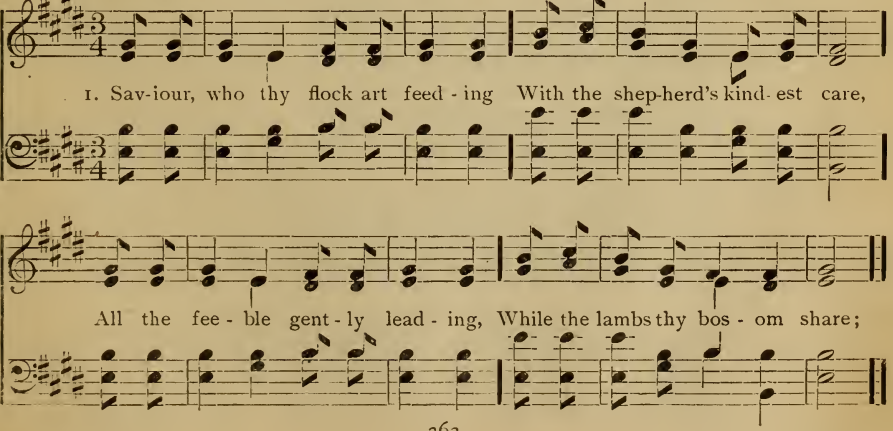
5 O thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine;

6 Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

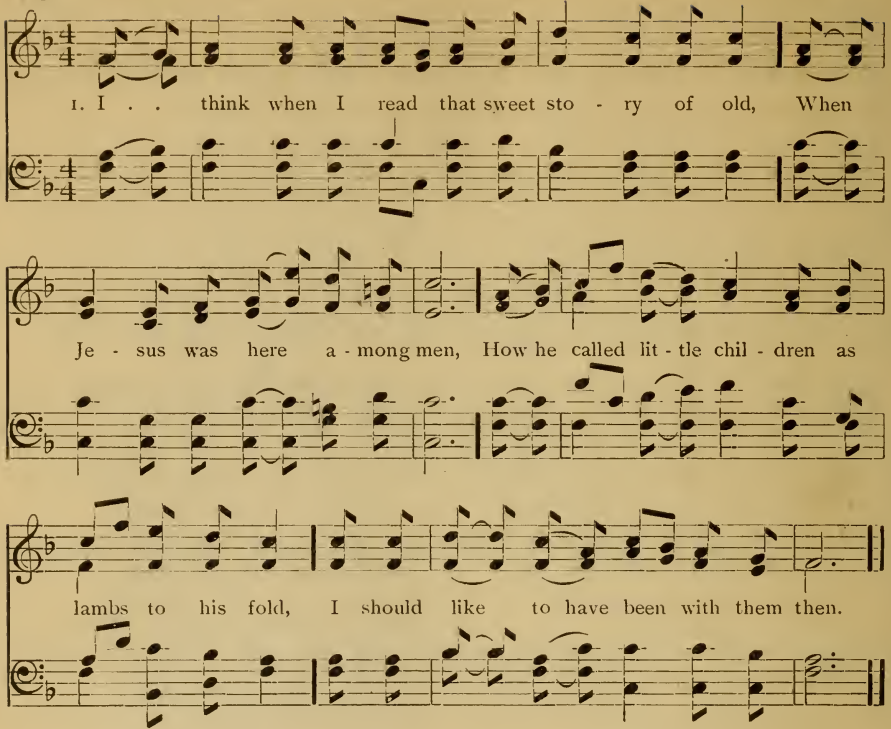
Reginald Heber

## DORRNANCE 8. 7. 8. 7

Isaac B. Woodbury


1. Sav-iour, who thy flock art feed - ing With the shep-herd's kind - est care,
All the fee - ble gent - ly lead - ing, While the lambs thy bos - om share;

## 452 SWEET STORY 11. 8. 11. 9. Irregular English


1. I . . think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When
Je - sus was here a - mong men, How he called lit - tle chil - dren as
lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them then.

2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share of his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above,

4 In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven:
And many dear children shall be with him there
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

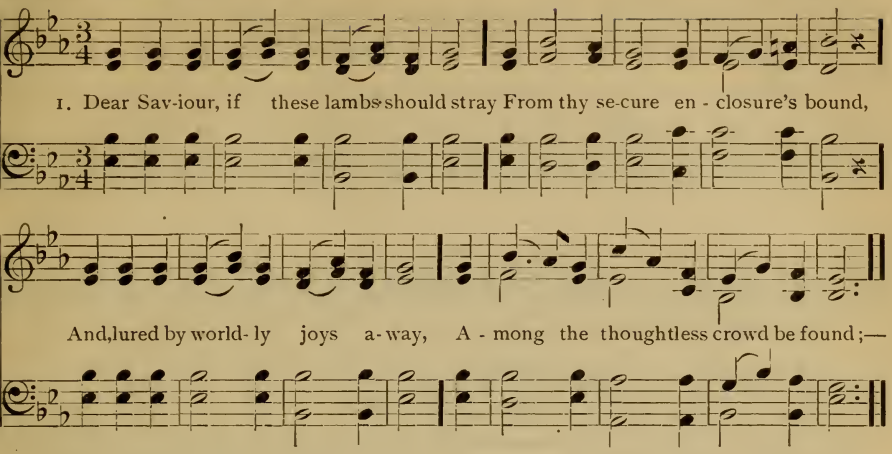
5 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home,
I wish they could know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.



Jemima Luke

## 453 ROSEDALE L. M.

G. F. Root


1. Dear Sav-iour, if these lambs should stray From thy se-cure en - closure's bound,
And, lured by world- ly joys a- way, A - mong the thoughtless crowd be found;—

2 Remember still that they are thine,
That thy dear sacred name they bear;
Think that the seal of love divine,
The sign of covenant grace they wear.

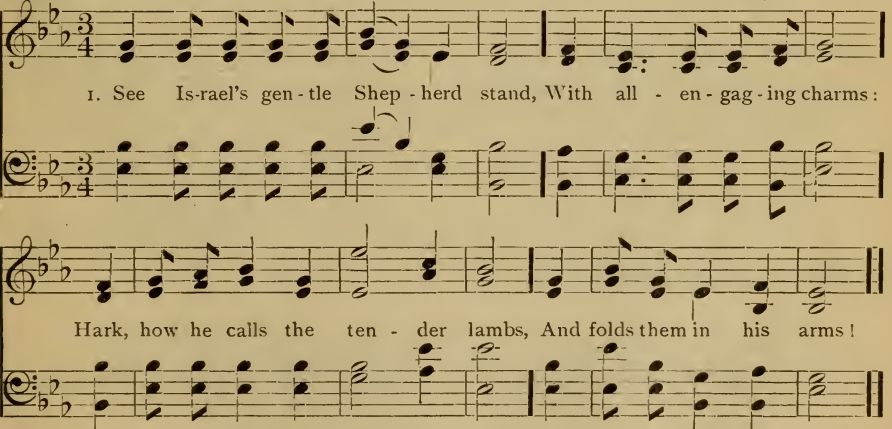
3 In all their erring, sinful years,
O, let them ne'er forgotten be;
Remember all the prayers and tears
Which made them consecrate to thee.

4 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn thou their feet from folly's way;
The wanderers to thy fold restore.

A. B. Hyde

## 454 ELIZABETHTOWN C. M.

George Kingsley


1. See Is-rael's gen - tle Shep - herd stand, With all - en - gag - ing charms:
Hark, how he calls the ten - der lambs, And folds them in his arms!

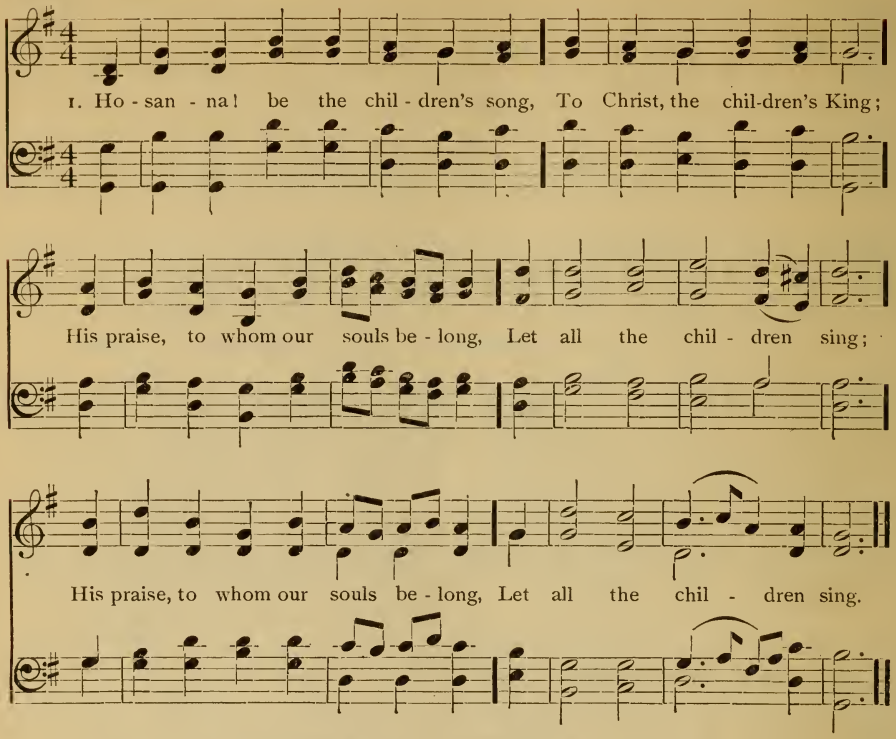
2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name:
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

Philip Doddridge

## 455 CORONATION C. M.

Oliver Holden


1. Ho - san - na! be the chil - dren's song, To Christ, the chil-dren's King;
His praise, to whom our souls be - long, Let all the chil - dren sing;
His praise, to whom our souls be - long, Let all the chil - dren sing.

2 Hosanna! sound from hill to hill,
And spread from plain to plain,
While louder, sweeter, clearer still,
Woods echo to the strain.

3 Hosanna! on the wings of light,
O'er earth and ocean fly,
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth, reply.

4 Hosanna! then, our song shall be;
Hosanna to our King!
This is the children's jubilee;
Let all the children sing.

James Montgomery

## 456 (ARLINGTON) C. M.

1 How large the promise, how divine,
To Abrah'm and his seed!
"I am a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need."

2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure;
The angel of the cov'nant proves
And seals the blessing sure.

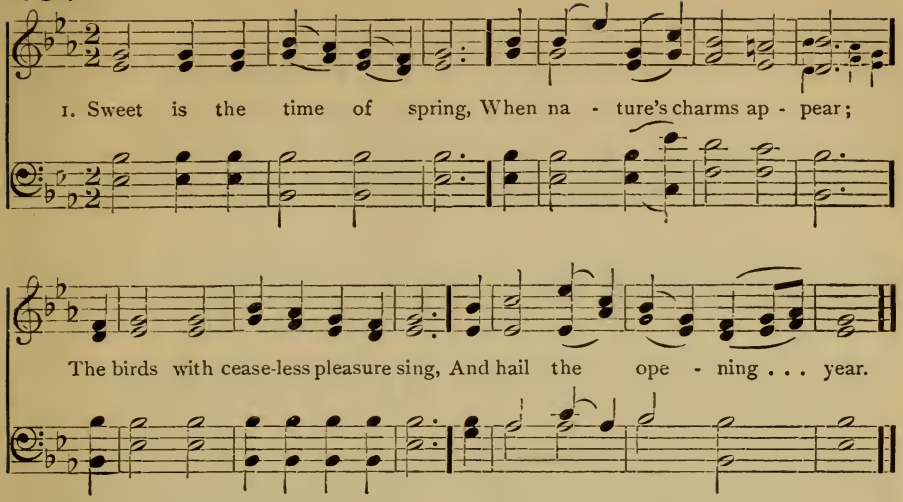
3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great father given;
He takes our children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 O God, how faithful are thy ways!
Thy love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of thy grace
Blots out our children's name.

Isaac Watts

## 457 OZREM S. M.

I. B. Woodbury


1. Sweet is the time of spring, When na - ture's charms ap - pear;
The birds with cease-less pleasure sing, And hail the ope - ning . . . year.

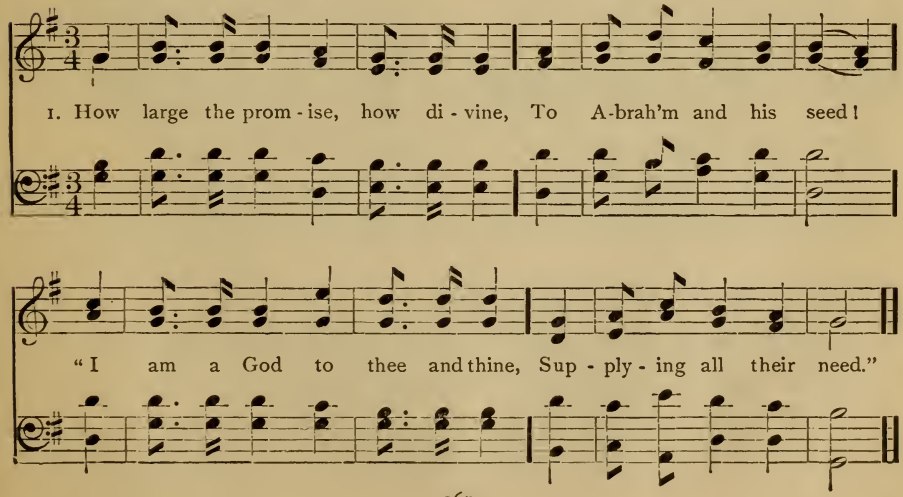
2 But sweeter far the spring
Of wisdom and of grace, [King,
When children bless and praise their
Who loves the youthful race.

3 Sweet is the dawn of day,
When light just streaks the sky;
When shades and darkness pass away
And morning beams are nigh:

4 But sweeter far the dawn
Of piety in youth; [drawn,
When doubt and darkness are with-
Before the light of truth.

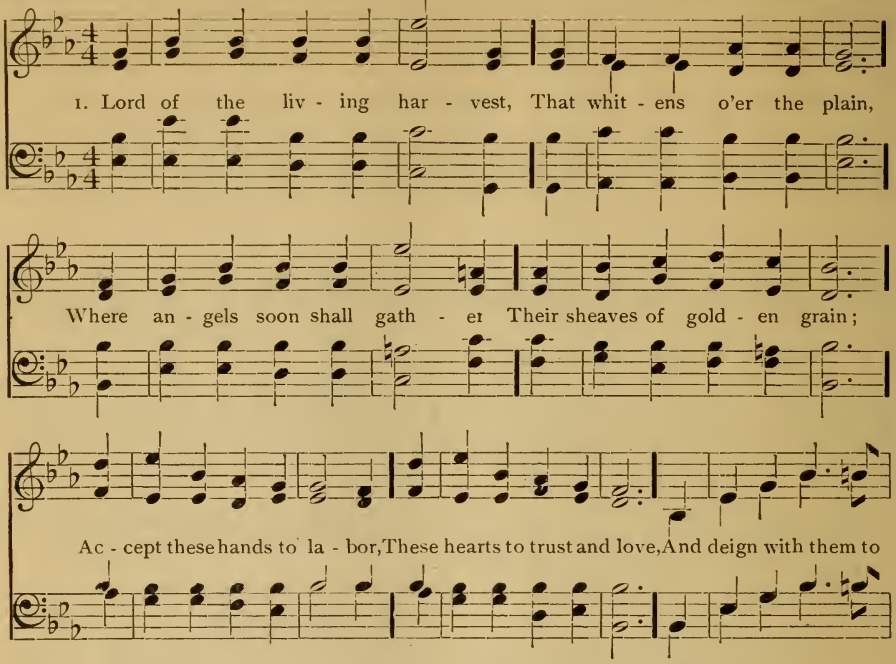
## ARLINGTON C. M.

Arr. from Thomas A. Arne



## 458 GREENLAND 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Arr. from Michael Haydn


1. Lord of the liv - ing har - vest, That whit - ens o'er the plain,
Where an - gels soon shall gath - er Their sheaves of gold - en grain;
Ac - cept these hands to la - bor, These hearts to trust and love, And deign with them to
hast - en Thy kingdom from a-bove.

2 As laborers in thy vineyard,
Send us, O Christ, to be
Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for thee;
We ask no other wages,
When thou shalt call us home,
But to have shared the travail
Which makes thy kingdom come.

3 Come down, thou holy Spirit!
And fill our souls with light,
Clothe us in spotless raiment,
In linen clean and white;
Beside thy sacred altar
Be with us, where we stand,
To sanctify thy people
Through all this happy land.

John S. B. Monsell

## 459 (MISSIONARY CHANT) L. M.

1 Ye Christian heralds, go proclaim
Salvation through Emmanuel's Name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the Rose of Sharon there.

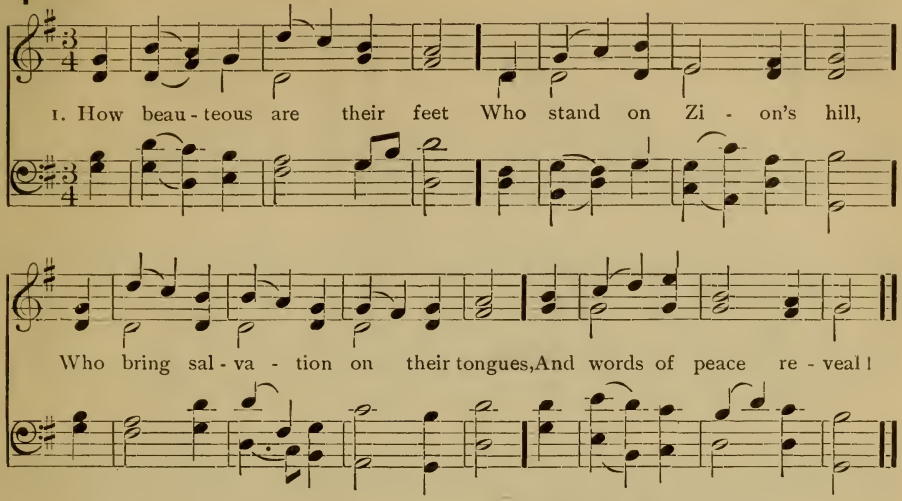
2 God shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breasts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempests into peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more;
Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

Bourne H. Draper

## 460 THATCHER S. M.

George F. Handel




2 How charming is their voice,
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear the joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.

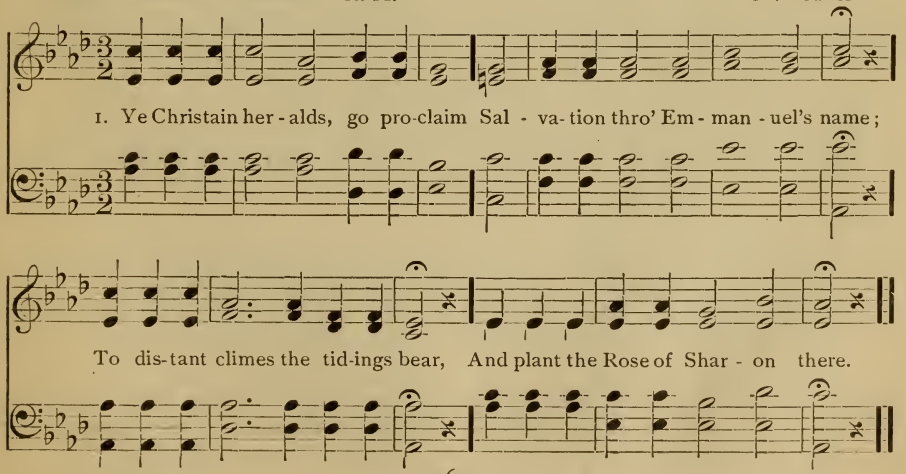
4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

Isaac Watts

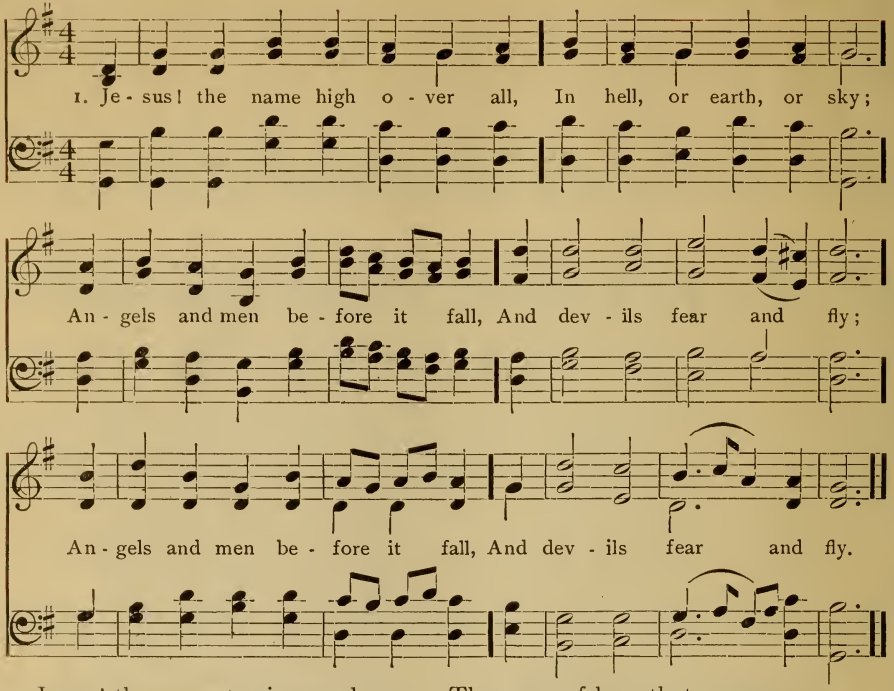
## MISSIONARY CHANT L. M.

Ch. Zeuner


1. Ye Christain her - alds, go pro-claim Sal - va - tion thro' Em - man - uel's name;
To dis-tant climes the tid-ings bear, And plant the Rose of Shar - on there.

## 461 CORONATION C. M.

Oliver Holden


1. Je - sus! the name high o - ver all, In hell, or earth, or sky;
An - gels and men be - fore it fall, And dev - ils fear and fly;
An - gels and men be - fore it fall, And dev - ils fear and fly.

2 Jesus! the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls he speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

Charles Wesley

## 462 (OLMUTZ) S. M.

1 Lord of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants' cry;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.

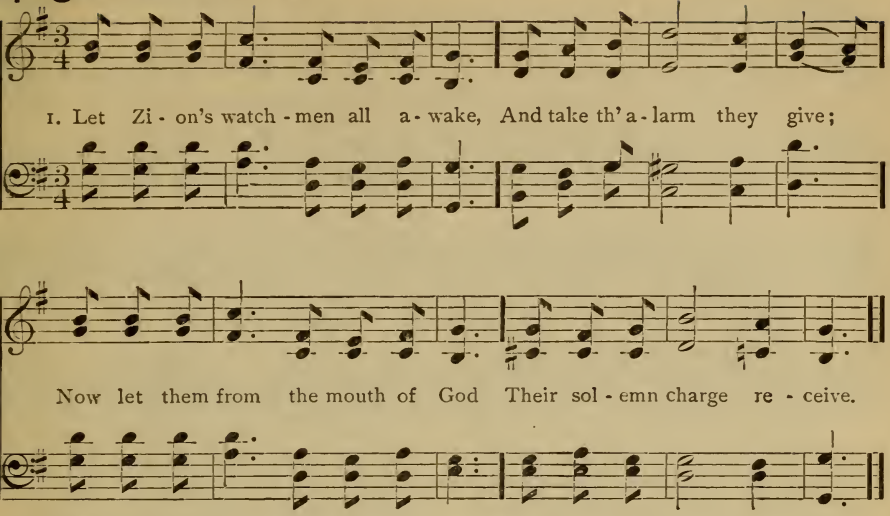
2 On thee we humbly wait;
Our wants are in thy view;
The harvest, truly, Lord, is great,
The laborers are few.

3 Convert and send forth more
Into thy church abroad,
And let them speak thy word of power,
As workers with their God.

4 O let them spread thy name,
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thine all-redeeming love.

Charles Wesley

## 463 LAMBETH C. M.




2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

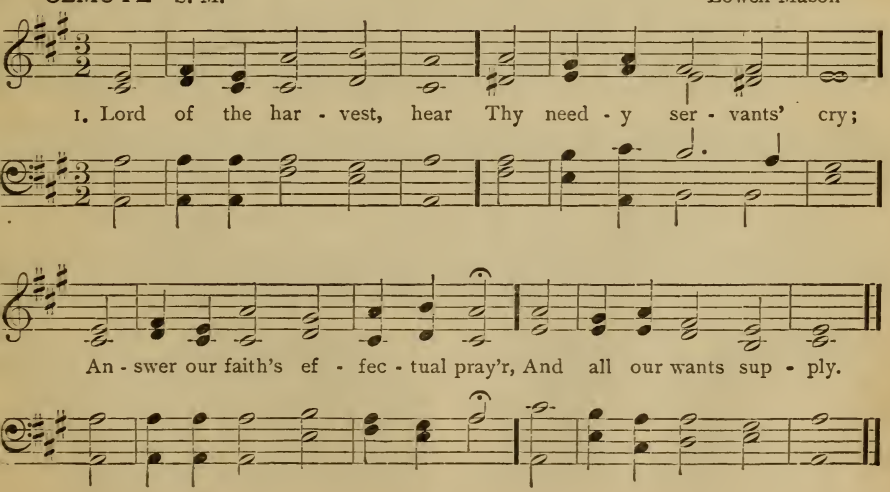
3 They watch for souls for which the
Did heavenly bliss forego; [Lord
For souls which must forever live
In raptures or in woe.

4 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

Philip Doddridge

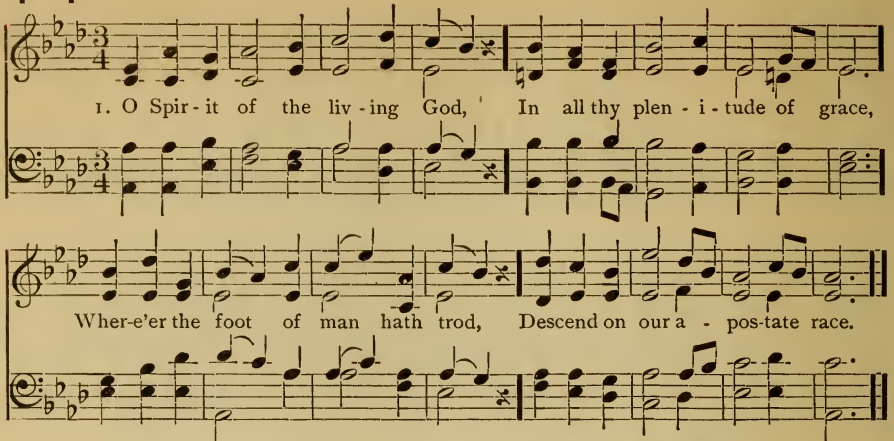
## OLMUTZ S. M.

Lowell Mason



## 464 EASTON L. M.

Mozart




2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

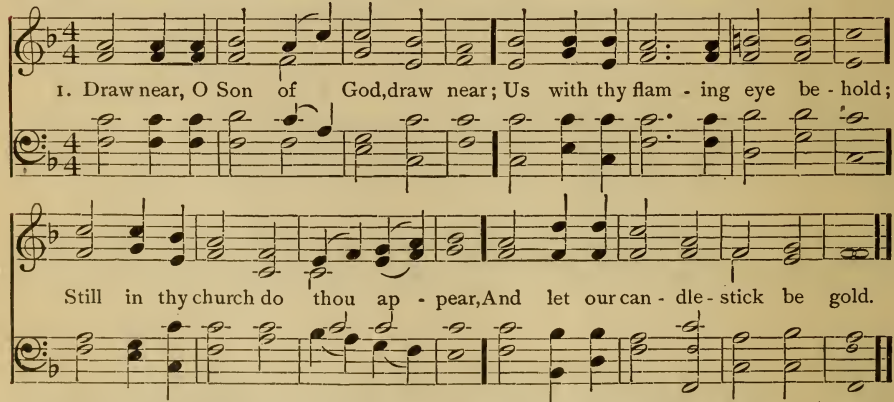
3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion — order, in thy path;
Souls without strength, inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.

James Montgomery

## 465 FEDERAL STREET L. M.

Henry K. Oliver


1. Draw near, O Son of God, draw near; Us with thy flam - ing eye be - hold;
Still in thy church do thou ap - pear, And let our can - dle - stick be gold.

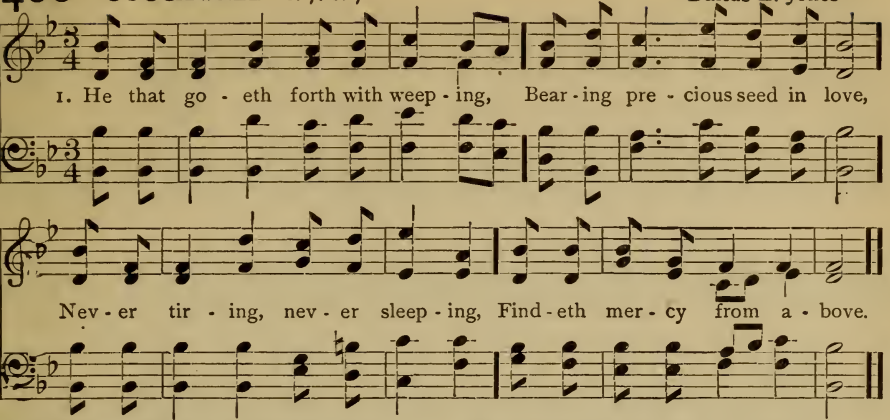
2 Still hold the stars in thy right hand,
And let them in thy luster glow,
The lights of a benighted land,
The angels of thy church below.

3 Make good their apostolic boast;
Their high commission let them prove;
Be temples of the Holy Ghost, [love.
And filled with faith, and hope, and

4 Give them an ear to hear thy word;
Thou speakest to the churches now;
And let all tongues confess their Lord;
Let every knee to Jesus bow.

Charles Wesley

## 466 STOCKWELL 8. 7. 8. 7

Darius E. Jones

2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given,
Through an influence all divine.

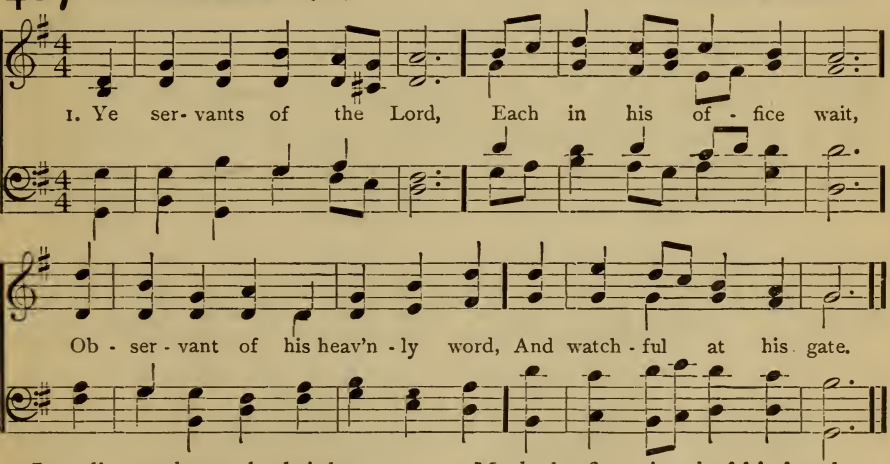
3 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

4 Lo, the scene of verdure brightening!
See the rising grain appear;
Look again! the fields are whitening,
For the harvest time is near.

Thomas Hastings

## 467 ST. THOMAS S. M.

Aaron Williams




2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

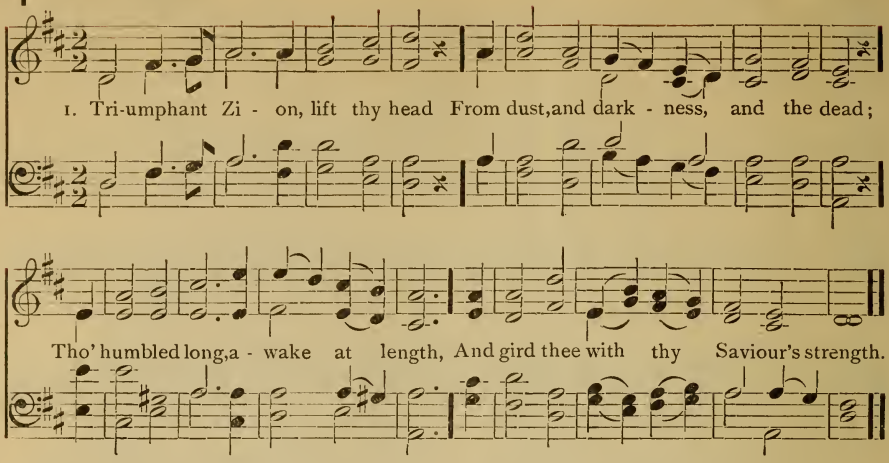
3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak he's near:
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

Philip Doddridge

## 468 TRURO L. M.

Charles Burney


1. Tri-umphant Zi - on, lift thy head From dust, and dark - ness, and the dead;
Tho' humbled long, a - wake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy various charms be known:
The world thy glories shall confess,
Decked in the robes of righteousness.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God, from on high, thy groans will hear;
His hand thy ruins shall repair;
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

Philip Doddridge

## 469 (TRURO) L. M.

1 Jesus, thy church, with longing eyes,
For thine expected coming waits:
When will the promised light arise,
And glory beam on Zion's gates?

2 E'en now, when tempests round us fall,
And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky,
Thy words with pleasure we recall,
And deem that our redemption's nigh.

3 O come, and reign o'er every land;
Let Satan from his throne be hurled,
All nations bow to thy command,
And grace revive a dying world.

4 Teach us, in watchfulness and prayer,
To wait for thine appointed hour;
And fit us, by thy grace, to share
The triumphs of thy conquering power.

William H. Bathurst

## 470 (CANONBURY) L. M.

1 Look from thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might!
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted, in this land of light.

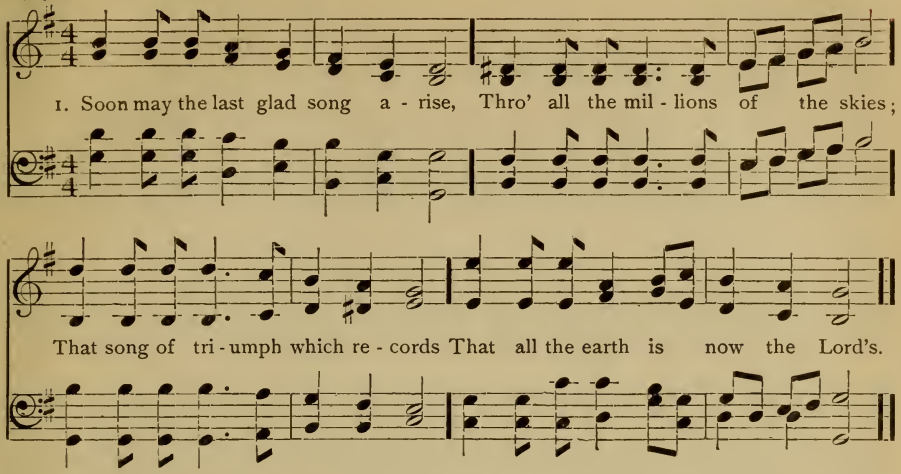
2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from thee!

3 Send forth thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to thy peaceful fold.

4 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That make us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

William C. Bryant

## 471 GROSTETTE L. M.

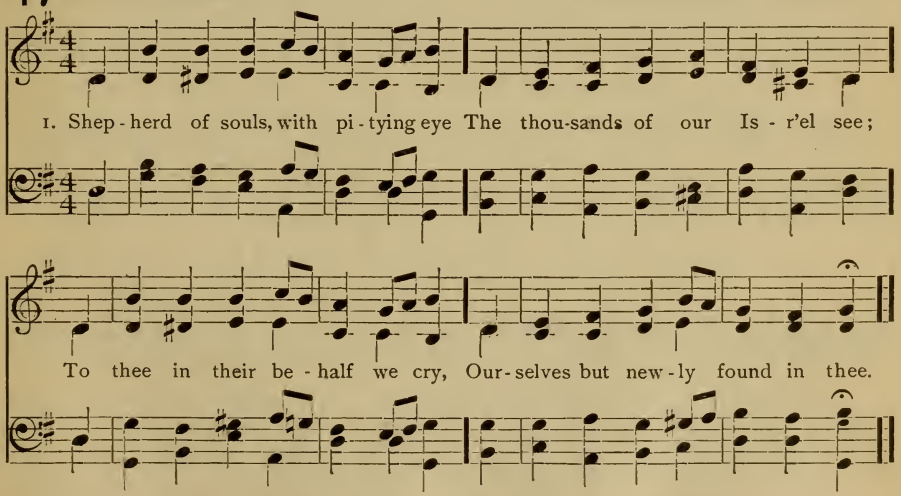
H. W. Greatorex

1. Soon may the last glad song a - rise, Thro' all the mil - lions of the skies;
That song of tri - umph which re - cords That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee;
And over land, and stream, and main,
Now wave the scepter of the reign.

3 O let that glorious anthem swell;
Let host to host the triumph tell,
Till not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns.

## 472 CANONBURY L. M.

Arr. from Robert Schumann


1. Shep - herd of souls, with pi - tying eye The thou-sands of our Is - r'el see;
To thee in their be - half we cry, Our-selves but new-ly found in thee.

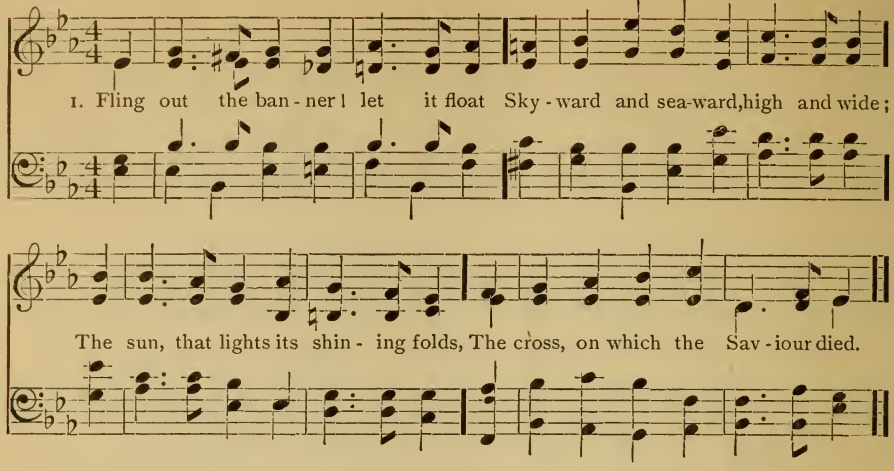
2 Thy people, Lord, are sold for naught,
Nor know they their Redeemer nigh;
They perish, whom thyself hast bought;
Their souls for lack of knowledge die.

3 Why should the foe thy purchase seize?
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans:
The meed of all thy sufferings these;
O claim them for thy ransomed ones!

Charles Wesley

## 473 WALTHAM L. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin


1. Fling out the ban - ner! let it float Sky - ward and sea-ward, high and wide;
The sun, that lights its shin - ing folds, The cross, on which the Sav - iour died.

2 Fling out the banner! angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.

3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

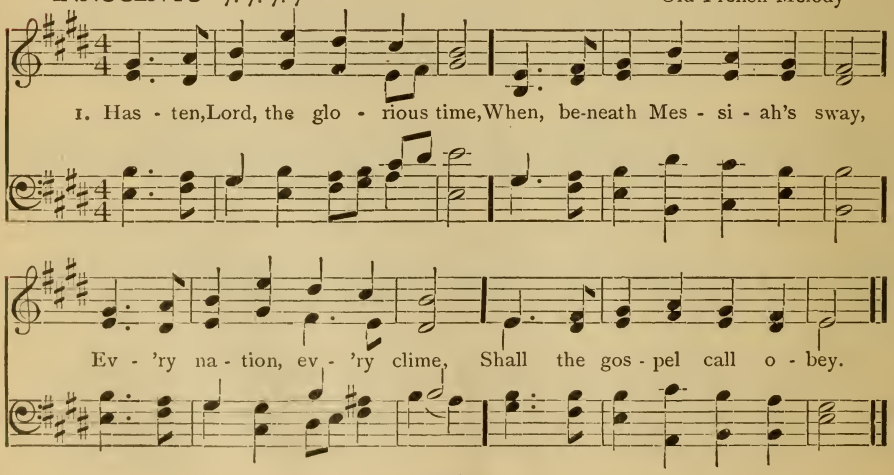
4 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls,
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

5 Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
Our glory, only in the cross;
Our only hope, the crucified!

George W. Doane

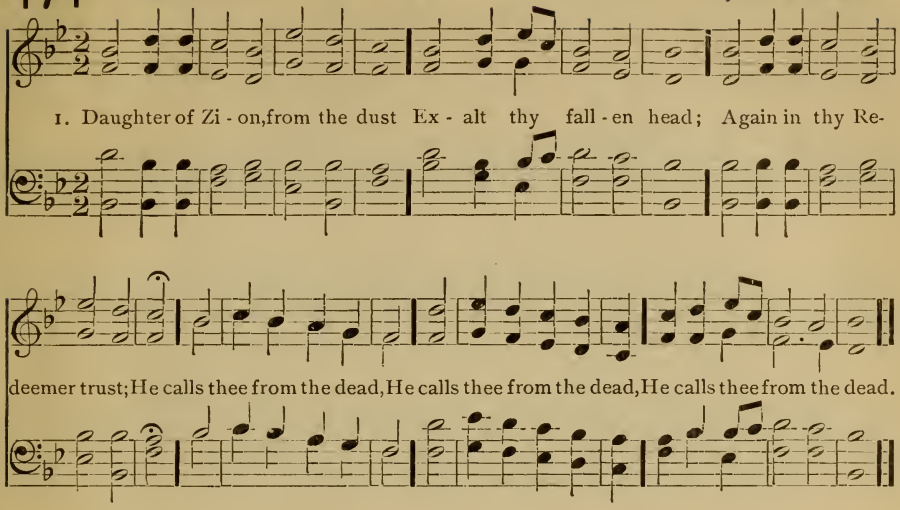
## INNOCENTS 7. 7. 7. 7

Old French Melody



## 474 CAMBRIDGE C. M.

John Randall


1. Daughter of Zi - on, from the dust Ex - alt thy fall - en head; Again in thy Re-
deemer trust; He calls thee from the dead, He calls thee from the dead, He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the south, "Give up thy charge!"
And, "Keep not back, O north!"

4 They come, they come; thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs thy ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.

James Montgomery

## 475 (INNOCENTS) 7. 7. 7. 7.

1 Hasten, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.

2 Mightiest kings his power shall own;
Heathen tribes his name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

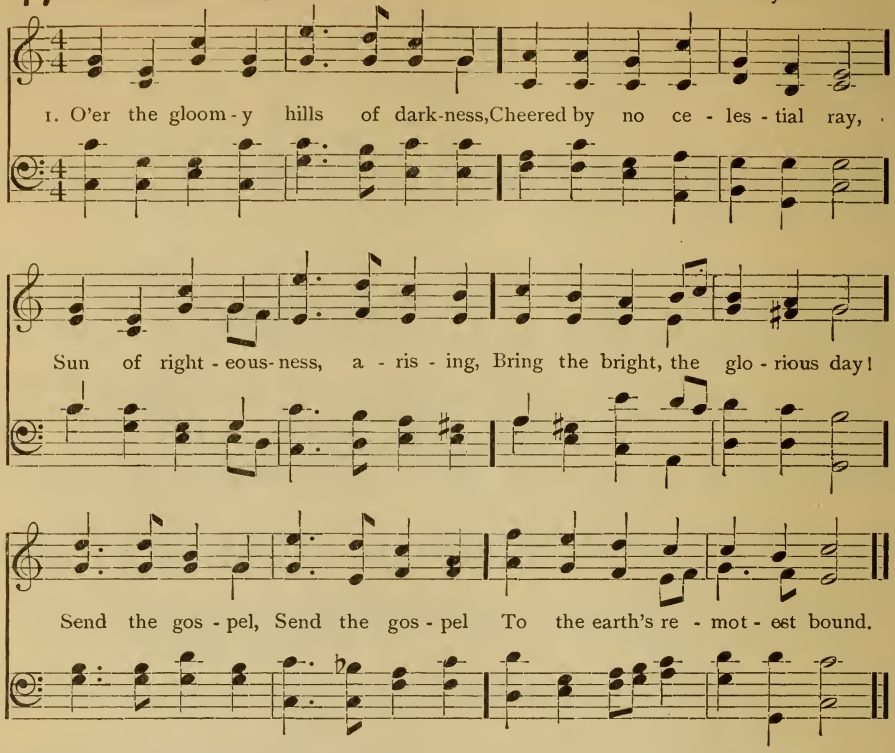
3 Then shall wars and tumults cease;
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed, shall ever reign.

4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
Ever praise his glorious name;
All his mighty acts record,
All his wondrous love proclaim.

Harriet Auber

## 476 REGENT SQUARE 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7

Henry Smart


1. O'er the gloom - y hills of dark-ness, Cheered by no ce - les - tial ray,
Sun of right - eous - ness, a - ris - ing, Bring the bright, the glo - rious day!
Send the gos - pel, Send the gos - pel To the earth's re - mot - est bound.

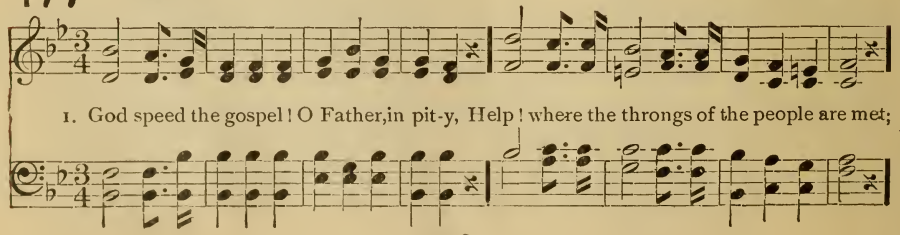
2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness—
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light:
And, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

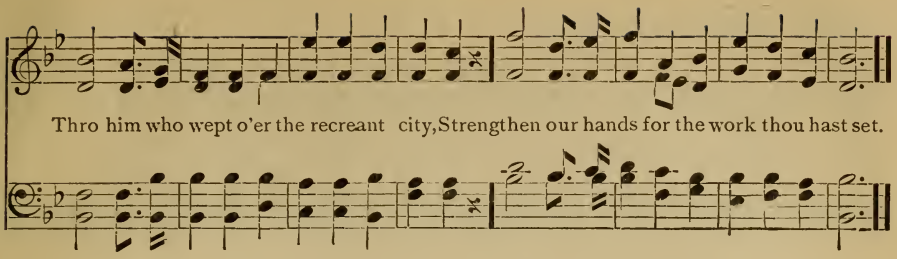
3 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel!
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominion
Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy scepter,
Saviour, all the world around!

William Williams

## 477 WESLEY 11. 10. 11. 10

Lowell Mason






2 God speed the gospel! By mercies and wonders
Long hast thou called us in truth to be free;
Still let thy voice, or in whispers or thunders,
Summon our country to glorify thee.

3 God speed the gospel! Let uttermost nation
Hear in the language wherein they were born.
Send thou new Pentecosts, swift with salvation,
Fair spring the myrtle where once stood the thorn.

4 God speed the gospel! Enflame them that hear it,
All men and us, to declare thy glad reign.
Conquer the world by the sword of thy spirit,
Hasten Immanuel's coming again!

M. W. Stryker

## 478 (WESLEY) 11. 10. 11. 10

1 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning;
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning;
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

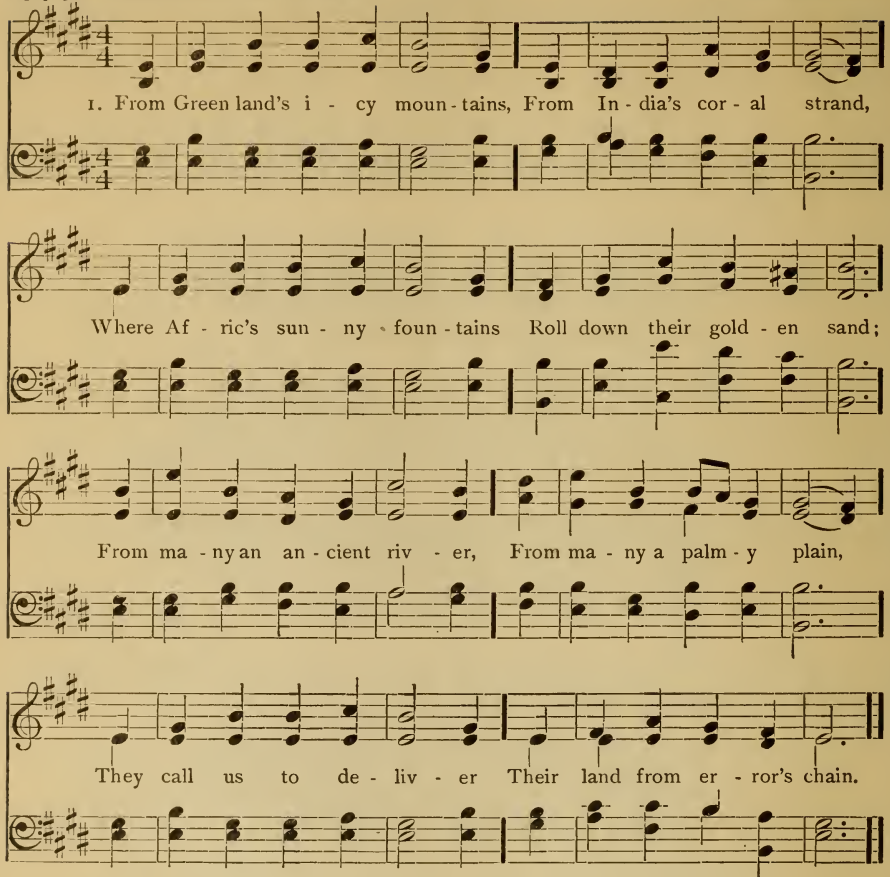
3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing;
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing;
Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.

4 See, from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion;
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.



Thomas Hastings

## 479 MISSIONARY HYMN 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Lowell Mason

1. From Green land's i - cy moun - tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,
Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand;
From ma - ny an an - cient riv - er, From ma - ny a palm - y plain,
They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

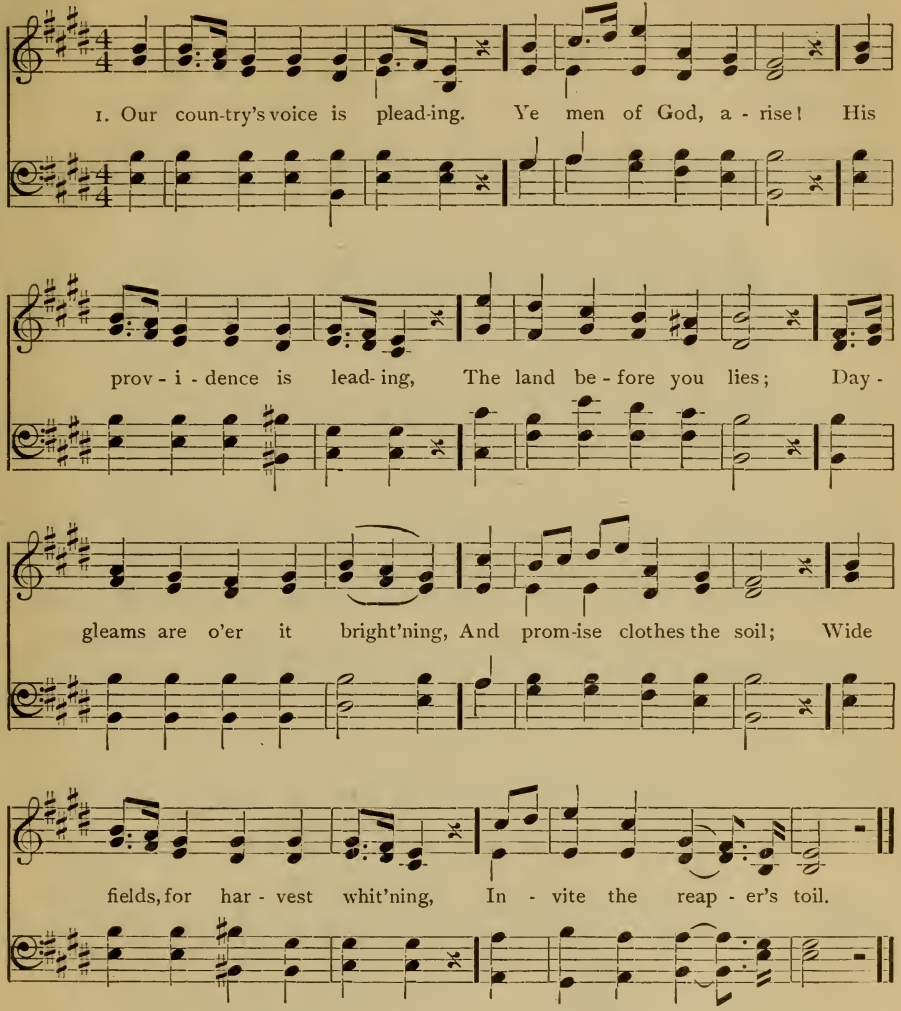
3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Reginald Heber

## 480 BAKER CHAPEL 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Leon Sampaix

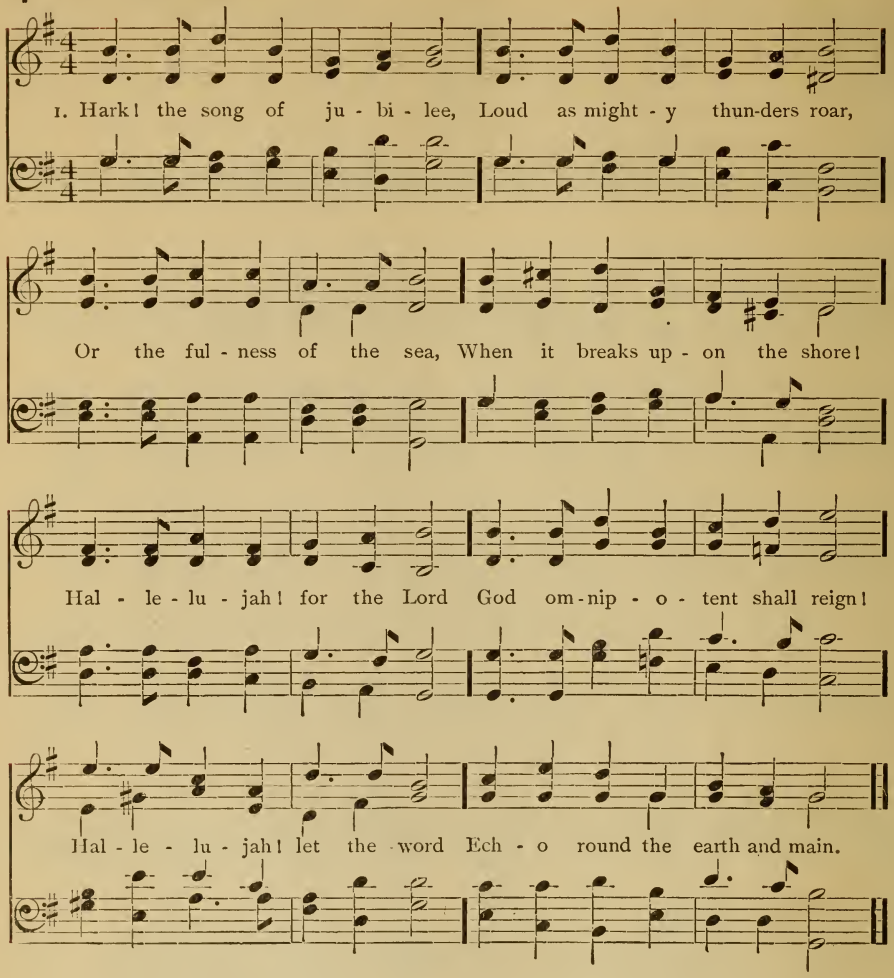

1. Our coun-try's voice is plead-ing. Ye men of God, a - rise! His
prov - i - dence is lead- ing, The land be - fore you lies; Day -
gleams are o'er it bright'ning, And prom-ise clothes the soil; Wide
fields, for har - vest whit'ning, In - vite the reap - er's toil.

2 Go, where the waves are breaking
On California's shore,
Christ's precious gospel taking,
More rich than golden ore;
On Alleghany's mountains,
Through all the western vale,
Beside Missouri's fountains,
Rehearse the wondrous tale.

3 The love of Christ unfolding,
Speed on from east to west,
Till all, his cross beholding,
In him are fully blest.
Great author of salvation,
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransomed nation,
Thy sceptre shall obey.

M. F. Anderson

## 481 ST. GEORGE'S 7. 7. 7. 7. D. George J. Elvey


1. Hark! the song of ju - bi - lee, Loud as might - y thun-ders roar,
Or the ful - ness of the sea, When it breaks up - on the shore!
Hal - le - lu - jah! for the Lord God om-nip - o - tent shall reign!
Hal - le - lu - jah! let the word Ech - o round the earth and main.

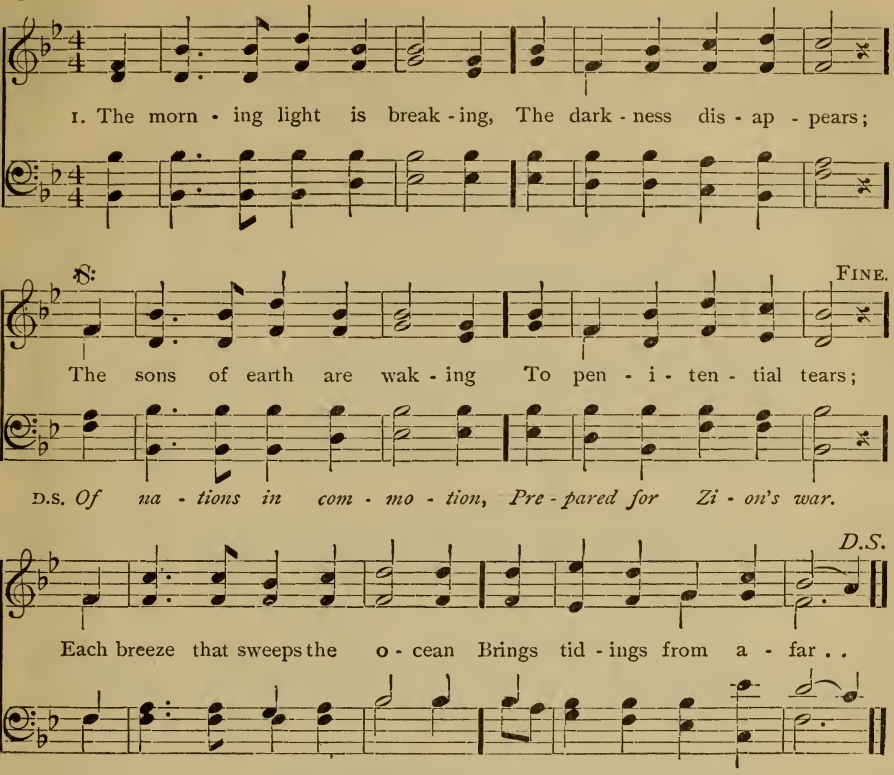
2 Hallelujah! hark, the sound,
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies!
See Jehovah's banners furled!
Sheathed his sword! he speaks—'tis [done!
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son!

3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yonder heavens have passed away.
Then the end: beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall:
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all!

James Montgomery

## 482 WEBB 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

George J. Webb


1. The morn - ing light is break - ing, The dark - ness dis - ap - pears;
FINE.
The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;
D.S. Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war.
D.S.
Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings tid - ings from a - far . .

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

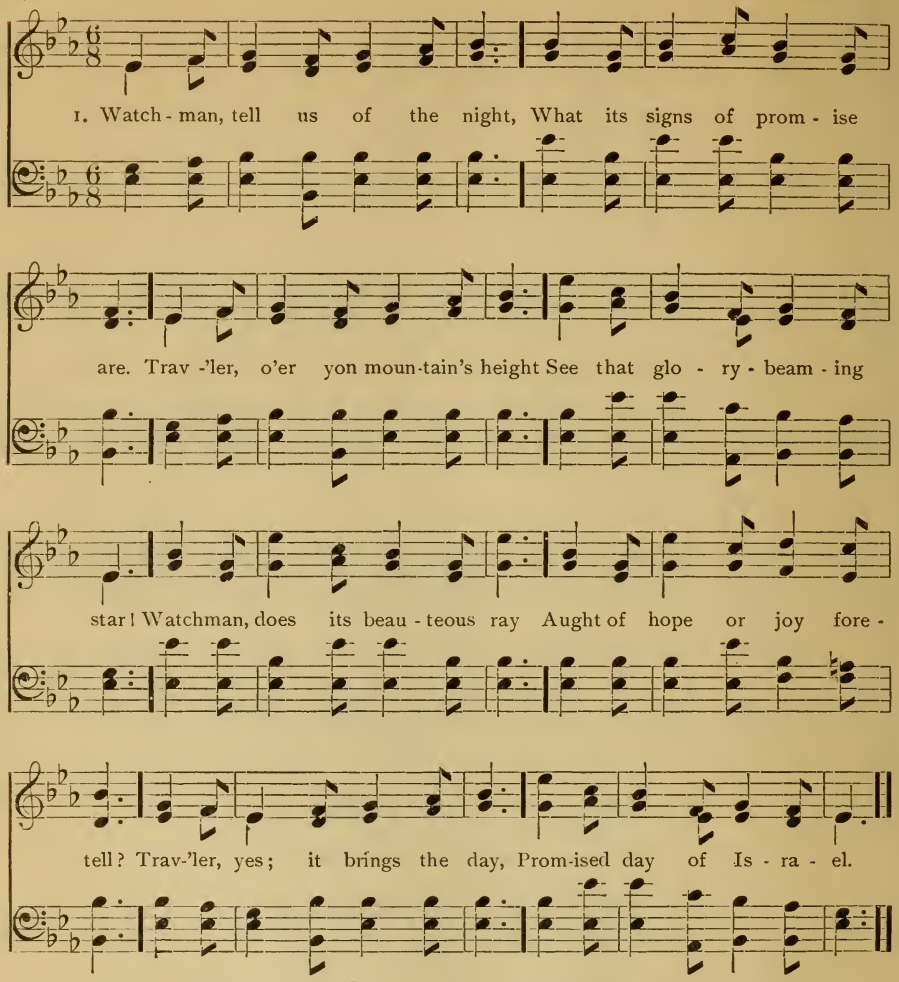
3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."



Samuel F. Smith

## 483 WATCHMAN 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Lowell Mason


1. Watch - man, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom - ise
are. Trav -'ler, o'er yon moun-tain's height See that glo - ry - beam - ing
star! Watchman, does its beau - teous ray Aught of hope or joy fore -
tell? Trav-'ler, yes; it brings the day, Prom-ised day of Is - ra - el.

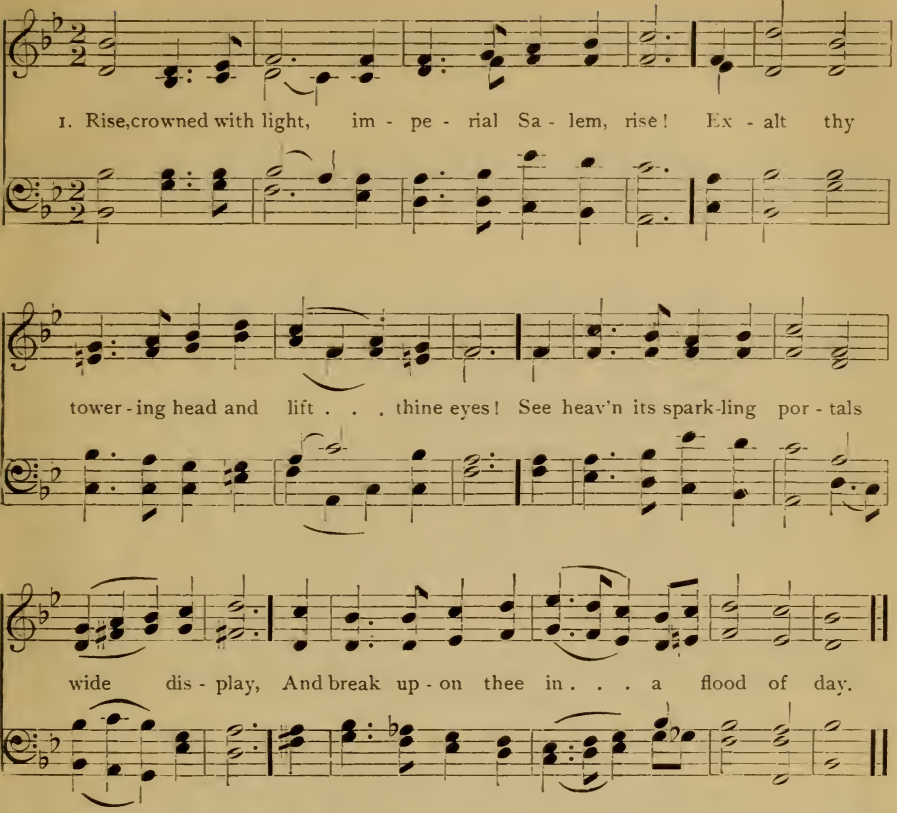
2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends!
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wandering cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home!
Traveler, lo! the Prince of peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

John Bowring

## 484 SATTERLEE 10. 10. 10. 10

J. H. Hopkins


1. Rise, crowned with light, im - pe - rial Sa - lem, rise! Ex - alt thy
tower - ing head and lift . . . thine eyes! See heav'n its spark - ling por - tals
wide dis - play, And break up - on thee in . . . a flood of day.

2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn:
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend:
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings.

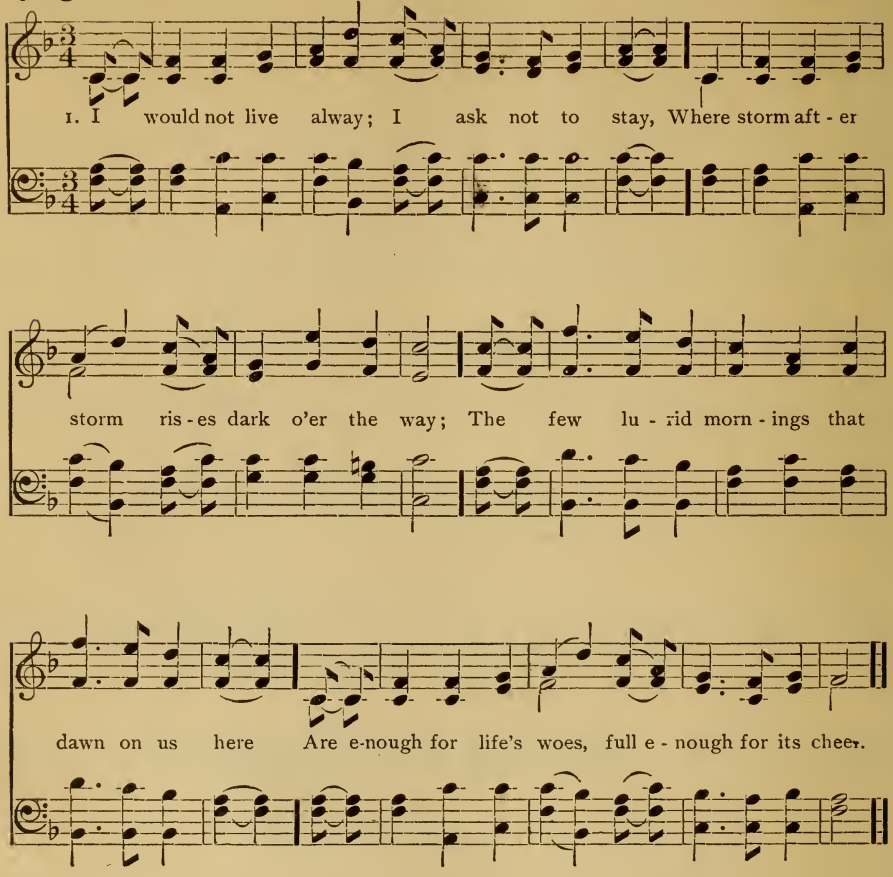
4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.



Alexander Pope

## 485 FREDERICK 11. 11. 11. 11

George Kingsley


1. I would not live alway; I ask not to stay, Where storm aft - er
storm ris - es dark o'er the way; The few lu - rid morn - ings that
dawn on us here Are e-nough for life's woes, full e - nough for its cheer.

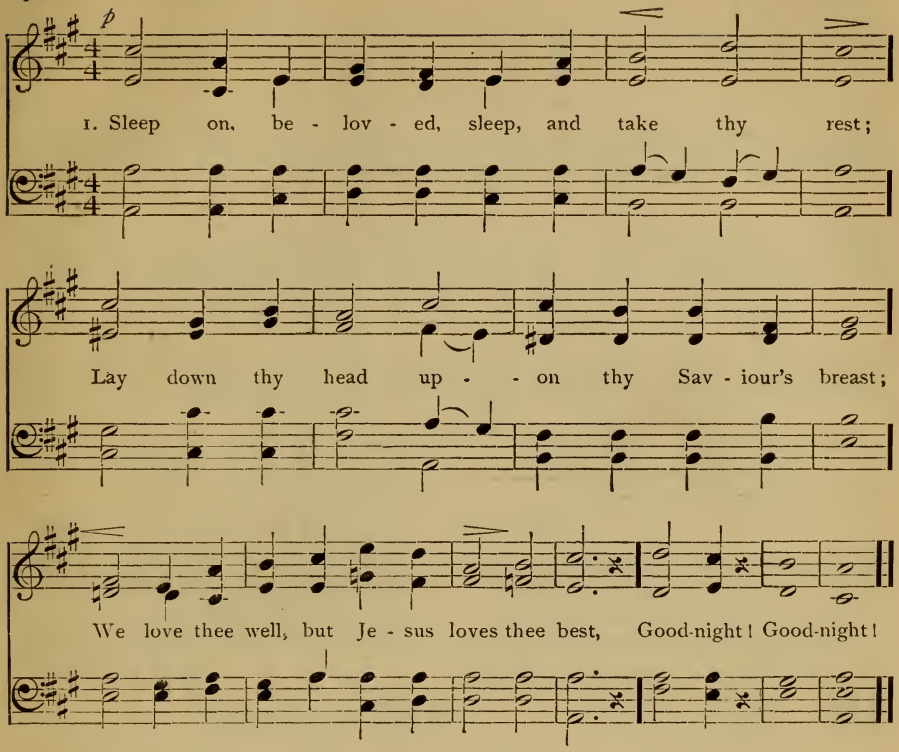
2 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb!
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God;
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?



W. A. Muhlenberg

## 486 DOUDNEY 10. 10. 10. 4

Carey Bonner

1. Sleep on, be - lov - ed, sleep, and take thy rest;
Lay down thy head up - - on thy Sav - iour's breast;
We love thee well, but Je - sus loves thee best, Good-night! Good-night!

2 Calm is thy slumber as an infant's sleep;
But thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep;
Thine is a perfect rest, secure and deep,—
Good-night! Good-night!

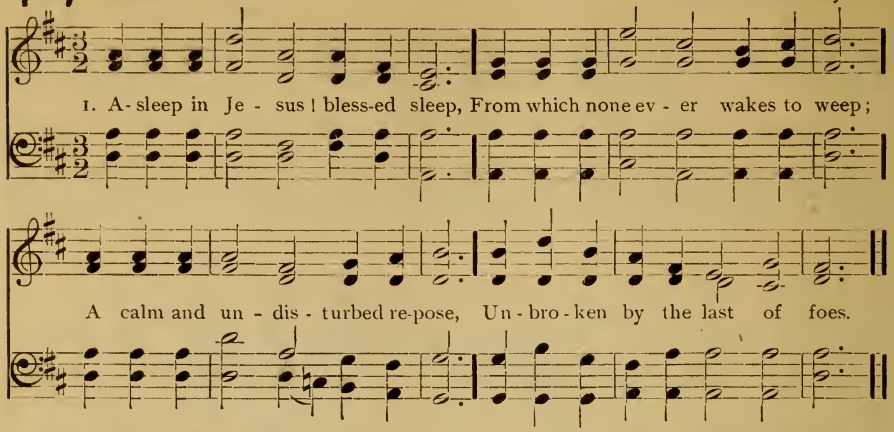
3 Until the shadows from this earth are cast;
Until he gathers in his sheaves at last;
Until the twilight gloom is over-past,—
Good-night! Good-night!

4 Until the Easter glory lights the skies;
Until the dead in Jesus shall arise,
And he shall come, but not in lowly guise,—
Good-night! Good-night!

5 Until made beautiful by love divine,
Thou in the likeness of thy Lord shalt shine,
And he shall bring that golden crown of thine,—
Good-night! Good-night!

Sarah Doudney

## 487 REST L. M.

W. B. Bradbury

1. A-sleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep;
A calm and un - dis - turbed re-pose, Un - bro - ken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing,
That Death hath lost his venomed sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessèd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

Margaret Mackay

## 488 (REST) L. M.

1 How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

Anna L. Barbauld, alt.

## 489 (HAMBURG) L. M.

1 Why should we start and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate to endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

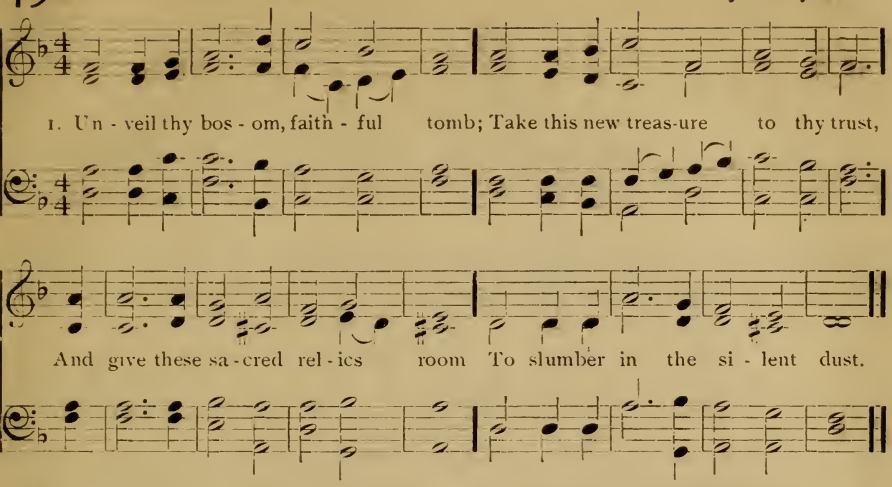
2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
And we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O would my Lord his servant meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillars are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

Isaac Watts

## 490 ST. CROSS L. M.

J. B. Dykes

1. Un - veil thy bos - om, faith - ful tomb; Take this new treas-ure to thy trust,
And give these sa - cred rel - ics room To slumber in the si - lent dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

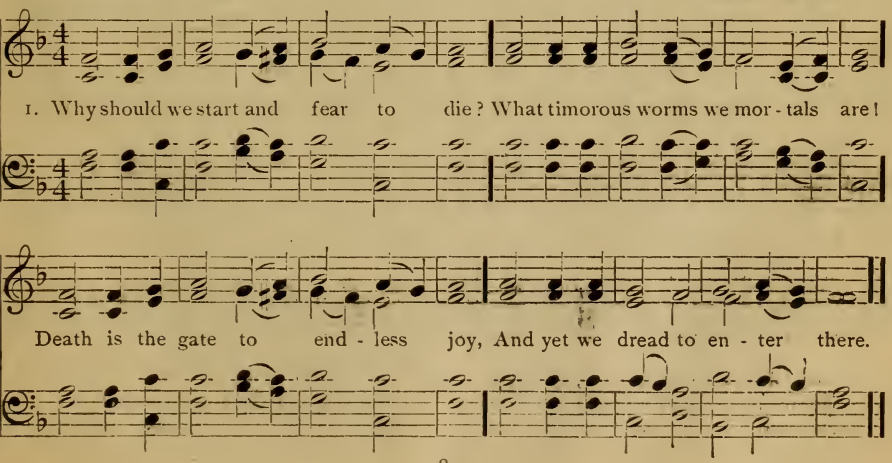
3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blest the bed;
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O earth, his sovereign word!
Restore thy trust; a glorious form
Shall then ascend to meet the Lord.

Isaac Watts

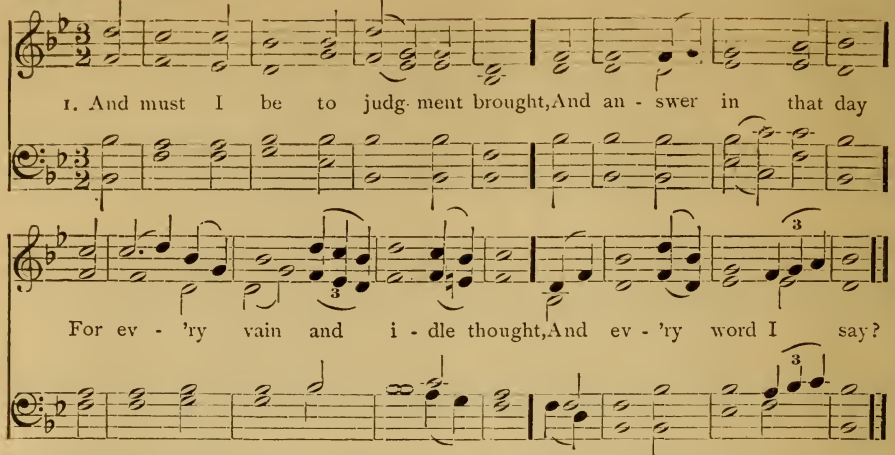
## HAMBURG L. M.

Lowell Mason


1. Why should we start and fear to die? What timorous worms we mor - tals are!
Death is the gate to end - less joy, And yet we dread to en - ter there.

## 491 CHINA C. M.

T. Swan




2 Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.

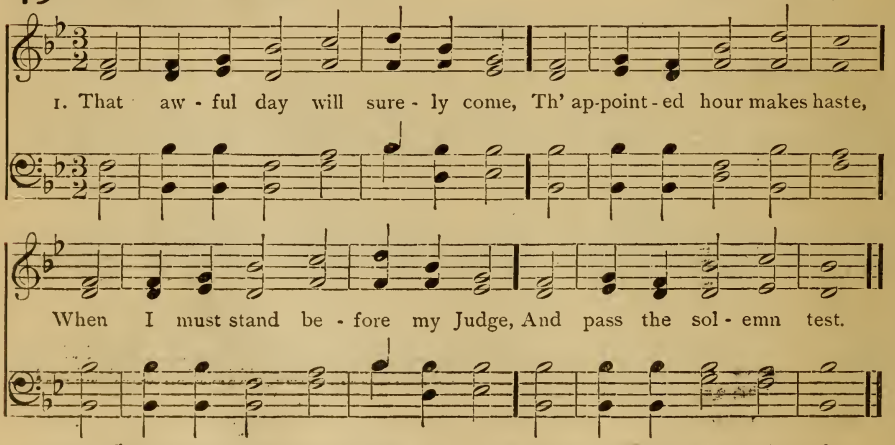
3 How careful, then, ought I to live,
With what religious fear!
Who such a strict account must give
For my behavior here.

4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,—
To all I speak or do.

Charles Wesley

## 492 NOTTING HILL C. M.

Charles H. Purday



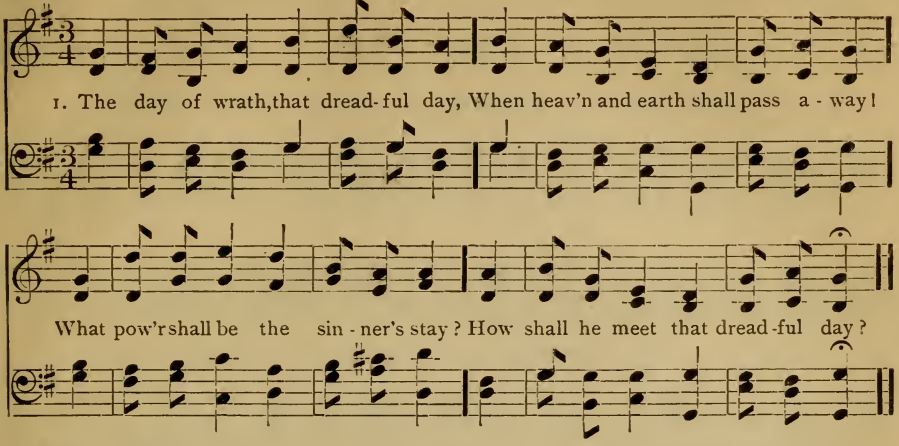

2 Jesus, thou Source of all my joys,
Thou Ruler of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the word, "Depart"!

3 O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love!

Isaac Watts

## 493 ROCKINGHAM L. M.

Lowell Mason


1. The day of wrath, that dread-ful day, When heav'n and earth shall pass a-way!
What pow'r shall be the sin-ner's stay? How shall he meet that dread-ful day?

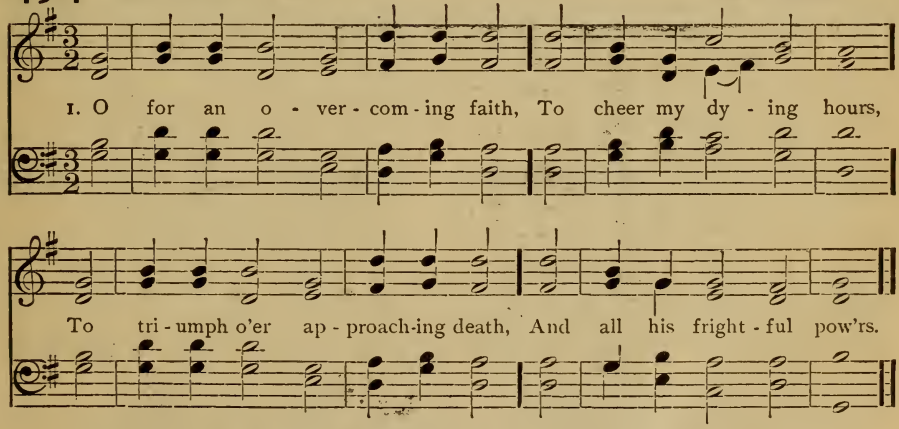
2 When, shriveling like a parchèd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!

3 O, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

Walter Scott

## 494 MARLOW C. M.

John Chetham




2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips should sing,
"Where is thy boasted victory, grave?
And where, O death, thy sting?"

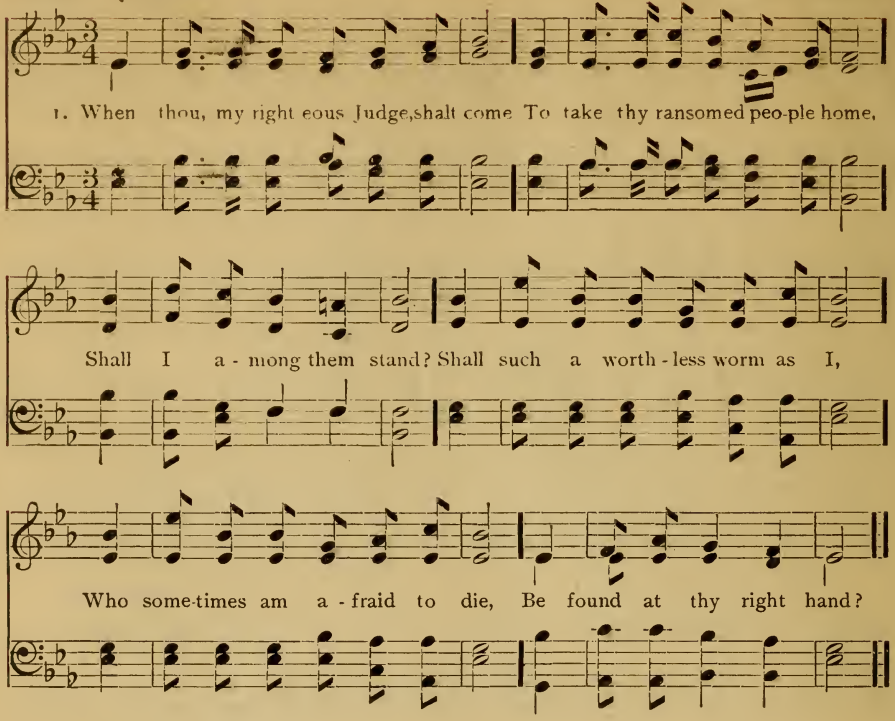
3 If sin be pardoned, I'm secure;
Death has no sting beside:
The law gives sin its damning power,
But Christ, my ransom, died.

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors while we die,
Through Christ, our living head.

Isaac Watts

## 495 MERIBAH 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6

Lowell Mason


1. When thou, my right eous Judge, shalt come To take thy ransomed peo-ple home,
Shall I a - mong them stand? Shall such a worth - less worm as I,
Who some-times am a - fraid to die, Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet thy people now,
Before thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But, can I bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?

3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou my only hiding-place,
In this the accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

Lady Huntingdon

## 496 (DORRNANCE) 8. 7. 8. 7

1 Jesus while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would, at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say, "Thy will be done."

2 Though cast down, we're not forsaken;
Though afflicted, not alone:
Thou didst give, and thou hast taken;
Blessèd Lord, "Thy will be done."

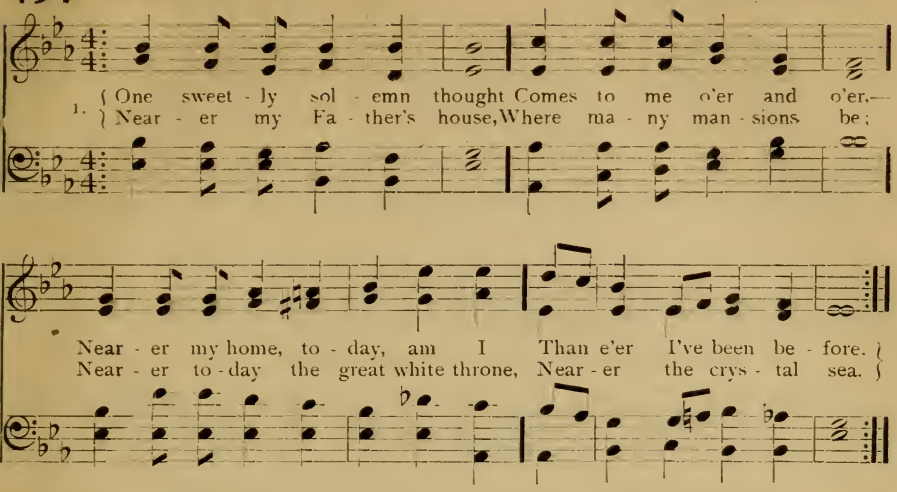
3 Though to-day we're filled with mourning,
Mercy still is on the throne;
With thy smiles of love returning,
We can sing, "Thy will be done."

4 By thy hands the boon was given;
Thou hast taken but thine own:
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
Evermore, "Thy will be done."

Thomas Hastings

## 497 DULCE DOMUM S. M. D.

R. S. Ambrose

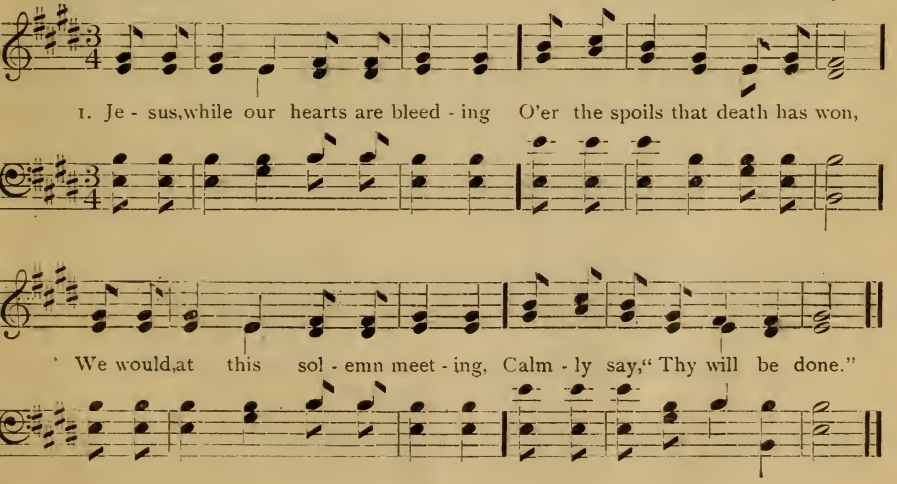

1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er.—
Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where ma - ny man - sions be;
Near - er my home, to - day, am I Than e'er I've been be - fore.
Near - er to - day the great white throne, Near - er the crys - tal sea.

2 Nearer the bound of life
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the heavy cross;
Nearer to gain the crown.
But, lying dark between,
Winding down through the night,
There rolls the silent, unknown
That leads at last to light. [stream

3 Ev'n now, perchance, my feet
Are slipping on the brink,
And I, to-day, am nearer home,—
Nearer than now I think.
Father, perfect my trust;
Strengthen my spirit's faith;
Nor let me stand, at last, alone
Upon the shore of death.

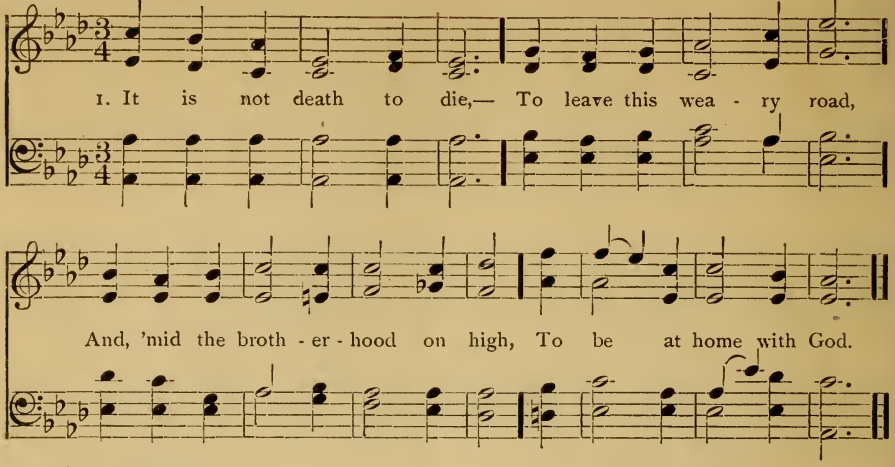
Phoebe Cary

DORRNANCE 8. 7. 8. 7

I. B. Woodbury

1. Je - sus, while our hearts are bleed - ing O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would at this sol - emn meet - ing, Calm - ly say, "Thy will be done."

## 498 GREENWOOD S. M.

Joseph E. Sweetser




2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

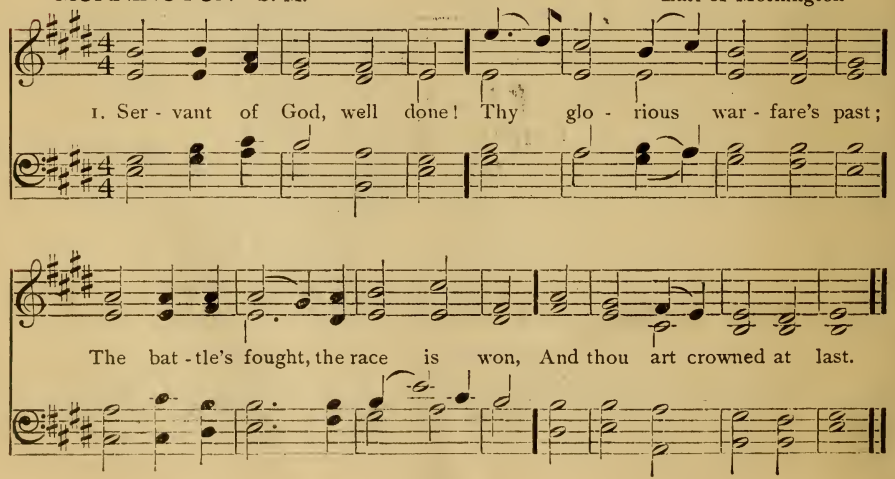
3 It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chain, to breathe the [air
Of boundless liberty.

4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.

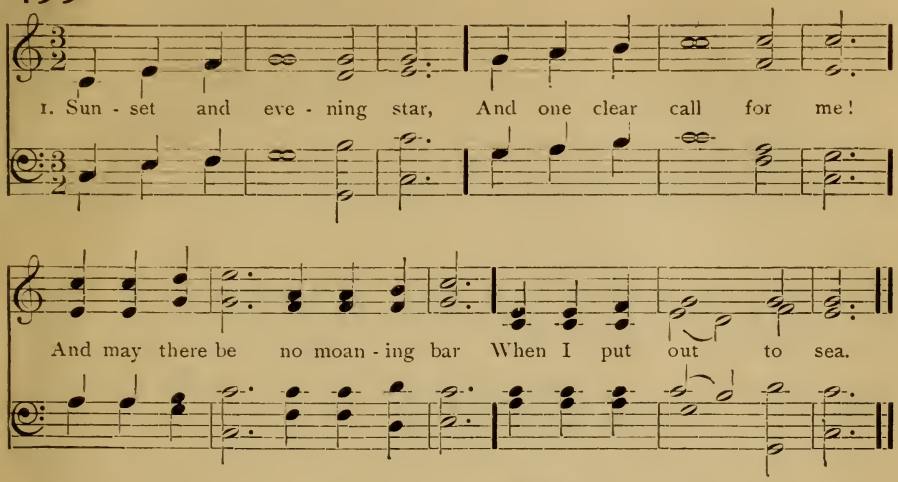
5 Jesus, thou Prince of life,
Thy chosen cannot die!
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with thee on high.

Abraham H. C. Malan. Tr. by G. W. Bethune

## MORNINGTON S. M.

Earl of Mornington

## 499 CROSSING THE BAR S. M.

"Rialto"




2 But moving tide asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the deep
Turns to its earliest home.

3 Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sad farewell,
When I at last embark;

4 For tho' from time and place,
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot's face,
When I have crossed the bar.

Adapted from Tennyson by Mrs. Joseph Cook

## 500 (MORNINGTON) S. M.

1 Servant of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last;

2 Of all thy heart's desire
Triumphantly possessed;
Lodged by the ministerial choir
In thy Redeemer's breast.

3 In condescending love,
Thy ceaseless prayer he heard;
And bade thee suddenly remove
To thy complete reward.

4 With saints enthroned on high,
Thou dost thy Lord proclaim,
And still to God salvation cry,
Salvation to the Lamb!

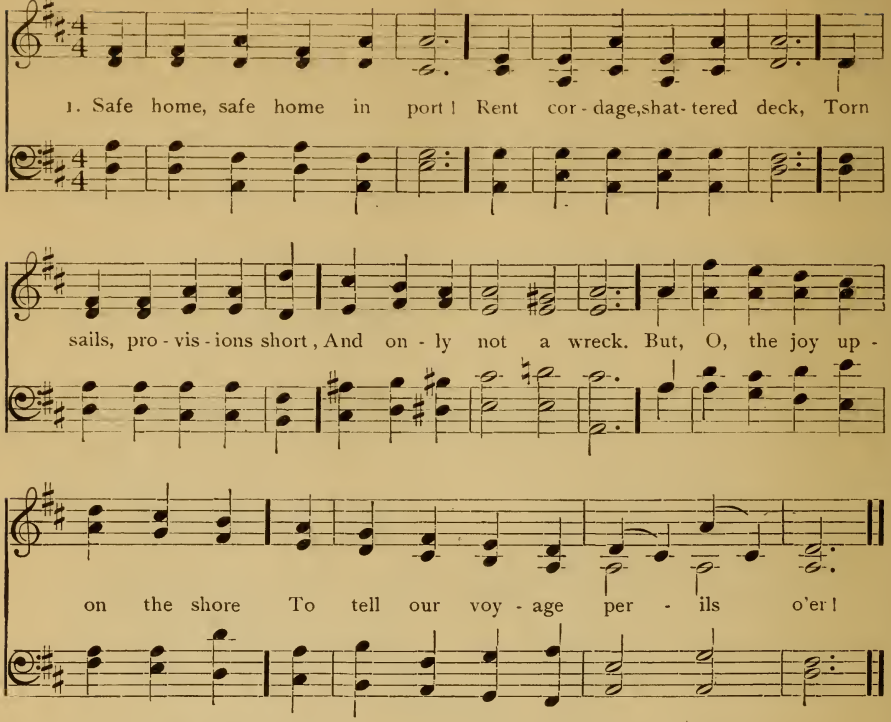
5 O happy, happy soul!
In ecstasies of praise,
Long as eternal ages roll,
Thou seest thy Saviour's face.

6 Redeemed from earth and pain,
Ah! when shall we ascend,
And all in Jesus' presence reign
With our translated friend?

Charles Wesley

## 501 SAFE HOME 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8

Arthur Sullivan


1. Safe home, safe home in port! Rent cor-dage, shat-tered deck, Torn
sails, pro-vis-ions short, And on-ly not a wreck. But, O, the joy up-
on the shore To tell our voy-age per-ils o'er!

2 The prize, the prize secure!
The athlete nearly fell,
Bare all he could endure,
And bare not always well.
But he may smile at troubles gone,
Who sets the victor-garland on.

3 No more the foe can harm;
No more the leaguered camp,
And cry of night-alarm,
And need of ready lamp.
And yet how nearly he had failed,—
How nearly had that foe prevailed!

4 The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penned;
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end;
But One came by with wounded side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

5 The exile is at home!
O nights and days of tears,
O longings not to roam,
O sins, and doubts, and fears,—
What matter now when, so men say,
The King has wiped those tears away?

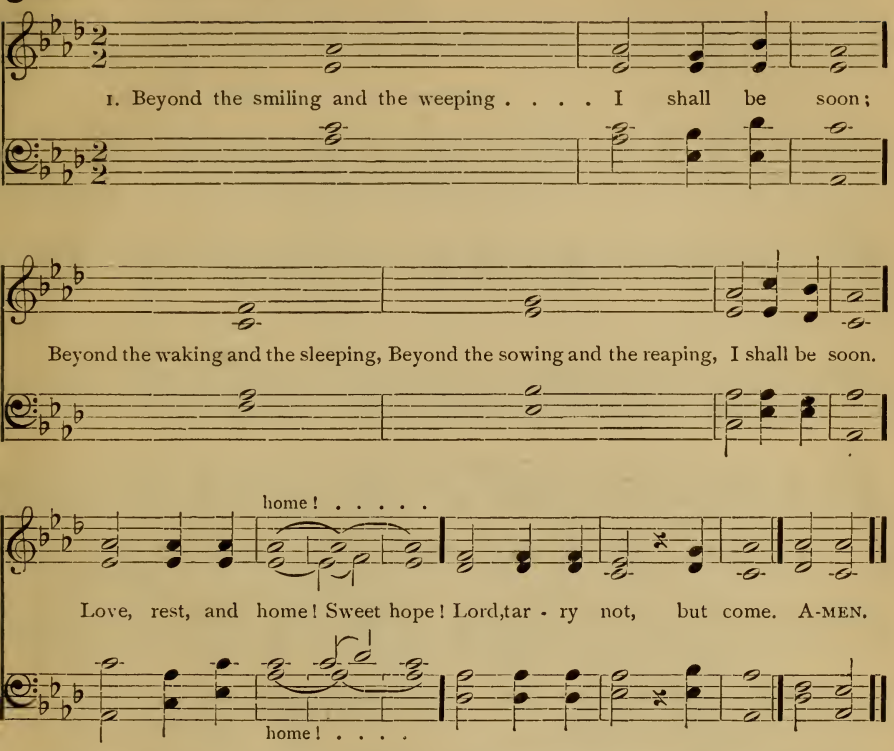
6 O happy, happy bride!
Thy widowed hours are past,
The Bridegroom at thy side,
Thou all his own at last!
The sorrows of thy former cup
In full fruition swallowed up.



John M. Neale

## 502 A LITTLE WHILE 9. 4. 9. 9. 4. 6. 6

William A. Tarbutton


1. Beyond the smiling and the weeping . . . . I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping, Beyond the sowing and the reaping, I shall be soon.
home! . . . . .
Love, rest, and home! Sweet hope! Lord, tar - ry not, but come. A-MEN.
home! . . . .

2 Beyond the blooming and the fading | I shall be soon; ‖
Beyond the shining and the shading, |
Beyond the hoping and the dreading, | I shall be soon. ‖
Love, rest, and home! Sweet hope! Lord, tarry not, but come.

3 Beyond the rising and the setting | I shall be soon; ‖
Beyond the calming and the fretting, |
Beyond remembering and forgetting, | I shall be soon. ‖
Love, rest, and home! Sweet hope! Lord, tarry not, but come.

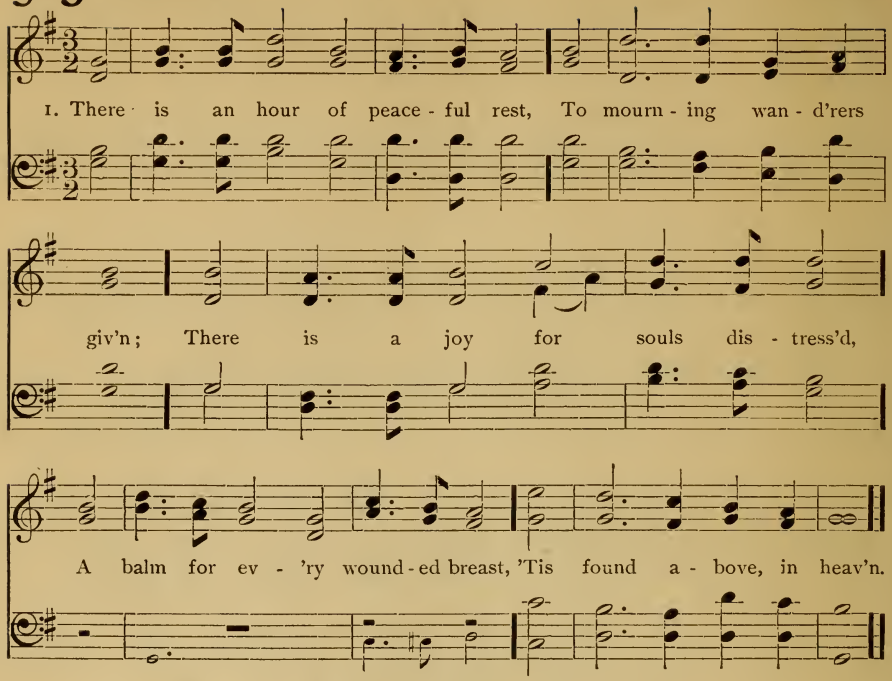
4 Beyond the parting and the meeting | I shall be soon; ‖
Beyond the farewell and the greeting, |
Beyond the pulse's fever-beating, | I shall be soon. ‖
Love, rest, and home! Sweet hope! Lord, tarry not, but come.

5 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever | I shall be soon; ‖
Beyond the rock-waste and the river, |
Beyond the ever and the never, | I shall be soon. ‖
Love, rest, and home! Sweet hope! Lord, tarry not, but come.

Horatius Bonar

## 503 WOODLAND 8. 6. 8. 8. 6

N. G. Gould


1. There is an hour of peace - ful rest, To mourn - ing wan - d'rers
giv'n; There is a joy for souls dis - tress'd,
A balm for ev - 'ry wound - ed breast, 'Tis found a - bove, in heav'n.

2 There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear; 'tis heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom,
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

William B. Tappan

## 504 (BETTER LAND) L. M.

1 There is a land mine eye hath seen
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright, that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glories fraught.

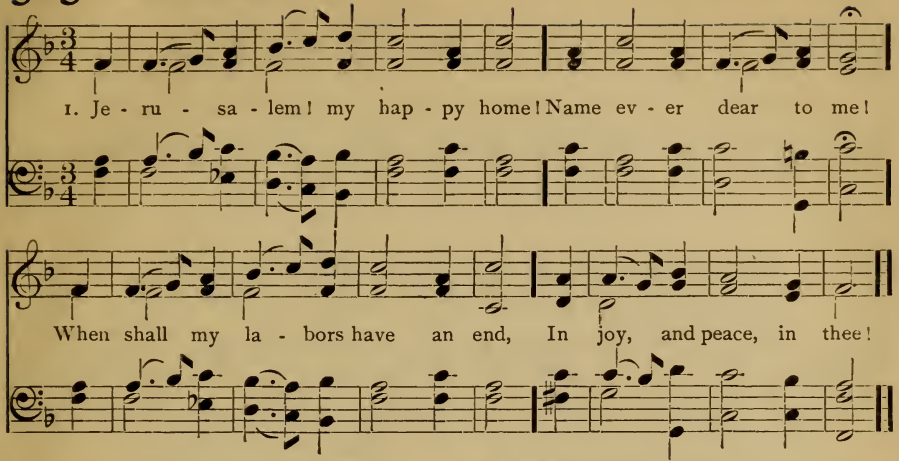
2 A land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long-parted meet again.

3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying hues of shade and light;
It hath no need of suns to rise
To dissipate the gloom of night.

4 There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene abode;
The wanderer there a home may find
Within the Paradise of God.

Gurdon Robins

## 505 JERUSALEM C. M.




2 Oh, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

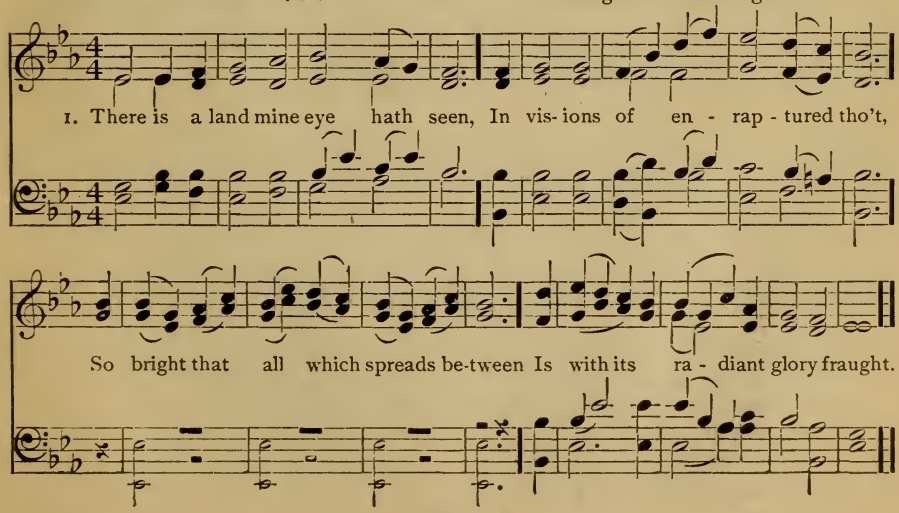
3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe!
Or feel, at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

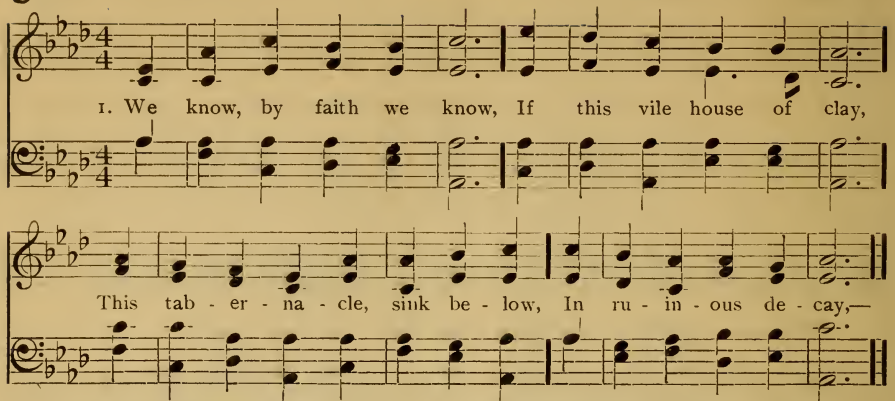
James Montgomery

## BETTER LAND L. M.

Arranged from an English Tune

1. There is a land mine eye hath seen, In vis-ions of en - rap - tured tho't,
So bright that all which spreads be-tween Is with its ra - diant glory fraught.

## 506 ST. MICHAEL S. M.

Abr. from Genevan Psalter




2 We have a house above,
Not made with mortal hands;
And firm as our Redeemer's love
That heavenly fabric stands.

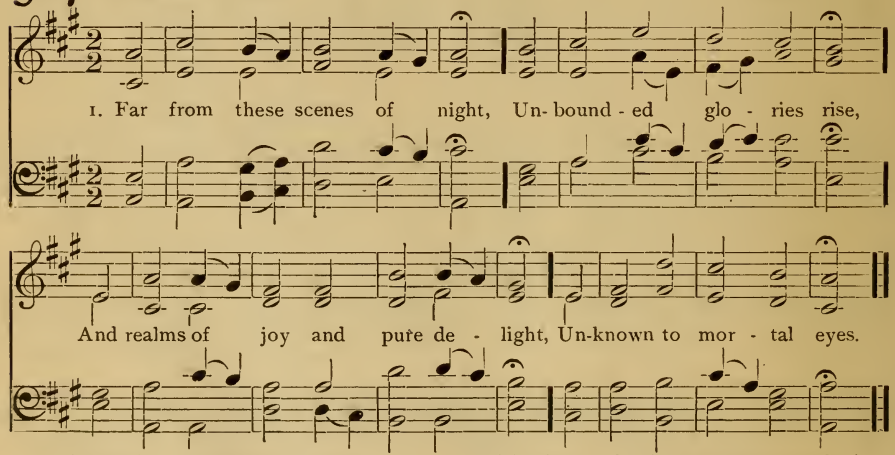
3 It stands securely high,
Indissolubly sure;
Our glorious mansion in the sky
Shall evermore endure.

4 Full of immortal hope,
We urge the restless strife,
And hasten to be swallowed up
Of everlasting life.

Charles Wesley

## 507 ATHOL S. M.

R. Harrison




2 Fair land! could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

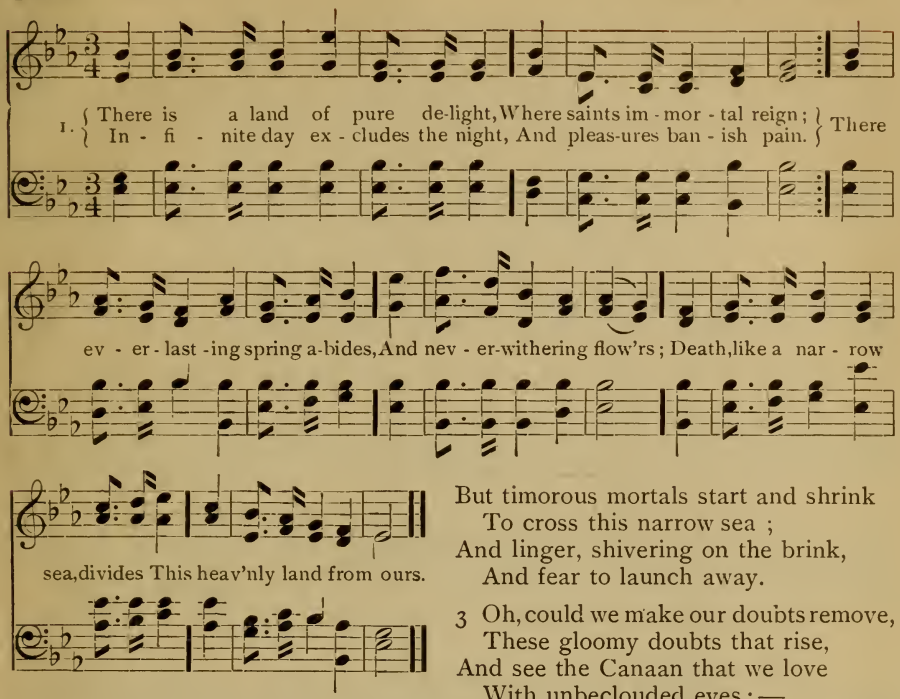
3 O may the prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith, and strong desire,
Bear every thought above.

4 Prepared, by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high,
Lord, bid our spirits rise and join
The chorus of the sky.

Anne Steele

## 508 VARINA C. M. D.

Arr. by G. F. Root


1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;
In-fi-nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban-ish pain. There
ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, And nev-er-withering flow'rs; Death, like a nar-row
sea, divides This heav'nly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

3 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes: —
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Isaac Watts

## 509 (VARINA) C. M. D.

1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
O the transporting rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

2 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

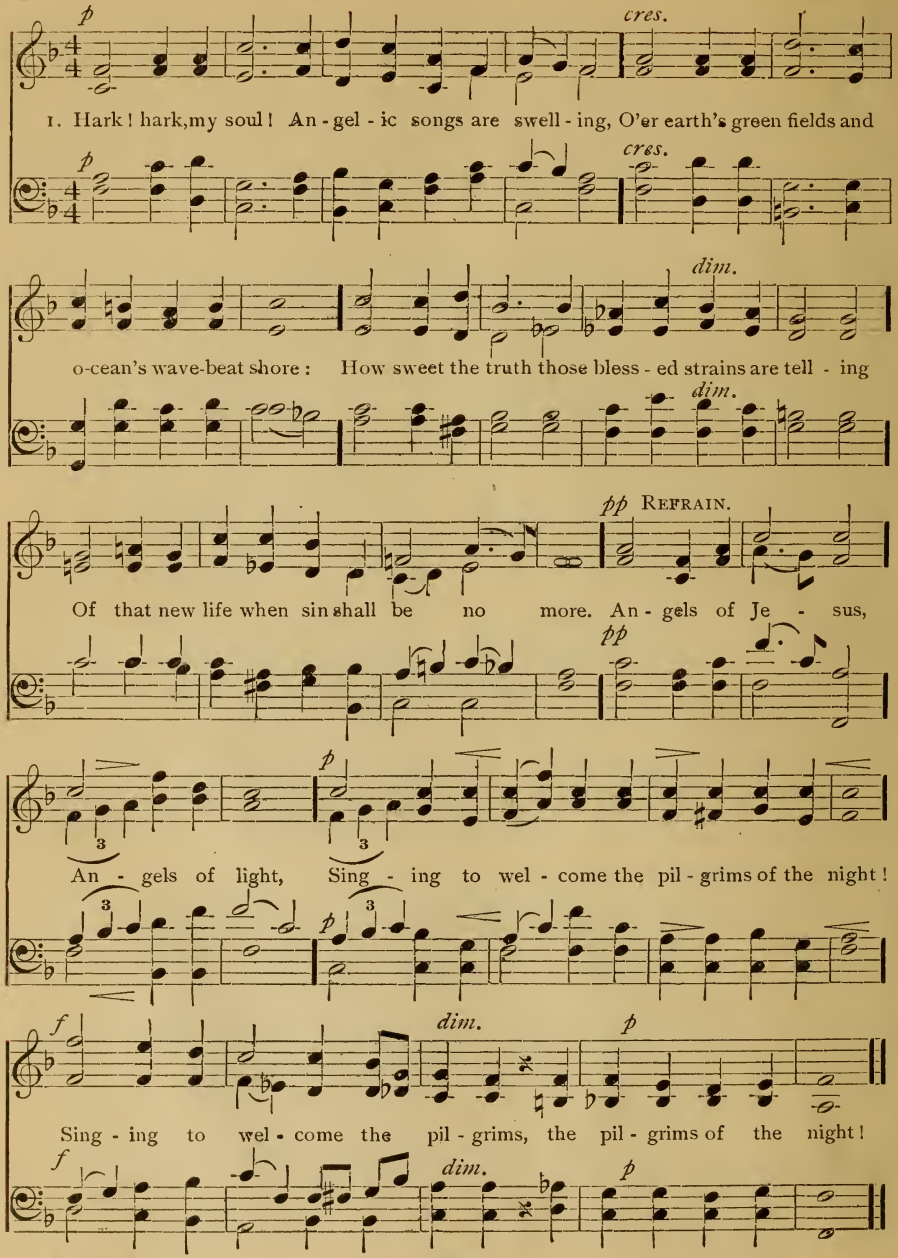
No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

3 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?
Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay:
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

Samuel Stennett

## 510 VOX ANGELICA 11. 10. 11. 10. 9. 11

John B. Dykes


p
cres.
1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing, O'er earth's green fields and
o-cean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing
dim.
pp Refrain.
Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus,
An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night!
f
dim.
Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims, the pil - grims of the night!

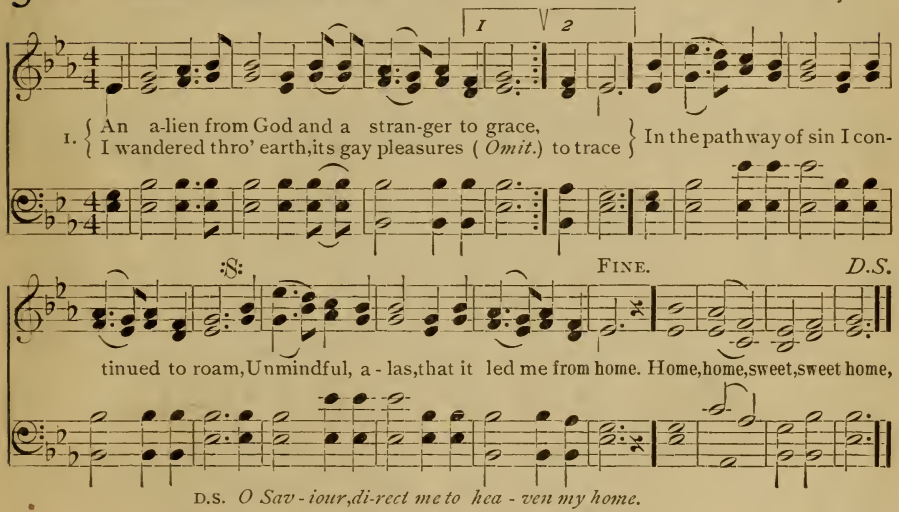
2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home. — REF.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee. — REF.

4 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love. — REF.

Frederick W. Faber

## 511 HOME, SWEET HOME 11. 11. 11. 11. with Refrain Ancient Melody


1 2
1. An a-lien from God and a stran-ger to grace,
I wandered thro' earth, its gay pleasures (*Omit.*) to trace
In the pathway of sin I con-
:S:
FINE.
D.S.
tinued to roam, Unmindful, a - las, that it led me from home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
D.S. *O Sav - iour, di-rect me to hea - ven my home.*

2 The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away;
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given,
Salvation on earth and a mansion in heaven.

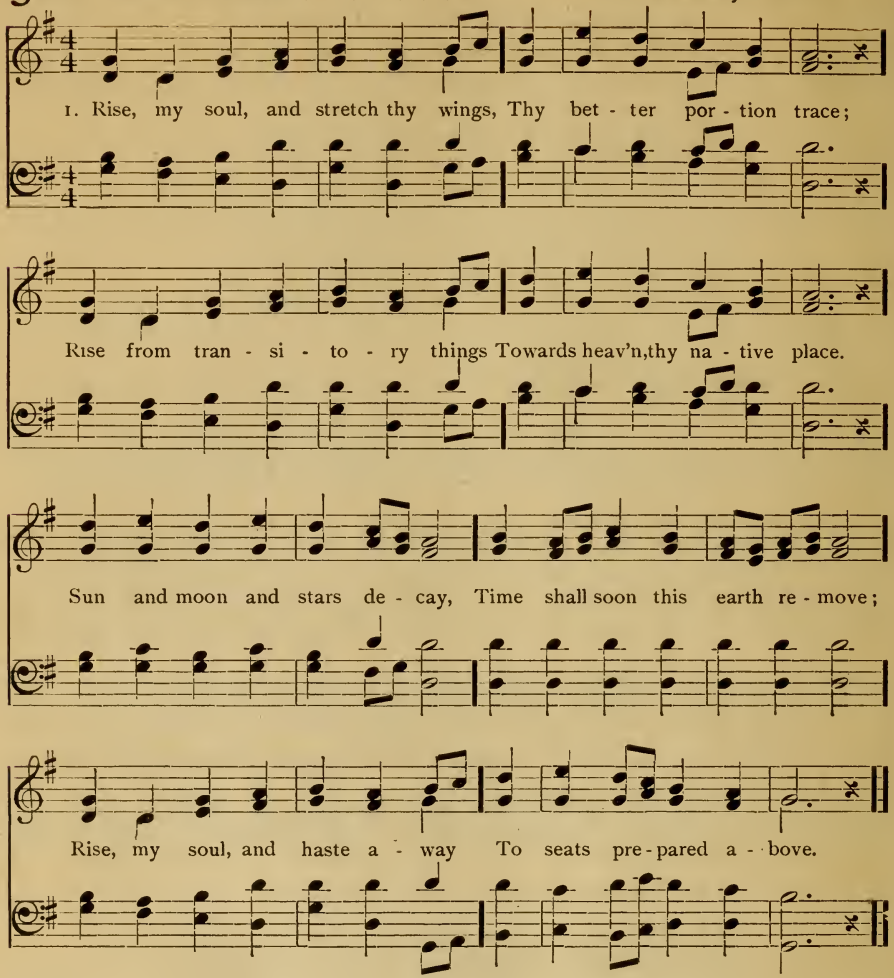
3 Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms!
The Saviour invites me, I'll go to his arms;
At the banquet of mercy I hear there is room,
O there may I feast with his children at home!

4 The days of my exile are passing away,
The time is approaching when Jesus will say,
"Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my throne,
And dwell in my presence forever at home."

Luther J. Cox

## 512 AMSTERDAM 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 7. 7. 6

The Foundery Collection

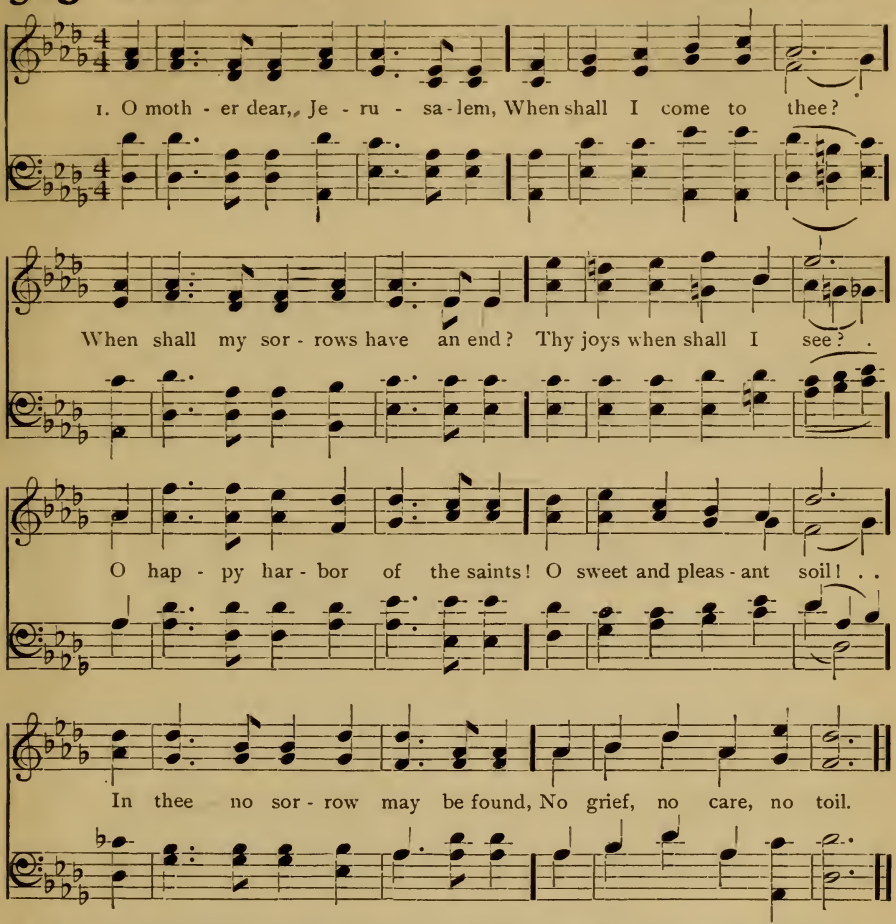

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;
Rise from tran - si - to - ry things Towards heav'n, thy na - tive place.
Sun and moon and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re - move;
Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So my soul, derived from God,
Pants to view his glorious face,
Forward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

Robert Seagrave

## 513 MATERNA C. M. D.

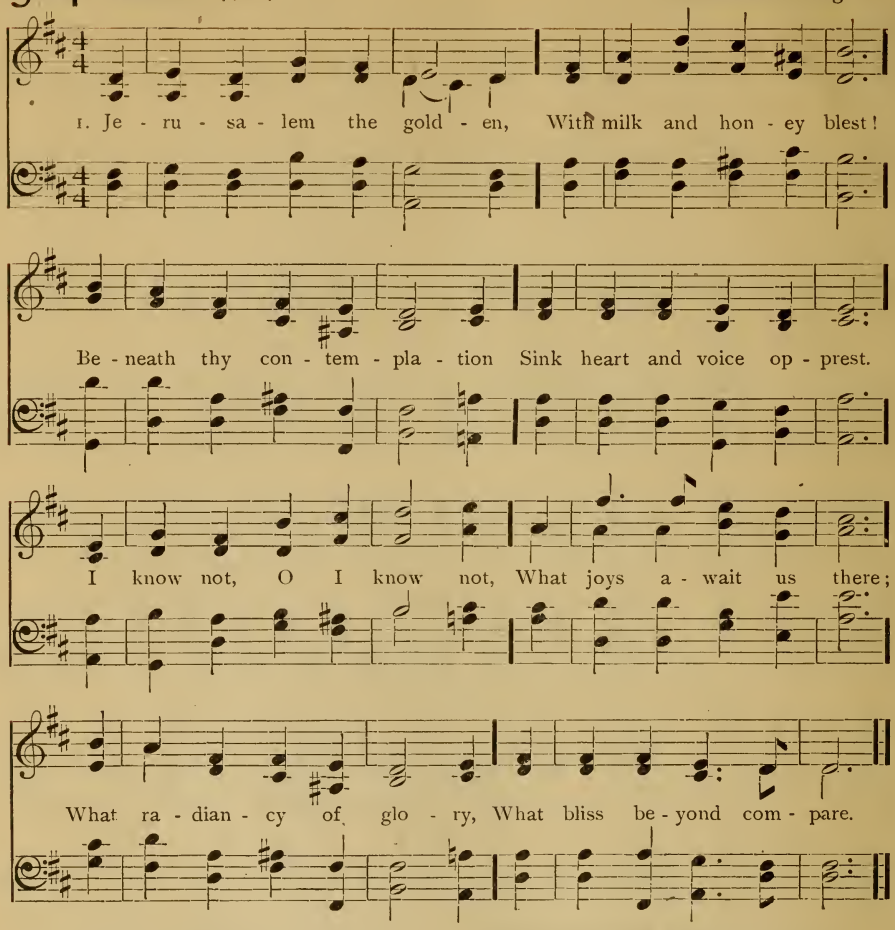
Samuel A. Ward

1. O moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem, When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?
O hap - py har - bor of the saints! O sweet and pleas - ant soil!
In thee no sor - row may be found, No grief, no care, no toil.

2 Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square;
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
Exceeding rich and rare.
Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine;
Thy very streets are paved with gold,
Surpassing clear and fine.

3 Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green, [flowers
There grow such sweet and pleasant
As nowhere else are seen.
Quite through the streets, with silver sound,
The flood of life doth flow;
Upon whose banks on every side
The wood of life doth grow.

4 There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring;
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore do sing.
Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

## 514 EWING 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Alexander Ewing

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest!
Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.
I know not, O I know not, What joys a - wait us there;
What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

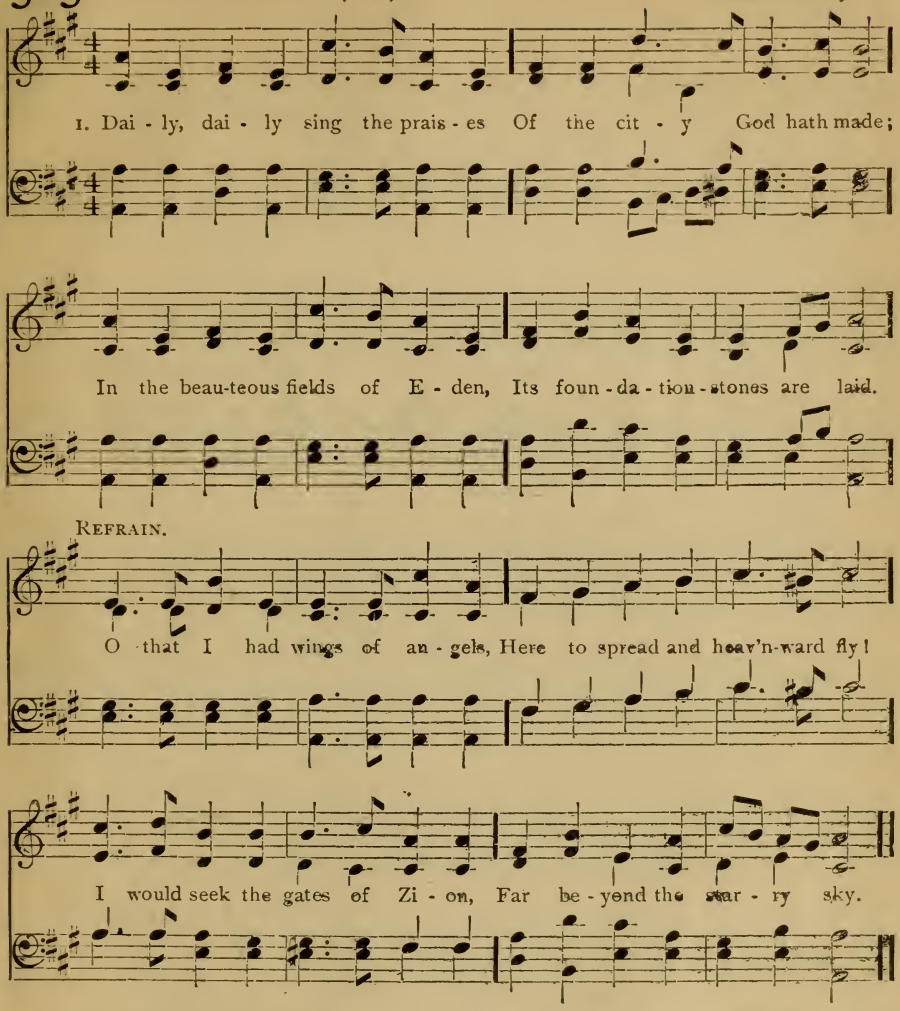
3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they, who with their leader
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 Exult, O dust and ashes,
The Lord shall be thy part:
His only and forever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art.
Exult, O dust and ashes,
The Lord shall be thy part:
His only and forever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art.

406 Bernard of Cluny. Tr. John M. Neale

## 515 DAILY, DAILY 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Henri F. Henry


1. Dai - ly, dai - ly sing the prais - es Of the cit - y God hath made;
In the beau-teous fields of E - den, Its foun - da - tion - stones are laid.
REFRAIN.
O that I had wings of an - gels, Here to spread and heav'n-ward fly!
I would seek the gates of Zi - on, Far be - yend the star - ry sky.

2 All the walls of that dear city
Are of bright and burnished gold;
It is matchless in its beauty,
And its treasures are untold. — REF.

3 In the midst of that dear city
Christ is reigning on his seat,
And the angels swing their censers
In a ring about his feet. — REF.

4 There the meadows green and dewy
Shine with lilies wondrous fair;
Thousand, thousand are the colors
Of the waving flowers there. — REF.

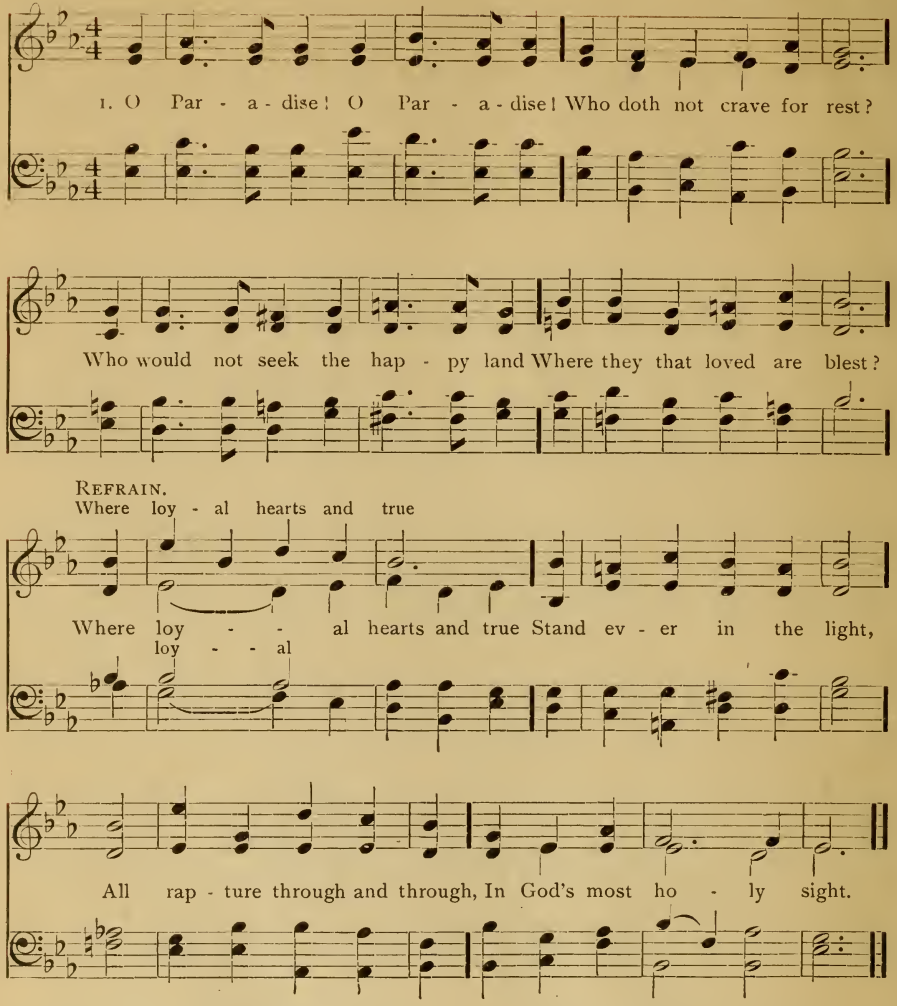
5 There the wind is sweetly fragrant,
And is laden with the song
Of the seraphs, and the elders,
And the great redeemèd throng. — REF.



Sabine Baring-Gould

## 516 PARADISE 8. 6. 8. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6

Joseph Barnby


1. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest?
REFRAIN.
Where loy - al hearts and true
Where loy - - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,
loy - - al
All rap - ture through and through, In God's most ho - ly sight.

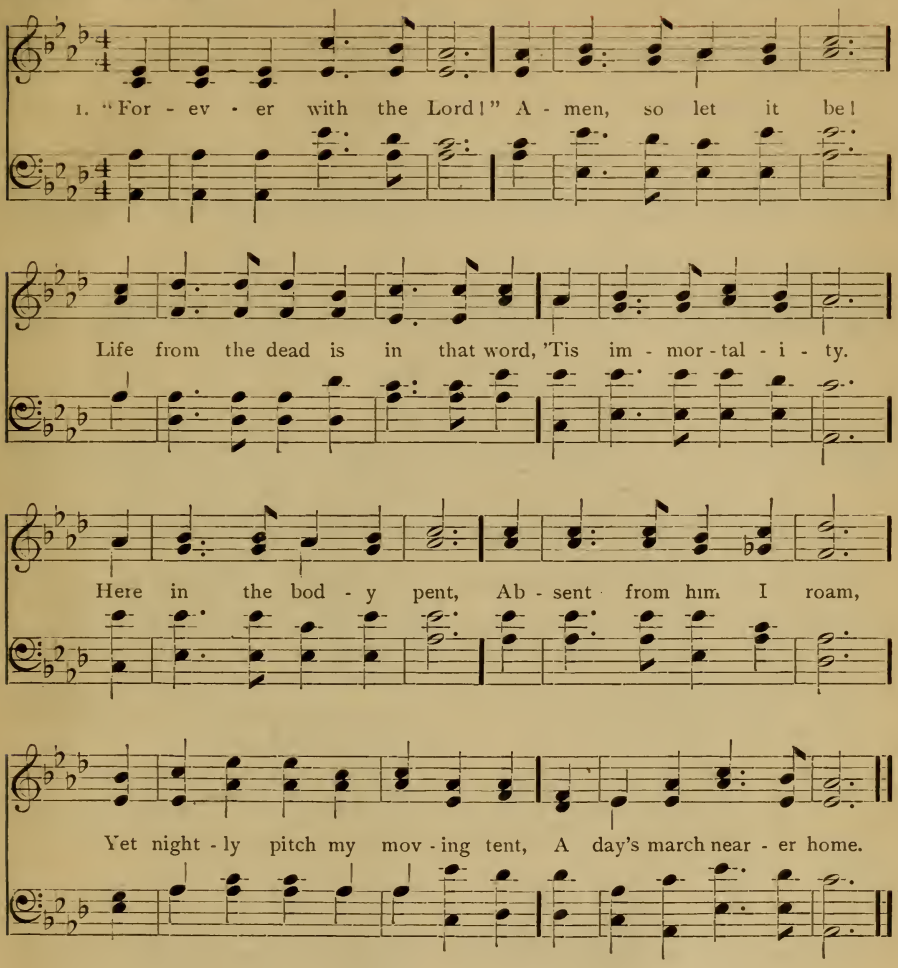
2 O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?—REF.

3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I want to sin no more;
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore. — REF.

4 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep me in thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above. — REF.

Frederick W. Faber

## 517 WOODBURY S. M. D.

I. B. Woodbury

1. "For - ev - er with the Lord!" A - men, so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word, 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty.
Here in the bod - y pent, Ab - sent from him I roam,
Yet night - ly pitch my mov - ing tent, A day's march near - er home.

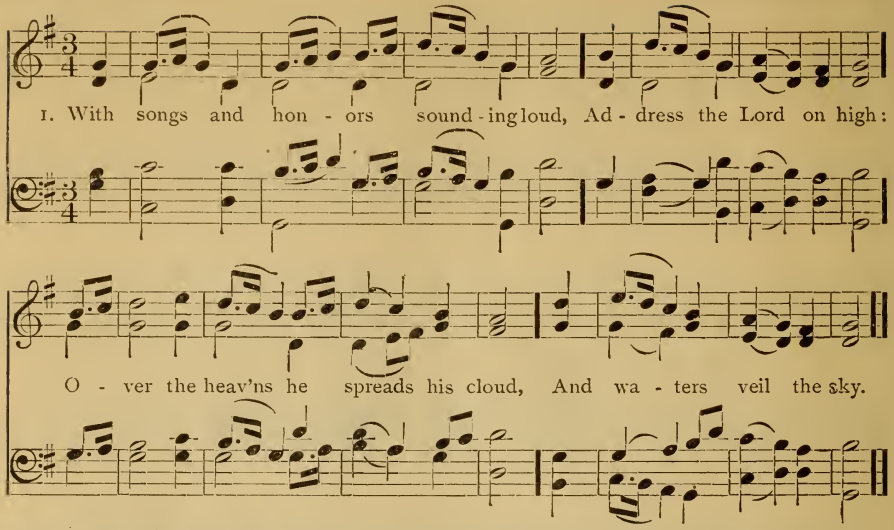
2 "Forever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
E'en here to me fulfill.
So when my latest breath
Shall rend the vale in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

3 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord!"
"Forever with the Lord!"
Amen, so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

James Montgomery

## 518 ST. MARTIN'S C. M.

William Tansur


1. With songs and hon - ors sound - ing loud, Ad - dress the Lord on high:
O - ver the heav'ns he spreads his cloud, And wa - ters veil the sky.

2 He sends his showers of blessing down
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

3 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

4 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

5 He sends his word, and melts the snow;
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

6 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word:
With songs and honors sounding loud
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

Isaac Watts

## 519 (HOLLEY) 7. 7. 7. 7

1 Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield;
For the fruits in full supply,
Ripened 'neath the summer sky;

3 All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich, o'erflowing stores;

4 These to thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

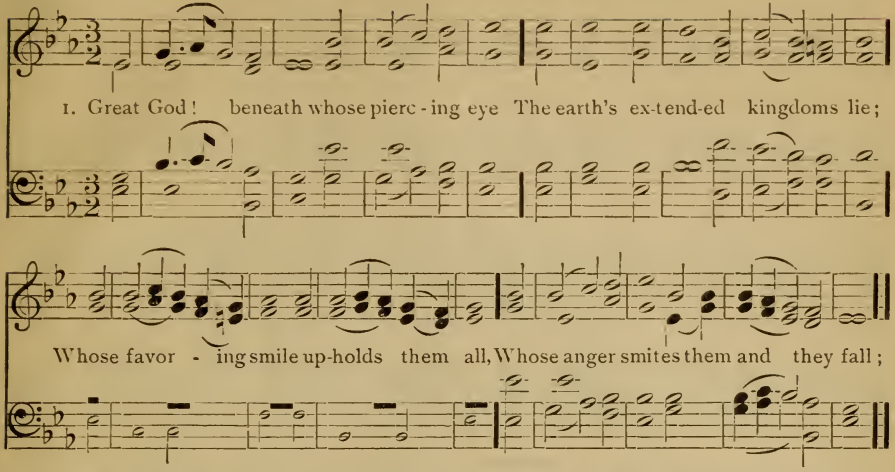
5 Should thine altered hand restrain
The early and the latter rain;
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy;

6 Yet to thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone.

Anna L. Barbauld, alt.

## 520 STONEFIELD L. M.

Samuel Stanley


1. Great God! beneath whose pierc - ing eye The earth's ex-tend-ed kingdoms lie;
Whose favor - ing smile up-holds them all, Whose anger smites them and they fall;

2 We bow before thy heavenly throne;
Thy power we see, thy greatness own;
Yet, cherished by thy milder voice,
Our bosoms tremble and rejoice.

3 Thy kindness to our fathers shown
Their children's children long shall own;
To thee, with grateful hearts, shall raise
The tribute of exulting praise.

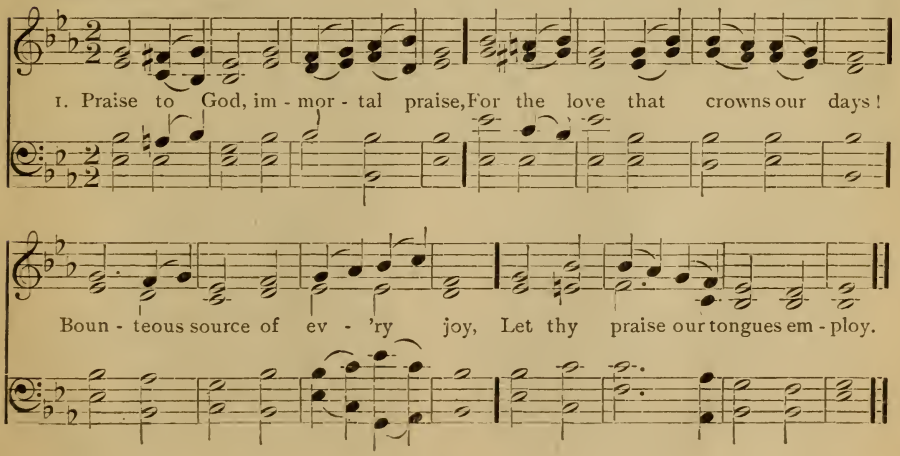
4 Led on by thine unerring aid,
Secure the paths of life we tread;
And, freely as the vital air,
Thy first and noblest bounties share.

5 Great God, our guardian, guide, and friend!
O still thy sheltering arm extend;
Preserved by thee for ages past,
For ages let thy kindness last!

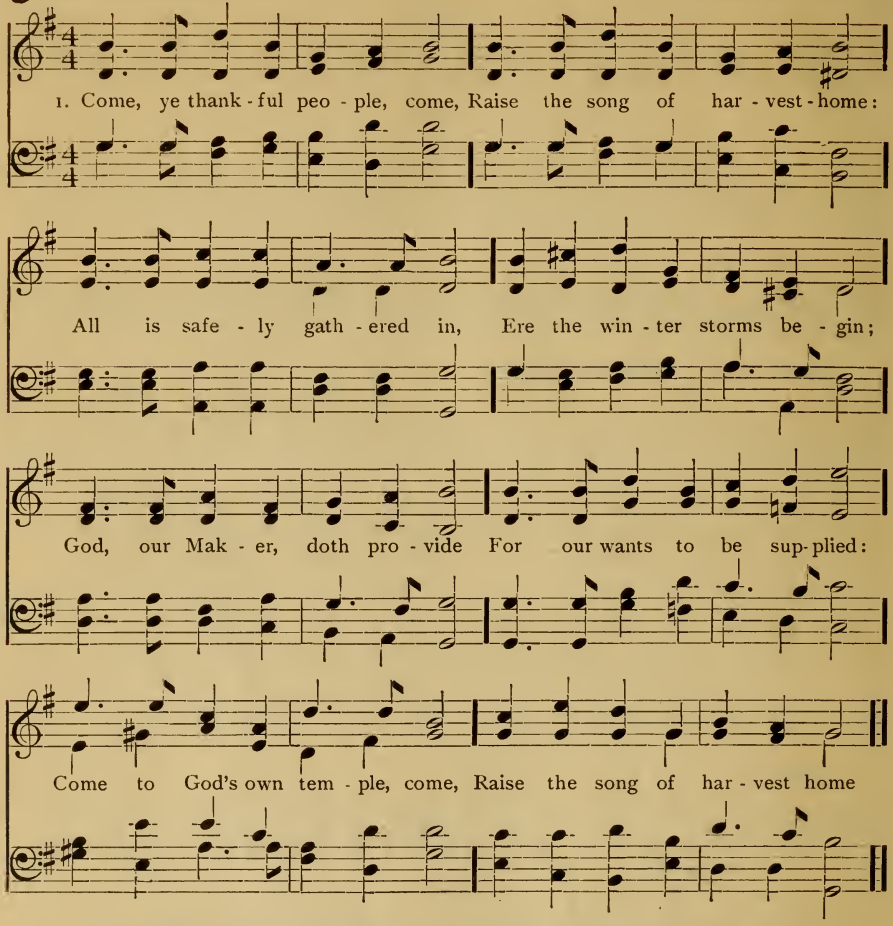
William Roscoe, alt.

## HOLLEY 7. 7. 7. 7.

Geo. Hews


1. Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days!
Boun - teous source of ev - 'ry joy, Let thy praise our tongues em - ploy.

## 521 ST. GEORGE'S 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

George J. Elvey

1. Come, ye thank - ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest - home:
All is safe - ly gath - ered in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin;
God, our Mak - er, doth pro - vide For our wants to be sup - plied:
Come to God's own tem - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest home

2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

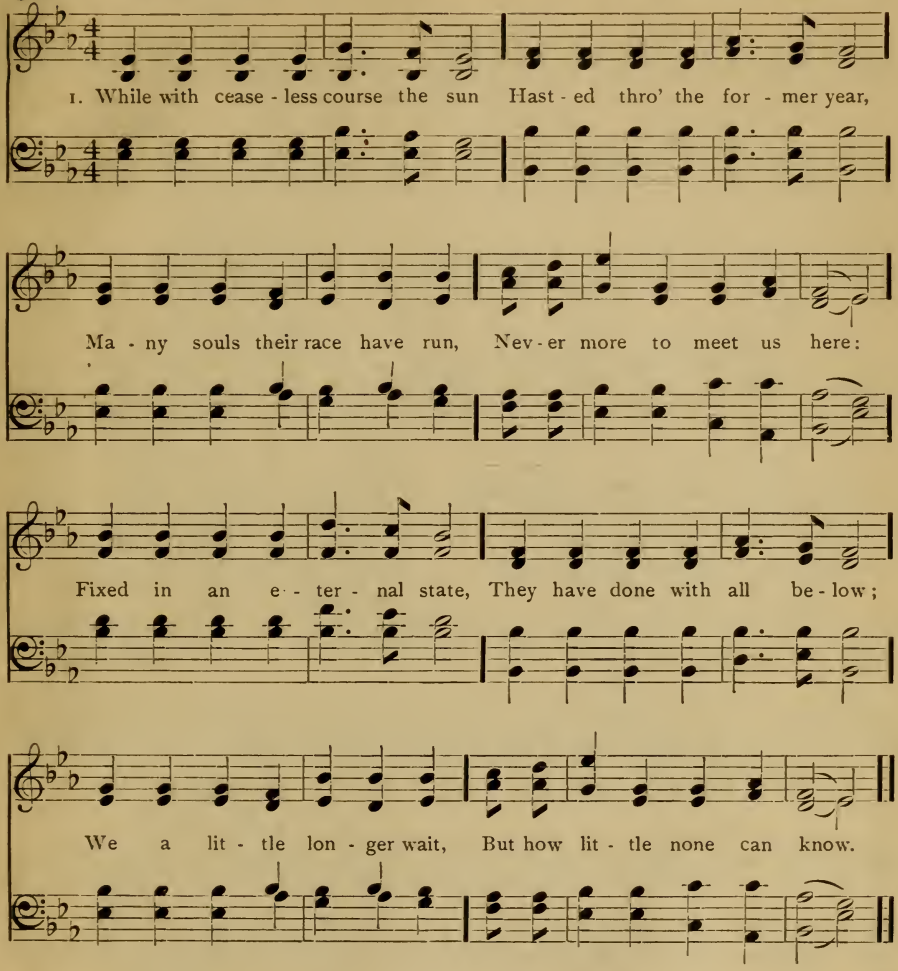
3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his harvest home;
From his field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give his angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come
To thy final harvest-home;
Gather thou thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There forever purified,
In thy presence to abide:
Come, with all thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home.

Henry Alford

## 522 BENEVENTO 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Arr. from Samuel Webbe


1. While with cease - less course the sun Hast - ed thro' the for - mer year,
Ma - ny souls their race have run, Nev - er more to meet us here:
Fixed in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all be - low;
We a lit - tle lon - ger wait, But how lit - tle none can know.

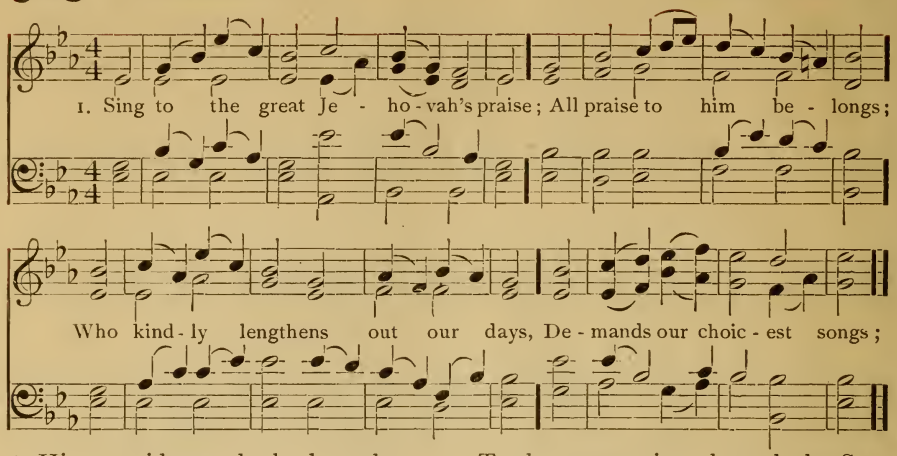
2 As the wingèd arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find,
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,—
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view;
Bless thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

John Newton

## 523 WARWICK C. M.

Samuel Stanley


1. Sing to the great Je - ho - vah's praise; All praise to him be - longs;
Who kind - ly lengthens out our days, De - mands our choic - est songs;

2 His providence hath brought us
Another various year; [through
We all, with vows and anthems new,
Before our God appear.

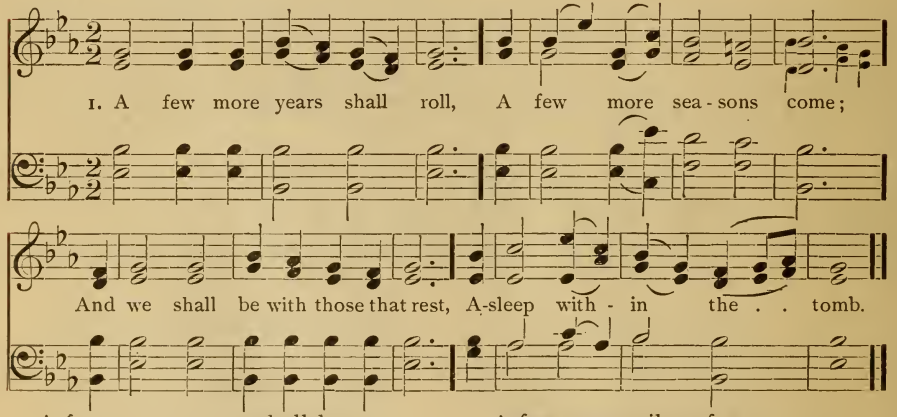
3 Father, thy mercies past we own,
Thy still continued care;
To thee presenting, through thy Son,
Whate'er we have or are.

4 Our residue of days or hours
Thine, wholly thine, shall be;
And all our consecrated powers
A sacrifice to thee.

Charles Wesley

## 524 OZREM S. M.

I. B. Woodbury



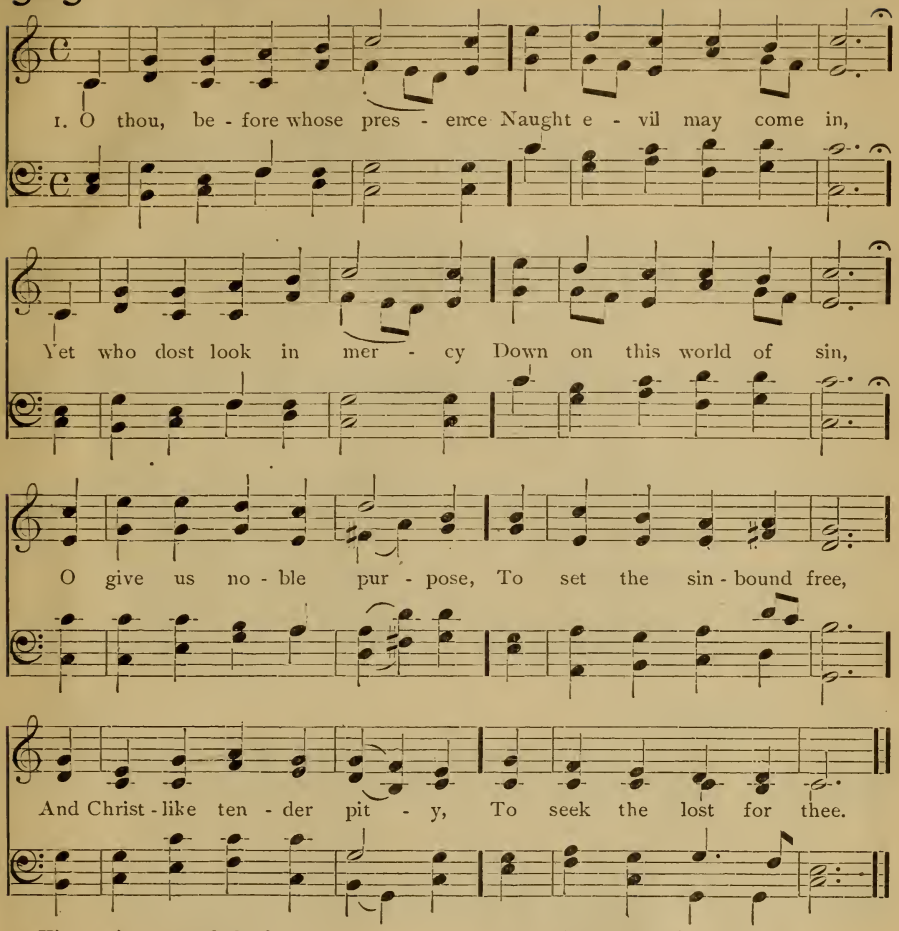

2 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore;
And we shall be where tempests
And surges swell no more. [cease,

3 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.

4 Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away!

Horatius Bonar

## 525 ST. THEODULPH 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Melchior Teschner

1. O thou, be - fore whose pres - ence Naught e - vil may come in,
Yet who dost look in mer - cy Down on this world of sin,
O give us no - ble pur - pose, To set the sin - bound free,
And Christ - like ten - der pit - y, To seek the lost for thee.

2 Fierce is our subtle foeman:
The forces at his hand
With woes that none can number
Despoil the pleasant land;
All they who war against them,
In strife so keen and long,
Must in their Saviour's armor
Be stronger than the strong.

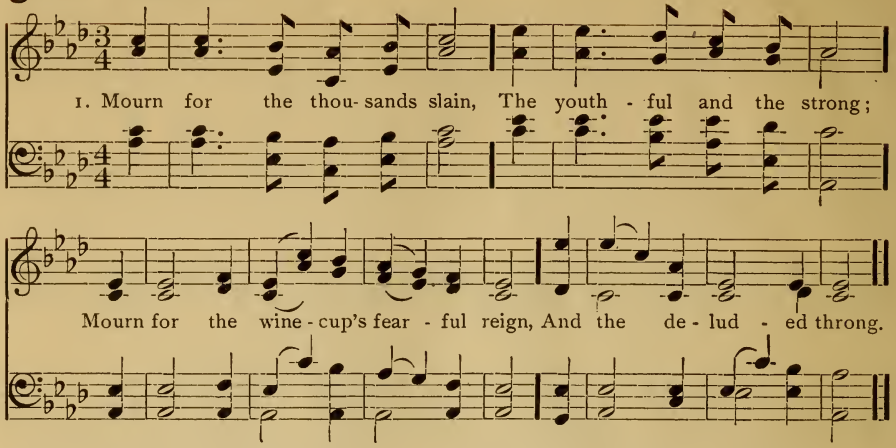
3 So hast thou wrought among us
The great things that we see!
For things that are we thank thee,
And for the things to be:
For bright hope is uplifting
Faint hands and feeble knees,
To strive beneath thy blessing
For greater things than these.

4 Lead on, O love and mercy,
O purity and power;
Lead on till peace eternal
Shall close this battle-hour:
Till all who prayed and struggled
To set their brethren free,
In triumph meet to praise thee,
Most Holy Trinity.

Samuel J. Stone

## 526 LEIGHTON S. M.

H. W. Greatorex




2 Mourn for the tarnished gem —
For reason's light divine,
Quenched from the soul's bright dia- [dem,
Where God had bid it shine.

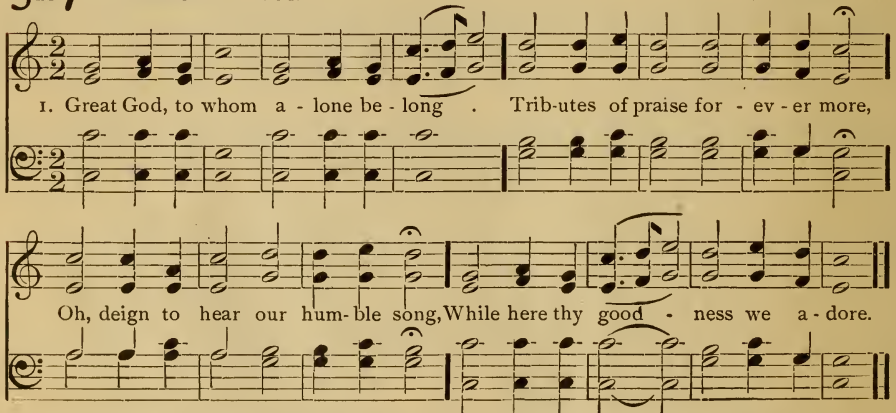
3 Mourn for the ruined soul —
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.

4 Mourn for the lost, — but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

5 Mourn for the lost, — but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

## 527 SESSIONS L. M.

L. O. Emerson

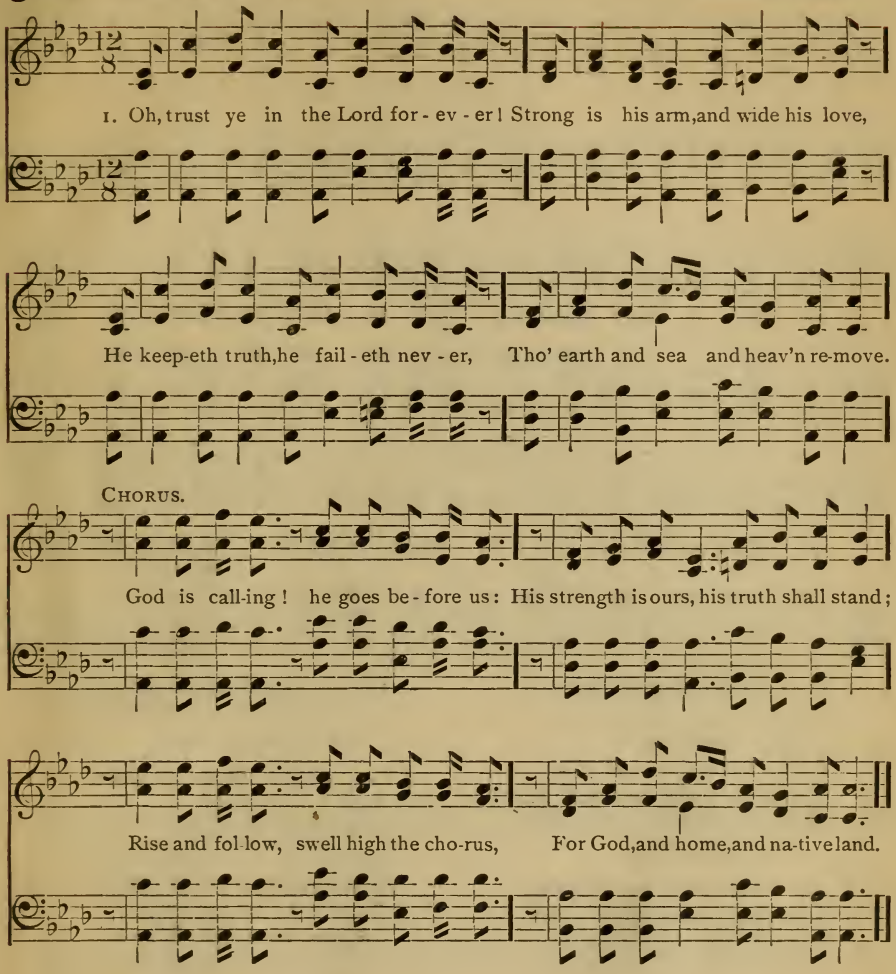

1. Great God, to whom a - lone be - long . Trib-utes of praise for - ev - er more,
Oh, deign to hear our hum- ble song, While here thy good - ness we a - dore.

2 In times gone by thou kindly blessed
The humble efforts we have made;
Again we plead for those oppressed,
The slaves of drink of every grade.

3 Oh, breathe thy Spirit on us, Lord,
And teach us how their hearts to win;
Thy choicest blessings now afford,
And keep us, Lord, from every sin.

## 528 WHITE RIBBON 9. 8. 9. 8

Leon Sampaix


1. Oh, trust ye in the Lord for - ev - er! Strong is his arm, and wide his love,
He keep-eth truth, he fail - eth nev - er, Tho' earth and sea and heav'n re-move.
Chorus.
God is call-ing! he goes be - fore us: His strength is ours, his truth shall stand;
Rise and fol-low, swell high the cho-rus, For God, and home, and na-tive land.

2 Be strong, O men, who bear in battle
For us the banner and the shield;
For strong to conquer, as to suffer,
Is he who leads you in the field.

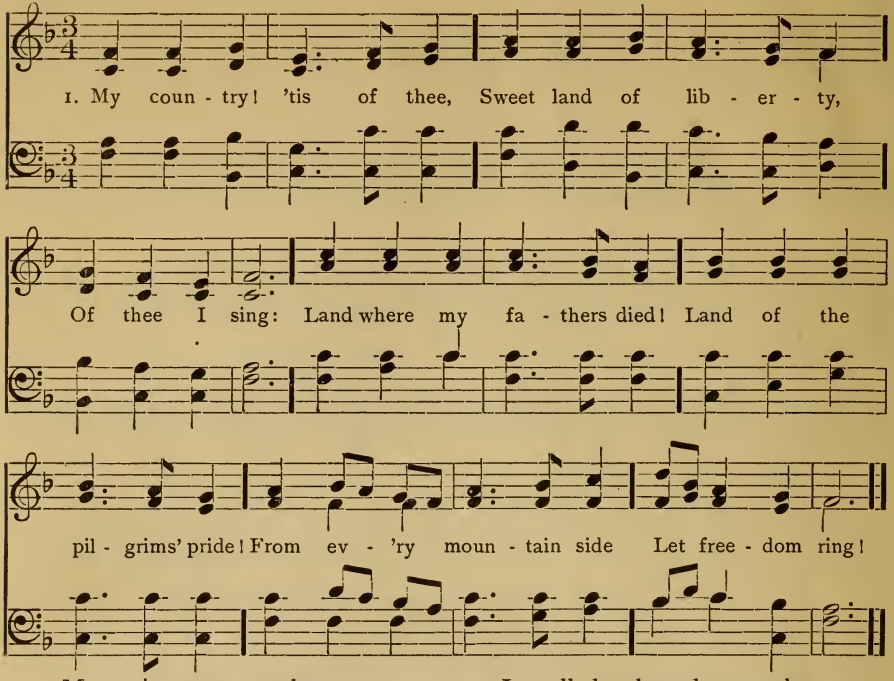
3 Lift up your eyes, O women, weeping
Beside your dead! The dawning day
Has rent the seal of death forever,
And angels roll the stone away.

4 Room for the right! Make room before us
For truth and righteousness to stand;
And plant the holy banner o'er us:
"For God, and home, and native land."

Mary A. Lathbury

## 529 AMERICA 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4

Harmonia Anglicana


1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
Of thee I sing: Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the
pil - grims' pride! From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,.
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

Samuel F. Smith

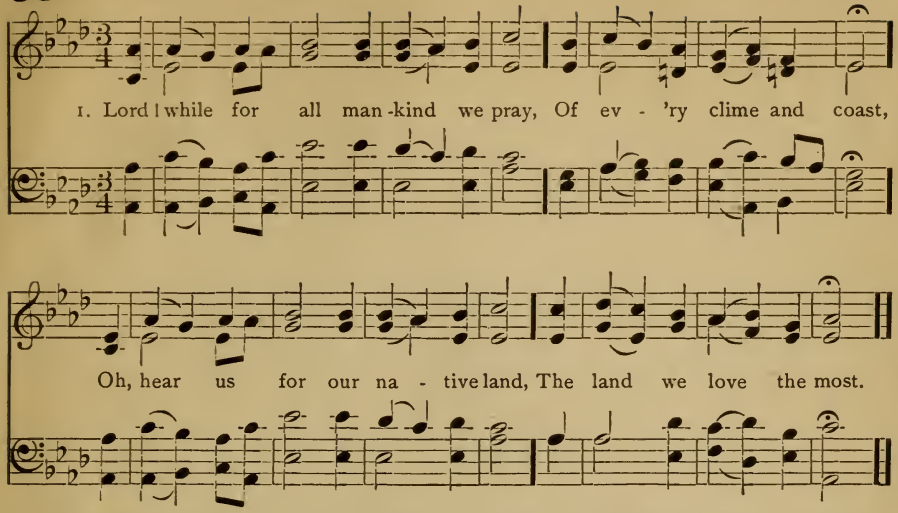
## 530 (DORT) 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4

1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night:
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might!

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the state!

Charles T. Brooks

## 531 ARMENIA C. M.

S. B. Pond

2 Oh, guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee,
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

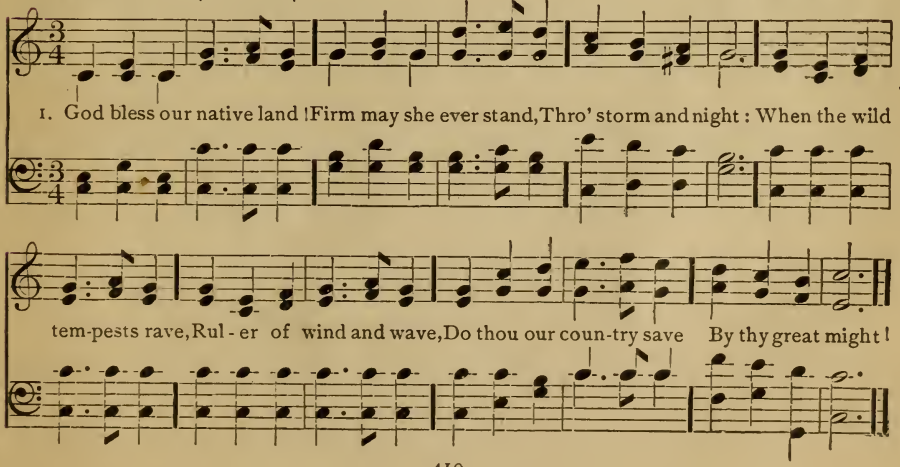
4 Here may religion, pure and mild,
Smile on our Sabbath hours;
And piety and virtue bless
The home of us and ours.

5 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

John R. Wreford

## DORT 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4

Lowell Mason


1. God bless our native land ! Firm may she ever stand, Thro' storm and night : When the wild
tem-pests rave, Rul - er of wind and wave, Do thou our coun-try save By thy great might !

61

Geo. Ball

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth. And in Jesus Christ, his only Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried, the third day he rose again from the dead; he ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost: the holy catholic church, the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen.